

THE
LOUNGER'S
COMMON-PLACE BOOK;
OR,
Alphabetical Arrangement
OF
MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES;
A
BIOGRAPHIC, POLITICAL, LITERARY, AND SATIRICAL
COMPILATION,
IN PROSE AND VERSE.

VOL. II.

By Jeremiah W. Newman

TO BE CONTINUED OCCASIONALLY.

Homines eruditi, non ad vos loquor sed ad Populum.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES, MARQUIS & EARL CORNWALLIS,

GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF BENGAL,

ॐ. ॐ. ॐ.

THE FOLLOWING COLLECTION IS INSCRIBED; A WELL-EARNED, BUT INADEQUATE ACKNOWLEDGMENT TO A BENEVOLENT COMMANDER, WHO, WITH A MAGNANIMITY, NOT ALWAYS PREDOMINANT AT THE MOMENT OF VICTORY, WISELY AND MERCIFULLY SHEATHED HIS SWORD, FORBORE TO CRUSH A PROSTRATE FOE, AND RESCUED THE CITIZENS OF SERINGAPATAM FROM THE HORRORS OF MILITARY EXECUTION.

THAT SUCH GENEROUS POLICY MAY BE REMEMBERED AND IMITATED BY THE DIRECTORS AND THE BOARD OF CONTROUL, THAT THE CONQUEROR OF TIPPO, AND THE PRESERVER OF THE BALLANCE OF ASIA, MAY LONG ENJOY THE HONOURS AND APPLAUSE OF HIS COUNTRY, AND THE APPROBATION OF HIS OWN HEART, IS THE WARM, THE DISINTERESTED WISH OF

HIS LORDSHIP'S

SINCERE WELL-WISHER,

AND OBEDIENT,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

THE GREAT OCEAN

The Great Ocean is the largest body of water on the earth. It covers more than 70% of the planet's surface. The ocean is a vast, continuous body of salt water that surrounds the continents and islands. It is the source of life for many organisms and plays a crucial role in the Earth's climate system. The ocean also provides a means of transportation and trade for people around the world.

The ocean is a complex and dynamic system. It is constantly changing and evolving. The ocean's surface is shaped by wind, waves, and currents. The ocean's depths are home to a wide variety of life, from small fish to large whales. The ocean is also a source of many natural resources, including oil, gas, and fish. The ocean is a vital part of our planet and we must protect it for future generations.

P R E F A C E.

EXPRESSIONS of gratitude, would be the best Preface to this continuation of a work, which at its commencement, affected not arrogant pretension, nor anticipated that kind encouragement, which how deeply soever it may have impressed the Editor's mind, he confesses with humiliating sincerity, he did not expect, and still fears, he does not entirely deserve. It is sufficient to animate him to perseverance in his humble labours, when he finds there are persons, who can derive satisfaction from a book, neither dictated by first-rate genius, nor enriched by deep learning; a book, in which will be found few of those visionary researches, and refined speculations, where social utility and moral application scarcely find a place, "like Noah's dove, whereon to set their feet."

To select and lay before general readers, who, not fastidiously delicate, or scrupulously nice, steal a few hours from business or pleasure, striking facts, and interesting circumstances, such as in most instances come home to the bosoms of us all; to render a prudent attention to self-interest, fairly compatible with
liberal

liberal sentiment, and generosity of conduct; to inculcate, not only a forbearance from vicious habits, but also from their opposite extremes, which too often lead into embarrassment and seclusion; to cry down alike debasing superstition, and the uncomfortable sophistry of unwarrantable scepticism; to pick out, like the patient animal, who with cautious security climbs the lofty Alps, that happy midway between slavish unconditional submission, and the mad licentiousness of anarchy; to point out occasionally, the necessity of reform, and by that sure method, to prevent revolutions, always hazardous, too frequently fatal and ineffectual; to collect what is diffused, to glean in spots which have been sometimes neglected, and sometimes forgotten; to manufacture a saleable commodity for the bookseller, and to keep out the inroads of ennui or discontent, from himself as well as others, were (if he may be permitted to repeat them) motives which first seduced, and encouraged by public favour, still invite him, to encounter the teasing delays, and irritating minutiae of the press.

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ERRATA.

- Page 7, column first, line 24 from the top, for with, read wish.*
- *31, column first, line 12 from the bottom, for colulfion, read collusion.*
- *34, column first, line 14 from the bottom, for maratime, read maritime.*
- *46, column second, first line at top, dele the semicolon after the word
Phoenix.*
- *80, column first, line 5 from bottom, for leiure, read leisure.*
- *79, column second, line 14 from top, for country chronicle, read
county chronicle.*
- *90, column second, line 20 from the top, for violence, read virulence.*
- *104, column second, line 20 from the bottom, for pepetrators, read
perpetrators.*
-

ALPHABETICAL ANECDOTES, &c.

ANDRE, JOHN, a Major in the British army, of amiable manners, and enterprising spirit; who, animated warmly for the public service, rashly submitted to the expedient of an illicit intrigue with Arnold, a general officer in the American army, during the campaign of seventeen hundred and eighty, and being detected, suffered death in the prime of life, after the most powerful intercessions, and repeated threats of retaliation, which were found ineffectual to bend the stubborn sense of duty, paramount to all other considerations, in the breast of General Washington.

But however we may lament the untimely death of a good young man, a dutiful son, and an affectionate brother, whose active zeal was his only crime, we are bound by the severe decrees of impartial justice, to consider the punishment he suffered, as strictly conformable to the laws of war. With clandestine views, and in a secret manner, he had introduced himself within the

lines of the enemy; disguised in his dress, and assuming a feigned name, he was taken in the very act of conveying intelligence; he declared, himself, that it was impossible to suppose that he came on shore under the sanction of a flag; he was, of course, in every sense of the word, a spy, and, with all his valuable qualities, certainly merited death.

Had another agent in this disgraceful and unfortunate intercourse, been seized, and sacrificed to public justice, few Americans, and I believe but one Englishman, would have deplored his fate; could the rigid maxims of military discipline, have been somewhat relaxed, or the harsh mode of putting the unhappy young man to death, have been altered or softened in some of its odious formalities, which in his last hours, mortified him more severely than the loss of life, the cause of liberty could not possibly have been injured, and such conduct would have done credit to the finer feelings of the transatlantic generals, in which, by the voice of party malevolence,

malevolence, or of truth, they are accused of having been grossly deficient.

Res duræ et regni novitas metalia cogunt, was aptly quoted by the American chief, whose merits will bear a comparison without injury, among the most renowned heroes of antiquity.

I have seen a letter written by Major André, when a young man, and in a 'counting-house; his original destination being commercial; from this he was probably tempted by a fascinating splendor attached to the military profession; a prevailing tendency, which often is fostered by the erroneous conduct of mankind, "who bestow a more liberal applause on their destroyers, than on their benefactors." "Instead of a merchant," says the Major, in his letter, "in snuff coloured cloaths, and a bob wig, counting money, I sometimes, in a reverie, fancy myself a Marlborough, mounted on my charger, and fiercely brandishing a truncheon. I see national thanks, sumptuous palaces, titles and honors, showered down upon me, while painters, fidlers, and poets, join to celebrate my name; the porter suddenly opens the door, I start from my trance, and discover myself plain John André, by the small coal fire of a gloomy 'counting-house, in a narrow obscure court, near the heart of the city."

ANDREW FLETCHER, of Saltoun, a Scotchman of courage, integrity, and strong feelings, before the union, an æra which he called the reproach and

disgrace of his country. After exhausting his eloquence, as a member of the Scotch parliament, in opposing this grand coalition of two kingdoms, which had been distinguished, during many ages, for inveterate and bloody animosity, he resolved to quit a country, which, he declared, would never have consented, to what he termed the annihilation of its monarchy, but by the influence of English gold. "Will you," cried the indignant patriot, "will you consent that the majority of your nobles shall be degraded, and that your gentry shall be only partially admitted into councils, which are to dispose of the lives and properties of you all! councils, in which the voice and opinions of the few, will be overruled by the greater number; and the interests of their new ally, will, in every instance, be sacrificed to the venal purposes of our southern neighbours, who have gained over us, by the arts of corruption, that ascendancy, which they never were able to procure by the sword."

As he mounted his horse, the people crowded round him, intreating that he would not forsake his native land; "It is only fit for the slaves who sold it," was the only answer he condescended to make, and violently spurring his horse, he was in a few minutes out of their sight.

The patriotic, the laudable enthusiasm, of our honest Caledonian, like other kinds of enthusiasm, unchecked by reason, "o'erinform'd its tenement," and led its misguided pupil into error and

and misfortune. Had he listened to the dictates of common-sense, or the arguments of others, rather than the violent suggestions of partiality and passion, he must have considered the union, as a solid foundation of peace and happiness, in both countries, to generations yet unborn: while mutual exertion, common interest, and mutual defence, would enable Great Britain to defy the attacks of a threatening world, Scotland, burthened with only a moderate share of taxation, would enjoy all the benefits of a great commercial empire. A century has nearly elapsed and strengthened these assertions, during which period, the northern portion of the kingdom has made gradual advances, in wealth, trade, and happiness, with some exceptions on the score of agricultural improvement. In this important concern, the landholders, taught by self-interest, the grand, the unfailing stimulus to us all, have laid down such immense tracts of ground, formerly arable, into sheep-walks, and feeding-farms, that the lower orders of mankind, without work, and without assistance from poor laws, have, in some instances, been exposed to famine and death. This evil it is easier to lament than remedy; for who shall prevent a proprietor from making the most of his property? yet while we have so many millions of acres, wild, waste, and uncultivated, it surely is important for our governors to know, that since the peace in seventeen hundred and eighty-three, more than fifty thousand persons, exiled by penury, arising from a want of

labour, have emigrated from the north of Scotland. If to afford employment to the poor, and at the same time render essential benefits to the farmer; if to prevent the secession of so many thousands of useful subjects, independant of the cruelty and hardship of being driven from their native country, be thought an object worthy of notice, I warmly recommend a paper published by the Bath society, on a method of increasing the produce of farms; it is written by a Hampshire farmer, and a sensible man, who emerging from the ignorant obstinacy, and miserable indolence, too often found among little occupiers, clearly, and confirmed by experience, accurately points out a method, by crops adapted to the nature of the stock, by which eight acres of land may be rendered as profitable and productive as forty-eight, at the medium value of their natural produce, in the customary culture. If art and industry can thus produce, from every acre of land, six times the quantity of its former produce, considered in a political view, it lays a strong claim to our attention, as it is in effect extending the territory, providing abundant food and employment for the poor, and promises, if adopted, to keep down and moderate that crying, and, if government continue to neglect it, that dangerous evil of the times, the enormous and increasing price of the necessaries of life; for, as the Spanish proverb says, "where there is a scarceness of belly-timber, there is little prospect of peace."

ARC, JOAN of, the famous and intrepid Maid of Orleans, who, in the obscure condition of a peasant's daughter, of Dom Remi, Dompne, or Doremy, near Vaucouleur, a shepherdess, and a servant of all-work at a country inn, felt the impulse of inspiration, enthusiasm, or good sense, and attained the reputation of a victorious warrior, a saint, and a martyr.

Stimulated or instructed by the deep policy of a French commandant, Robert de Baudricourt, she rescued her king, the lascivious Charles the seventh, and her bleeding country, from English thralldom.

After much brilliant success, prophetic declaration, and miraculous, or mysterious conduct, admirably calculated to infuse religious and patriotic zeal into the terrified minds of soldiers, enfeebled by repeated defeats, this extraordinary woman was taken prisoner at the siege of Compiègne, by the English, and, after a trial, conducted with the solemnity of legal and ecclesiastical forms, but evidently directed by the ungenerous rancour of an exasperated enemy, who had confessedly suffered from her superior courage and abilities, she was found guilty of schism, heresy, and witchcraft, by her judges, the bishops of Coutance, Lisieux, the chapter of Rouen, and other dignitaries, was excommunicated, and, with the usual tender mercy of the holy office, delivered over to the secular arm, to be burnt; a bloody, inhuman sentence, which was executed, after the proceedings of these enlightened

men had been examined and confirmed by the university of Paris.

Shakespeare, who, in his historical plays, appears to have been rather led by the popular prejudices of the times, than his own good sense, has introduced the Maid of Orleans on the stage, clothed with supernatural powers which she does not effectually exert, and assisted by *periapts*, and chosen spirits, whom, in the cant of witchcraft, she professes to have fed with her own blood; but they forsake her in the hour of need: yet, notwithstanding this invisible aid, he makes her exert considerable military prowess, and skilful manœuvre, and she answers, with much art and address, the abuse of the English commanders, who call her, foul fiend of France, and hag of despight, encompassed with youthful paramours. The scandal of her indiscriminate amours, I attribute to the malice of an enemy, and partly to an ineffectual effort, the unhappy woman made to save, or rather prolong her life, by pleading pregnancy. Her incontinence, which was never proved, could not escape the prurient imagination of Mr. Voltaire, who has built on it a ridiculous, but disgusting and irreverend superstructure.

It is to be lamented, that posthumous justice cannot extinguish the flames of persecution, or mitigate the pains inflicted by cruelty and nonsense, on exalted worth, which feels the knife, the axe, the cord, and the pinchers of the inquisitor, as acutely as the most notorious impostor, or abandoned ruffian; yet if it were permitted beyond the

the grave, to know what passes in those scenes we have left behind, it must have afforded some consolation to the injured spirit of the Maid of Orleans, that her innocence of the crimes alledged against her, was publicly declared by Pope Celestin the third; and that ample justice has been done to her memory, as a patriot and warrior, by succeeding poets and historians: of these, Voltaire is the most conspicuous, for fine poetry, exquisite humour, well directed satire, and strong sense, debased by profane allusion, and beastly imagery.

Various attempts have been made to purify this poem, and give it an English dress, but they have failed in common with one, from which the following extracts are made: the alternate rhyme seems ill calculated for long narratives, and begets a wearisomness from its recurring monotony, which the reader of Spenser, with all the interesting natural simplicity, and goodness of his heart, will find occasionally creeping over him.

The translator, I remember, regretted in his preface, that decency was too often sacrificed to merriment, and that the noblest faculties of the mind were frequently prostituted to impiety and lewdness; for which reason, he conceived it would be difficult to convince one half of the world, that it was possible to laugh without guilt, and the other half, that a writer might be moral, without incurring the imputation of dullness. It was also observed in the preface, that the

king of a party, was, in effect, only king of half his subjects; and the same may, with truth, be affirmed of the writer of impious or obscene compositions, which will be perused by only half the generality of readers. Such productions, however they may, for the moment, please puerile wantonness, or irritate the languid impotence of debilitated rakes, will either sink into the oblivion they merit, or be handed down to posterity, as badges of infamy to their authors.

With such pests of society, I fear, the pleasing, the accomplished, the seductive, the dangerous Voltaire must rank; over his memory, says a judicious critic, modesty must blush, religion sigh, and charity drop a tear. In the attempt of which I have been speaking, this hitherto injurious guest was rendered admissible, without scruple, into good company; and the translator tried, perhaps he vainly tried, to separate wit and fine sentiment, from irreligion and impiety: the design might, perhaps, excuse a want of success in its execution, but the interval described in the poem, being during a most brilliant æra of English history, when our arms were triumphant at the gates of Paris, probably inflamed his imagination, diffused a patriotic brightness over the period, and attached him strongly to the subject;

“Fortia facta patrum.”

The opening of the poem, which is a rich and genuine specimen of the mock heroic, pleased me much.

Fain

Fain wou'd I celebrate the faints
 of old,
 My voice is weak, unequal to
 their fame,
 Yet will I try to sing of Joan so
 bold,
 Who gain'd in war a more than
 mortal name.
 The pow'rs of France by England
 trodden down,
 Were to new conquests by this
 virgin led,
 She sav'd the honor of the Gallic
 crown,
 And 'twin'd fresh laurels round
 her sov'reign's head.
 Her's was the task to rouse the
 tardy king,
 To 'wake her monarch from his
 am'rous trance,
 To burst the filken chains which
 pleasures bring,
 And make him quit the goblet
 for the lance.
 Tho' in a female shape and coarse
 attire,
 She fought like heroes sung in
 antient song,
 Many may softness, gentleness ad-
 mire,
 But Joan was stout, and as a
 lyon strong.
 All must with wonder read what
 I assert,
 Read with surprize the truth I
 sing of here,
 How she by magic, war, and love
 unhurt,
 Did keep unloos'd her virgin
 zone a year.
 To force the king from the be-
 witching blandishments of the beau-
 tiful Agnes Sorrel, and to direct
 Joan of Arc in her mission, no less
 a personage than Dennis, the pa-

tron faint of France, is invoked by
 the poet.

"Haste Gallic faint and rescue
 yonder flock,"

Whom England's wolves as ten-
 der sheep devour,
 Be to thy people a protecting rock,
 Or storms of adverse fate will
 soon o'erpow'r.

Thou patron faint of thy most
 christian son,
 But for thy well-tim'd aid the
 Gallic star,
 Had been eclips'd by England's
 happier sun,
 Whose rival rays still threaten
 from afar.

"Yes by St. Paul" the holy Den-
 nis cry'd,

"These English dogs we quickly
 must destroy,

"Their heresies, unless the fates
 have ly'd,

"Will rebel arms against the
 Pope employ.

"Will reason chuse, in spite of
 holy church,

"Nor bulls, nor anathema's
 shall disturb,

"With truth their guide, they
 holy writ will search,

"Nor tyrant, priest, or quib-
 bling law can curb.

"Their thund'ring navies riding
 o'er the poles,

"Through a long course of
 years alas I see,

"Where Ganges glides, or where
 th' Atlantic rolls,

"Britannia reigns as empress of
 the sea.

"Since Charles is held in harlot
 dalliance bound,

"All ills 'tis said by opposites
 are cur'd,

"Some

"Some virgin chaste and pure
shall straight be found,

"To rouse the king in lust and
ease immur'd.

With pious indignation and patriotic purpose, St. Dennis hastens to Orleans, where a council of Gallic chiefs is held; his address, and their answer cannot but force a smile from the fair, and will almost efface frowns from the godly.

"Ye warlike chiefs who draw in
vain your swords,

"While Charles your king to
heav'n and glory lost,

"Gives to a harlot's fascinating
words,

"That ear deny'd to you and
all his host.

"Haste, let us find some virgin
chaste and pure,

"Whom heav'n ordains to bless
your grief-swoln eyes,

"And if you with that church
or state endure,

"Assist me in my holy enter-
prize.

"Ah holy saint," the roguish
Richmond swears,

"If this your errand, here you
come in vain,

"Our kings and captains make the
virgins scarce,

"You have them plentier in
your blest domain.

"Perhaps some nunnery's seques-
ter'd shade,

"May this rare phoenix for a
saint produce,

"Yet there I fear the monks their
tricks have play'd,

"Apply'd this public good to
private use.

"In spite of sermons and divine
command,

"Soldiers and sailors by strong
passion fir'd,

"For making bastards through
this am'rous land,

"Than making orphans have
been more admir'd.

"The virgin flow'r is scarce in
this our clime,"

"Where curious amateurs so
thickly swarm,"

"Impatience plucks it, long be-
fore its time,"

"Or the rank hot-house keeps
the plant too warm."

Piqu'd at these words, St. Dennis
look'd askance,

And then withdrew, on cherubs'
pinions born,

My courteous reader, may it be
thy lot

To crop this rose, which blooms
without a thorn.

Offended at the profane sarcasms of his military audience, the saint seeks farther for, and at last discovers at a little inn, where she officiated as ostler, Joan of Arc, who after many struggles with amorous rustics, and their indiscreet hands, after being cast lots for by Grisbourdon, a sturdy cordelier, and a furious mulattee, still remains a true maid.—The poet is lavish in his praises of the village which produced this phoenix.

Let Doremy o'er ev'ry town pre-
side,

Tho' she no vineyards, no rich
wines can boast,

But for her Joan, the fleur-de-lis
had dy'd,

But for her Joan, the Gallic
name were lost.

What

What though thy fields afford no
splendid mines,
What tho' nor gold nor pearls
thy maids adorn,
Thou still hadst that which bright-
est gems outshines,
Pure as the dew drops of the
early morn.

Thus did a saint who maiden pure-
ness sought,
Instead of palaces or noble
domes,
Find female honor in an ale-house
cot,
Nor cloath'd in silk, nor poi-
son'd by perfumes.

Whilst ev'ry vein with lust and
rage beat high,
Fell Grisbourdon the pow'rs of
hell invok'd,
By incantations forc'd the sprites
drew nigh,
And love despis'd to keen re-
venge provok'd.

By potent herbs and spells of hor-
rid name,
In death-like trance the forc'rer
bound his prey,
When good St. Dennis to her res-
cue came,
At whose approach the monster
fled away.

So when fair justice shackled by
chicane,
Languish'd in legal net-work
strictly bound,
Thurlow dispell'd the artful quib-
bling train,
And soon the heav'n born god-
dess freedom found.

The saint then addresses the fu-
ture champion of her country, in
the following manner:

"I am St. Dennis, patron saint of
France,"

"Sent by high heaven's com-
mand your king to save,"
"Given up to Agnes, riot, play,
and dance,"
"And you I chuse as humble,
chaste and brave."
"Fear not my child, but quit thy
humble task,"
"For nobler works thy hands
are now design'd,"
"Of heav'n, through me, an easy
conquest ask,"
"And turn to warlike deeds
thy docile mind."

The Gallic saint thus sooth'd the
trembling maid,
Who felt her mind inflam'd with
noble fire,
Her soul expands, and now no
more afraid,
Courage and love of fame her
breast inspire.

So when dame fortune in her blind
career,
The long wish'd ticket some
poor cit bequeaths,
He quits his drudgery and room
in air,
And east of Temple-bar he scarce-
ly breathes.

The second canto of the trans-
lation commenced as follows.

'Tis not enough in battles' loud
alarms,
Cool and undaunted o'er the
field to stride,
He who wou'd wish to meet success
in arms,
Shou'd have the gods to battle
on his side.

Alcmœna's son, and he whose
pride-swoln heart,
Sigh'd for new worlds to ravage
with the sword,

Pas'd

Pas'd for the sons of Jove, that
happy art,
And fiercest nations at their
shrine ador'd.

Rome by these arts attain'd impe-
rial sway,
Whilst warlike chieftains trem-
bled at her nod,

Augurs and oracles prepar'd the
way;
What foe on equal terms cou'd
meet a god?

Good Charles the seventh in his
youthful days,
At Tours beheld a damsel passing
fair,

This prince delighted much in
dance and plays,
And Agnes Sorrell was his part-
ner there.

Cou'd Venus form a maid in beau-
ty's mould,
More apt the pow'r of female
charms to prove?

Who cou'd those eyes, that well-
turn'd shape behold,
Nor feel the melting ecstasy of
love?

The bliss of harmony inspir'd her
songs,
The youth of Flora heighthen'd
ev'ry grace,

The justest symmetry to her be-
longs,
The peaches' softness blooming
in her face.

Kings, heroes, sages, gloried in
her chains,
To see and love her was their
greatest pride,

The speechless sigh, th' in vain
concealed pains,
The look discov'ring what it
strives to hide.

The loyal Agnes to her monarch
kind,

That tedious court, hard-heart-
ed dames approve
Relax'd, nor Charles in long sus-
pence repin'd,
Princes and kings make rapid
strides in love.

Trusty Bonneau th' enraptur'd lo-
vers bore,
Safe from keen scandal's pene-
trating eyes,

To a fair castle on the banks of
Loire,
Whose rural scenes resembled
paradise.

At court Bonneau was held in
high repute,
In the king's pleasures an obe-
dient imp,

Mysterious, trusty, silent, as a
mute,
Plain country folks wou'd call
the rogue a pimp.

Imagine lovers! ye who know the
bliss
Of keen desires, which many a
tedious hour

Has deeply stung, the pointed rapt-
'rous kiss,
The eye that speaks, the tongue
that wants the pow'r.

Alternate struggles heave her
snowy breast,
Love and her virgin pride alter-
nate beat;

Till pride, by warmth of passion
closely prest,
Gives to great love a victory
compleat.

On poignant viands feast the youth-
ful pair,
Whilst varied tones the voice
and string afford,

To

To sing of heroes, who to beauties
rare,
Resign'd their crown, their glo-
ry and their sword.

Rich sparkling wine was mingled
with the song,
Wine fills the head and heart
with vivid glee,
And thence exhaling through the
nimble tongue,
Bursts forth in wit and brilliant
repartee.

For seen by none but her for whom
he liv'd,
Blest but in her the happy mo-
narch sat,
Whilst tender looks exhausted love
reviv'd,
And to her wish he gave his fu-
ture fate.

The joy she felt enliven'd all her
face,
For spite of all that vile co-
quettes declare,
Rapture's fine pencil gives a killing
grace,
And keen enjoyment much im-
proves the fair.

"Blest in thy arms" the happy
Charles wou'd cry,
"Let the fierce Harry o'er my
realms preside,
"If I have thee, he's poorer still
than I,
"My love, my life, my joy,
my only pride."

With words like these he sunk up-
on her breast,
Whilst pillag'd France was giv'n
to ev'ry foe,
The burning kiss upon her lips
impress'd,
Effac'd all mem'ry of his coun-
try's woe.

Such conduct does not so heroic
tell,

Yet shou'd not heroes our good
Charles-abuse,
For who in beauty's pow'r can
answer well,
What he shall say or do, or hate
or chuse.

All conqu'ring love restrains the
warrior's hand,
Victorious beauty reigns through-
out the world,
Armies and navies follow their
command,
And at their nod the bolts of
war are hurl'd.

Whilst Charles enamour'd thus,
his realms forgot,
England's great Henry triumph'd
through the land,
Kind heav'n look'd down on Gal-
lia's fatal lot,
And sent St. Dennis on this high
command.

To Tours the saint then hasten'd
quick with Joan,
Where, lost to fame, the king
with Agnes lay,
He 'woke the monarch in an angry
tone,
Whilst words like these, his zea-
lous warmth display:

"Unhappy Charles, for nobler
combats form'd,"
"I blush to see thy mind so
much debas'd,"

"Thy town of Orleans will be
quickly storm'd,"
"Whilst here in dalliance you
your moments waste."

"One word, dear saint, with rev-
erence wou'd I speak,"
The king reply'd "Aerials can't
employ"

"Their

- " Their time, too precious for an am'rous freak,"
 " Their taste's too pure for gross and earthly joy."
 " And yet I swear, wer't thou so strongly try'd,"
 " Wer't thou, like me, in blood and spirits high,"
 " With lovely Agnes panting by thy side,"
 " Thou wou'd'st give way, and be as fond as I."
 " Behold that face, where sits triumphant love,"
 " Those pulpy lips, not only made to speak ;"
 " Behold those snowy mounts which quicker move,"
 " As fears prophetic her dear slumbers break."
 " Hold," cry'd the saint, " I grant you speak the truth,"
 " For when on earth, and young, I felt love's pow'r ;"
 " Enough of Agnes, O my royal youth,"
 " To war and glory give the present hour."
 " Besides, if woman thee so much attracts,"
 " Behold a maiden pure as virgin snow !"
 " Follow her paths, they lead to God-like acts,"
 " Thy dream voluptuous, and thy couch forego."
 " She is ordain'd thy doating soul to rouse,"
 " Instead of myrtle and of rose, to place"
 " The crown and laurel on thy so-v'reign brows,"
 " And from thy realms to drive yon hateful race."

- " Must the stern voice of honour be obey'd,"
 The monarch cry'd ? " must I my angel leave ?"
 " This cruel sacrifice must then be made,"
 " Ah ! faithless Charles ! thy Agnes to deceive."
 " Alas ! in yonder cottage had I slept,"
 " A flock of sheep had been my daily care,"
 " Then undisturb'd, my Agnes had I kept,"
 " Nor horrid war had torn me from my fair."
 " At least, good saint, permit one soft adieu !"
 At this, St. Dennis forc'd the king away ;
 The pow'r of female eyes too well he knew,
 To grant the love-sick king a longer stay.
 The sick bon vivant waking from his dream,
 Which offer'd richest dainties to his view,
 Thus hears the doctor sav'ry dishes blame,
 Forbid his port, his turtle, and ragout.

ARNOLD, JOHN, a native of Brandenburg, who exercised the trade of a miller, near Custrin, and a subject of that illustrious, and philosophic warrior, Frederick, King of Prussia ; who I believe needs no other addition to his name, to distinguish him from his predecessors, or the succeeding king. The mill, in which Arnold lived, was plentifully supplied with water, at the

time

time he purchased the lease; he had regularly paid his rent, and supported himself and family in a comfortable manner, for upwards of six years.

Count Schmettau, the miller's landlord, having occasion, in the year 1776, to enlarge a fish pond, contiguous to his seat, and to turn a greater quantity of water into it, ordered a canal to be cut from the stream, a little above the mill, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of his tenant, who foresaw, and pointed out the injury he should receive, and intreated, that if the canal must remain, he might be permitted to resign his lease. This reasonable request being refused, the current of the stream was lessened, and the water so evidently lowered, that the mill could only be worked during the floods, which succeed violent rains. Arnold applied to a court of law for redress, but sentence was pronounced against him, and after much anxiety from his debts increasing, while his ability for raising money, daily diminished, his utensils, goods and chattels, were at length seized and sold, to pay the arrears of rent, and a long lawyer's bill. By the advice of his friends, who knew the benevolent and equitable principles of their sovereign, he presented a short memorial on the subject, to the king, whose scrutinizing eye, equally formed for minute precision and vast design, was immediately struck with the simplicity of the poor man's narrative; and though during a considerable portion of his reign, he was reluctantly compelled, by the united perfidy and canting hypocrisy of the courts of

Austria, France and Russia; to havoc and desolation, his heart was, on most occasions, alive to the interest and happiness of his subjects.

Frederick immediately dispatched a private agent to Custrin, who examined the merits of the business, surveyed accurately the mill, the stream, and the new canal, and enquired particularly into Arnold's former situation, and the probable causes of his failure. By the cautious deliberation with which he proceeded, the king seems to have guarded, as far as he was able, against those opposite extremes, which the most amiable virtues sometimes hurry us into; he was fully aware of his natural, his well known antipathy to law and its professors, who are too often the scourges and fire-brands of society, and the disgrace of a liberal profession; from the surly judge on the bench, who browbeats or misleads a jury, and boasts that he pays little attention to what evidence or counsel adduce, but determines a cause in his own mind, from an early glance of his eye, to the base tipstaff, who derives a dishonourable subsistence from the tears and groans of affliction.

Our royal legislator, one of the few hereditary monarchs, who by personal merit, deserved to reign, revised with his own eyes, the various evidence and pleadings before the court, and the whole of the law proceedings. Fearing also that resentment, and misguided zeal might heat his imagination, warp his judgment, and lead him to injustice and oppression, the very crimes he meant to punish in others, and resolving not to trust to his own opinions, he consulted several

several of his most eminent cabinet veterans, who had passed in laborious study or daily practice, thro' the different provincial, municipal, and civil departments, before he finally determined on the conduct he meant to pursue.

Early in the month of December, 1779, having made up his mind, he ordered his chancellor, the judges of the high court of appeal, and the counsellors, who had approved and signed Arnold's sentence, into his presence. After describing to them the purposes for which the several posts they filled, were first created, and observing, that peasants or beggars were to the full as well entitled to impartial justice as a king or a noble, and that an unjust or negligent magistrate, who betrayed his trust, or a corrupt court of law, partial in its proceedings, were more dangerous in a state, and less easy to guard against, than a band of robbers; he laid before them their decree against the miller, and remonstrated in severe terms, on a conduct, so opposite to the fundamental principles of equity; he animadverted with warmth on their absurd cruelty, in suffering a man to be deprived of water, the only means by which he cou'd work his mill, and then pulling him to pieces for arrears of rent. The chancellor was peremptorily dismissed from his post, the several judges and the members of the court of Custrin, were taken into custody, and immediately prosecuted. A sum equal to the produce of the effects of the miller, and the amount of the law proceedings, was deducted from the salaries of all who had a share in the unjust sentence. Count Schmet-

tau, a haughty German baron, who had long considered his vassals as animals, only a few degrees above his horse, his hounds, or his hogs, was reprimanded, and ordered to reimburse to his late tenant, all the rent he had received, from the time of the canal being first opened.

My readers will probably be surprized to hear that this conduct of the great Frederick, in which the keen eye of severe scrutiny perceives so much to praise, so little to condemn, has been branded with the opprobrious epithets of arbitrary and tyrannical, by an ingenious and enlightened writer, who in many instances has proved himself an assertor of the Rights of Mankind. The force of his reasoning, or the correctness of his statement, I confess myself unable to perceive, though they conclude with a potent argument, which he seems to mention with indecent exultation, that the determination in favour of Arnold, was reversed, a few months after the king's death, and that every possible reparation was made to the honour, feelings, and interests of the injured and degraded lawyers. After every enquiry into the business, I cannot but applaud the brave deceased old Fritz, as his soldiers used to call him; and shall only observe, that in some kingdoms, I had rather be the husband of a pretty wife, a baron, or a lawyer, than a miller, a peasant, or a private soldier.

The late king's behaviour, when laying out his own garden, at Sans Souci, was somewhat different from Count Schmettau's; the builder and surveyor reported to his majesty, that a neighbouring mill was

an insurmountable impediment to all his improvements; that the miller had been treated with for the purchase of it, and double its value had been offered, or, if he preferred it, that another mill should be built, in any part of the country he chose; but that nothing could prevail on the old man to part with a spot, to which he was particularly attached, and on which he had passed the earliest and most pleasant period of his life. "Don't you know," said the king, who called on him to repeat his offers, "Don't you know, that if I please I may take your mill, turn you out, and not pay you a farthing for it?" "Aye," replied the miller, "that you might, if there was no such thing as a supreme court of justice at Berlin." The king laughed heartily, and altered the whole plan of his garden.

ATTORNEY GENERAL, an officer of the crown, armed by the laws of England, or by immemorial usage, with powers, apparently inconsistent with a free constitution, and which it has been the wish of many great, and many good men, to see moderated and restrained. In the business of filing informations, and carrying on what have been called ex officio prosecutions, he is neither directed by the previous examination and interference of a grand jury, nor controuled by the established forms of any court, which are cautiously observed in all other cases. He can, by his own mere motion, give a name to, or put any construction he pleases, on the conduct, writings, or even the thoughts, of any person whatever. His proceedings are

commenced without any previous affidavit or examination, and if in the course of the trial, there appears any probability of failing in his charge, contrary to what takes place with other prosecutors, he incurs neither risque nor expence, but by a short motion, he puts an end to the suit, and saddles, perhaps, an innocent, but unfortunate defendant, with heavy and ruinous costs.

Another circumstance, which has attached suspicion to this mode of proceeding of the crown lawyers, is, that the Attorney General is removable at pleasure, and placed in the high road to emolument and promotion; a situation dangerous to human virtue, not always sufficiently powerful to induce a man to decide in favor of conscience and honor, against a good place, and the solicitations, or mandates of a minister. In defence of this species of official proceeding on the part of the crown, it has been urged, that the licentiousness of the press has been carried beyond all bounds of decency and truth; that kings and ministers are continually exposed, by artful, seditious writers, to hatred and contempt; that in prosecutions for libels on government, juries are partial to the side of the people; that in the most flagrant cases, a verdict cannot be obtained for the king; and that a judicial and more summary method, free from the inconveniences of popular restraint, was become absolutely necessary.

That the temper of the times, has, in general, an influence on jurymen, cannot be denied; yet many

many trials, in the memory of my readers, prove, that an English jury is not flagrantly insensible of the respect due to the executive power, nor tardy in bestowing exemplary punishment on the defamers of public worth, or private virtue.

The general cry which has gone through the land against this mode of prosecution, is, in itself, a sufficient cause for limiting and restraining it; nothing, in general, being so likely to counteract the impartial administration of substantial justice, as a defendant coming into court with every appearance of having been proceeded against rigorously and unfairly. It is also the opinion of several sound lawyers, whose inclinations in favor of the liberty of the subject, can never be numbered with their failings, that whenever the Attorney General commences a prosecution *ex officio*, the defendant should, as in other cases, be permitted to shew cause, why the information should not be granted. This concession would still leave ample discretionary power in the breast of a court, would deprive many a superficial frothy declaimer of a potent, a plausible common-place argument, and refusing it, cannot be defended on any plea of justice, common sense, or good design.

BAKERS who adulterate bread, the Turkish mode of punishing them.—See Vol. I. page 158.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, freedom pleasant companions.—See Vol. I. page 2.

BEDFORD, DUKE OF, grandfather of the present noble-

man of that name, and attacked by the masterly pen of Junius, who was answered by Sir William Draper, in a manner, whatever were his motives, by no means uncreditable to the abilities or attainments of the Manilla Knight.

“When Greek meets Greek,
'tis then the tug of war.”

My reason for inserting this short article, is to notice in the reply of our brilliant, acute, and animated writer, a passage, unfounded in its inference, and not correct as to information.

It was his design to impress an unfavourable opinion of the Duke's pecuniary character; and he proceeds to defy Sir William to produce an instance, in which his Grace had relieved indigence, encouraged art, or patronized merit. That which Sir William Draper was unable or unwilling to say; I think it the duty of an impartial recorder, of good actions, to mention; as it surely becomes us, to be as ready to render justice to splendid bounty, as to censure illustrious offence. The Duke of Bedford, notwithstanding the flowery periods, fine language, and overwhelming invective of his assailant, was a generous, a princely, a delicate benefactor to the ingenious and amiable Henry Fielding, who frequently did justice to the well directed liberality of the peer.

This conduct of the Duke has a particular claim to applause, as he was at the time, sore in the article of money, having been just involved in enormous expence, by his political attachments, which it must be confessed, were not in every instance, creditable, to his head

head or heart; and in the stimulating ardour of a contested election, his Grace had been unfortunately placed, in two instances, in a situation, at once distressing and ridiculous.

BENEFIT OF CLERGY, a legal phrase, or technical term, which we often hear, and sometimes repeat, without understanding its precise meaning. The dark cloud of barbarism which succeeded the downfall of the Roman empire, having nearly effaced literary pursuits, the attention of the nobility, and the body of the people placed above labor, was wholly absorbed by military exercises and the chase, while the regular and secular clergy became, for ages, with some exceptions, almost the sole depositaries of books, and the learned languages. As it is natural to respect what we do not understand, the monks turned the advantage to good account, and it gradually became a principle of common law, that no clerk, that is to say, a priest, should be tried by the civil power.

This privilege was enjoyed and abused without restriction, till the reign of Henry the second, when the council, or parliament of Clarendon, or the sense of the nation, were provoked by murder, rape, and sodomy, to set bounds to ecclesiastic licentiousness, by a salutary regulation on this subject; but a law so necessary was evaded by the insolence of Becket, and the base pusillanimity of King John, and his successor.

During a period equally disgraceful to the monarch, and the

clergy, a provision, artful, because it seemed to wear the face of a remedy, was enacted, by which any person tried for felony, and found guilty, was pronounced to be exempt from punishment, si legit ut clericus, if he was able to read as a priest. From this finess the monks derived a considerable emolument, by teaching prisoners to read, which, however odious or bloody their crimes, rescued them from the penalty of the laws, and also answered another important purpose, as by these means, men of the most desperate characters, were thus rendered humble and obedient tools of the church. This lucrative monopoly remained, till it was provided against in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Edward the third: but the noxious weed grew up in the shade of ignorance and confusion, during the bloody contests of the houses of Lancaster and York, till it received a considerable check under Edward the sixth, when it was determined, that no person convicted of manslaughter, shall claim the benefit of clergy, unless he is a peer of the realm, or a clerk in priest's orders: and by the ninth of James the first, it was entirely taken away from those delinquents.

Persons at all conversant in legal points, or general reading, will, perhaps, smile at this article, on a subject which they consider as generally understood; but I have frequently met with persons, who imagined that the words, without benefit of clergy, implied, that a criminal should have no spiritual guide; when no more is meant,

meant, than that his being able to read or write, shall not, in any manner, exempt him from punishment, and that he shall not be entitled to any of those privileges, formerly enjoyed by the clergy.

BLACK HOLE, a dungeon, so called in Fort William, Calcutta, measuring only eighteen feet square, in which Mr. Holwell and one hundred and forty-five brave men exhausted by fatigue, and a vigorous defence against a superior force, were immured, by order of the Subah or Viceroy of Bengal, in the year 1756, during a sultry close night, which he who has melted under that debilitating climate, may be allowed the unenvied merit of accurately describing. Such a number of unhappy men, enclosed and pressed together, in so narrow a space, is not to be imagined or described without horror; it was a night of suffocation, languor, delirium, and death; escape or relief was impossible, as immense pecuniary offers had been made to the guard, if they would report their situation, but the only answer was, that no one could presume to wake the Subah, on pain of death.

Water, in such inadequate quantities as the grating of the windows would admit of, was conveyed to them in hats, by the humanity of an old centinel; but this refreshment so precious, was found, after a momentary alleviation, to considerably aggravate their complaints; and, like other comforts of human life, was also embittered with the reflection, that it could not be shared by their remote companions, whose repeated cries for

water, and ineffectual struggles to reach it, served only to diminish their remaining strength; while the kind hand of death was every moment lessening the number of miserable creatures, who experienced relief from swallowing, and (in the case of Mr. Holwell, from whom I relate the circumstance) *sharing* the copious perspiration of their neighbours. They also attempted, by repeated intreaties, as well as by provocation, to induce the commanding officer of the guard, to fire on them, and at once conclude their miseries. No reader can wish to dwell on the shocking and nauseating description of a horrid charnel house, crowded with bodies of the dead and dying. After a night, which realized or surpassed the torments and agonies of hell, the door which opened inwards, was unbolted, and as soon as the putrid heap, which prevented its opening, was removed by their almost expiring associates, of one hundred and forty-six persons, only twenty-three crawled forth from this cavern of death!

Such was the fate of the gallant English factory, occasioned by the resentment of the natives against the oppressions and enormities of Drake, a late governor of Calcutta, who after raising a storm, had basely quitted his post, and left men, whose bravery ought to have excited admiration and esteem in an enemy, to the supine cruelty of an unfeeling Subah, who, while Mr. Holwell was relating their sufferings, stopt him short, by saying, in a stern manner, "I am well assured there was treasure in the fort; unless it is instantly
" given

"given up, expect no mercy;"—this insult was intolerable from a tyrant who had shewn none, who was a cool, deliberate murderer, as it afterwards appeared, that the prisoners were driven into the black hole, by his express direction, and expecting what would happen, that he had given positive orders, not to be disturbed, during the night. Had I been one of the survivors, I would, at all hazards, have approached the merciless villain, and have planted a dagger in his heart; in such transactions, the feelings of nature are above law, judges are unnecessary, and the voice of a jury superfluous.—This memorable tragedy, has made a deep, perhaps a useful impression on my mind; reflecting on the dismal catastrophe, I have converted it into a source of comparative comfort.—When my temples have throbbled with the irritation of a burning fever, when the wounds of calamity have been exasperated by insidious enemies, or ill-judging friends, when my mind agitated in a storm of hopes and fears, was sinking into despair, I have often cast a thought on the sufferers at Calcutta, compared their miseries with my own, breathed forth a thankful ejaculation to the Almighty, and almost ceased to be wretched.

BLACKSTONE, SIR WILLIAM, Vinerian professor, and doctor of civil law, solicitor to the queen, and lastly, a judge, who, waving over a dry subject, the magic wand of genius and taste, has produced from the verbal subtleties and perplexing intricacies of jurisprudence, a pleasing and interesting work.

Yet during the violent debates on the subject of Mr. Wilkes's expulsion from the house of commons, it was the fate of our enlightened lawyer, to share a degree of popular odium, and to smart under the severe, but elegant invective of Junius, who asserted, and he was not often mistaken, that Dr. Blackstone had maintained in parliament a doctrine, directly contradictory to what he supports in his excellent commentaries. During these discussions, to which half the kingdom looked up with anxiety and expectation, the subject of this article defended the opinion of the minister and his majority, who had determined that Mr. Wilkes's having been expelled the house, incapacitated him from being again elected. "Expulsion" said Dr. Blackstone emphatically, "I have ever held, to be one of the disqualifications for being again elected." Mr. Grenville, whose extensive reading could only be equalled by his ready and almost intuitive application of it, to the purposes of the moment, an art which few great readers carry with them into the business of life; Mr. Grenville directly saw, that the queen's solicitor had laid himself open, he quoted his book, in which, after a long enumeration of disqualifications, without the least mention of Expulsion, the Doctor concludes with observing, "but subject to these restrictions, every individual of the realm is eligible of common right." "A book and its author, a great law authority, thus at variance," continued the Right Honourable Gentleman, "is in effect, a snare to the unwary." Sir William feeling

feeling the irresistible force of the argument, was unable to reply, and sunk on his seat in an agony of confusion and despair. A pause of silence ensued, 'till the gentleman Sir Fletcher, seeing Mr. Grenville shake his head, elegantly observed, "I wish the Honourable Gentleman, instead of shaking his head, would shake one good argument out of it."

The point in dispute, was of more importance, than at the first glance may appear to my readers, for it involved in its consequences, the dearest and most invaluable right of a British subject. If a vote of the house, or rather the minister, independent of legal disability, could incapacitate a successful candidate, a man, as was the case in the Middlesex election, hated and detested by his constituents, if he possessed only a single suffrage, might be chosen a member of parliament, and the first principle of the constitution be thus violated, by the fiat of men, whose power is delegated under certain restrictions.

In the ardour of debate, Sir William forgot the language of his commentaries, or when writing his book, forgot there was a precedent upon record, point blank against him. In the year 1698, a Mr. Wollaston, was expelled the house, re-elected and admitted to take his seat in the same parliament. The mortifying contradiction stared the Vinerian professor in the face, and the following conclusion of a letter from his matchless, but inexorable assailant, whom I have occasionally quoted, was I think, a sufficient punishment. "If, Sir William, I were person-

"ally your enemy, I should dwell
"with a malignant pleasure, on
"those great and useful qualifica-
"tions, which you certainly pos-
"sess, and by which you once ac-
"quired, though you could not
"preserve, the respect and esteem
"of your country. I should enu-
"merate the honours you have
"lost, and the virtues you have
"disgraced: but, having no pri-
"vate resentments to gratify, I
"leave the punishment it deserves,
"to your closet and yourself."

Sir William felt the necessity, or the inclination, to pen an elaborate defence, which serving only to increase his difficulties, I have perused, without conviction, unable to remove this blemish from his character, he died, however, not without regret, for many valuable attainments, unhappily employed in the service of bad men, and bad measures, whilst he was surrounded by antagonists and competitors, eager and well qualified, on every occasion, to search for and proclaim, error, or ill design.

BLIGH, LIEUTENANT, commander of the Bounty armed ship. For an account of the cruel treatment he experienced, see Fletcher, Christian, who incited and conducted the mutiny.

BOSWELL, MR. a Scotch lawyer, a friend of Paoli, an historian of Corsica, and a biographer of Dr. Johnson, who, with some exceptions, on the score of egotism, has given us a copious and interesting, and in the opinion of those who ought to know, a just picture of the life and conversation of our great English moralist, in which notwithstanding the high

high colouring of partiality, and the projecting features of exaggeration, a strong resemblance is preserved, and the artist has made near approaches to the life. "Having given a sketch of my friend," says Mr. Boswell, in his account of their journey to the North, "my readers *may wish* to know a little of his fellow traveller. "Think then, of a gentleman of *ancient blood*, the pride of which was his predominant passion; in his thirty-third year, and about four years happily married, his inclination was to be a soldier, but his father, a *respectable judge*, had pressed him into the profession of the law. He had travelled a good deal, and seen many varieties of human life, had thought *more than any body supposed*, and had a *pretty good stock* of learning and knowledge. He possessed all Dr. Johnson's principles, with some degree of relaxation, with too little, rather than too much prudence, and in the *liveliness* of his *imagination*, often said things, of which the effect was very different from his intention; his *acuteness* in the opinion of his friend the Doctor, would aid enquiry, while his gaiety and civility would soften the inconveniencies of travelling."

A writer, who in the unblushing reveries of self-approbation, thinks himself authorized thus to dwell on his own panegyric, has palpably exposed himself to criticism and satire, and the public have, at different times, been entertained in prose and rhyme, at the expence of Mr. Boswell, who with some trifling and some glaring absurdi-

ties, in his character, is not without many estimable qualities of head and heart. His unremitting attention to the interests of religion and virtue, and his assiduous search after truth, in his narratives, tho' it often tells against himself and his hero, merit general approbation. The following effusion of some wicked wit, which caught my eye in a public print, on the first publication of his life of Dr. Johnson, is I think worth repeating: "The *perturbation of image*, and figurative distortion of phrase" are laughable, and well preserved.

LESSON IN BIOGRAPHY,
OR, HOW TO WRITE THE LIFE OF
ONE'S FRIEND.

[*An Extract from the Life of Dr. Pozz, in ten volumes folio, written by James Bozz, Esq; who flourished with him near fifty years.*]

—WE dined at the chop-house. Dr. Pozz was this day very instructive. We talked of books: I mentioned the *History of Tommy Trip*. I said it was a great work. —Pozz. "Yes, Sir, it is a great work; but, Sir, it is a great work relatively; it was a great work to you when you was a little boy; but now, Sir, you are a great man, and Tommy Trip is a little boy." I felt somewhat hurt at this comparison, and I believe he perceived it; for, as he was squeezing a lemon, he said, "Never be affronted at a comparison. I have been compared to many things, but I never was affronted. No, Sir, if they would call me a dog, and you a cannister tied to my tail, I would not be affronted."

Cheered by this kind mention of me, though in such a situation, I asked

asked him what he thought of a friend of ours, who was always making comparisons.—Pozz. “Sir, that fellow has a simile for every thing but himself; I knew him when he kept shop; he then made money, Sir, and now he makes comparisons. Sir, he would say that you and I were two figs stuck together; two figs in adhesion, Sir, and then he would laugh.”—Bozz. “But have not some great writers determined that *comparisons* are now and then *odious*?” Pozz. “No, Sir, not odious in themselves, not odious as comparisons; the fellows who make them are odious. The Whigs make comparisons.”

We supped that evening at his house. I shewed him some lines I had made upon a pair of breeches.—Pozz. “Sir, the lines are good; but where could you find such a subject in your country?”—Bozz. “Therefore it is a proof of invention, which is a characteristic of poetry.”—Pozz. “Yes, Sir, but an invention which few of your countrymen can enjoy.” I reflected afterwards on the depth of this remark; it affords a proof of that acuteness which he displayed in every branch of literature. I asked him if he approved of green spectacles?—Pozz. “As to green spectacles, Sir, the question seems to be this; if I wore green spectacles, it would be because they assisted vision, or because I liked them. Now, Sir, if a man tells me he does not like green spectacles, and that they hurt his eyes, I would not compel him to wear them; no, Sir, I would dissuade him.” A few months after, I consulted him again on this subject, and he honoured me with a letter, in which

he gives the same opinion. It will be found in its proper place, vol. vi. p. 2789. I have thought much on this subject, and must confess, that in such matters a man ought to be a free moral agent.

Next day I left town, and was absent for six weeks, three days, and seven hours, as I find by a memorandum in my journal. In this time I had only one letter from him, which is as follows:

To JAMES BOZZ, Esq;

“Dear Sir,

“My bowels have been very bad. Pray buy for me some Turkey rhubarb, and bring with you a copy of your *Tour*.

“Write me soon, and write me often.

“I am, dear Sir,

“Your’s, affectionately,

“SAM POZZ.”

It would have been unpardonable to have omitted a letter like this, in which we see so much of his great and illuminated mind. On my return to town, we met again at the chop-house. We had much conversation to-day: his wit flashed like lightening; indeed, there is not one hour of my present life, in which I do not profit by some part of his valuable communications.

We talked of *wind*. I said I knew many persons much distressed with that complaint. Pozz. “Yes, Sir, when confined, when pent up.” I said I did not know that, but I questioned if the Romans ever knew it.—Pozz. “Yes, Sir, the Romans knew it.”—Bozz. “Livy does not mention it.”—Pozz. “No, Sir, Livy wrote History. Livy was not writing the Life of a Friend.”

On

On medical subjects his knowledge was immense. He told me of a friend of ours, who had just been attacked by a most dreadful complaint; he had entirely lost the use of his limbs, so that he could neither stand nor walk, unless supported: his speech was quite gone; his eyes were much swollen, and every vein distended, yet his face was rather pale, and his extremities cold; his pulse beat 160 in a minute. I said, with tenderness, that I would go and see him; and, said I, "Sir, I will take Dr. Bolus with me."—Pozz. "No, Sir, don't go." I was startled, for I knew his compassionate heart; and earnestly asked why?—Pozz. "Sir, you don't know his disorder."—Bozz. "Pray what is it?"—Pozz. "Sir, the man is *dead drunk*!" This explanation threw me into a violent fit of laughter, in which he joined me, rolling about as he used to do when he enjoyed a joke: but he afterwards checked me.—Pozz. "Sir, you ought not to laugh at what I said. Sir, he who laughs at what another man says, will soon learn to laugh at that other man. Sir, you should laugh only at your own jokes; you should laugh seldom."

We talked of a friend of ours, who was a very violent politician. I said I did not like his company.—Pozz. "No, Sir, he is not healthy; he is sore, Sir; his mind is ulcerated; he has a political whitlow: Sir, you cannot touch him without giving him pain. Sir, I would not talk politics with that man; I would talk of cabbage and pease; Sir, I would ask him how he got his corn in, and whether his wife was with child; but I

would not talk politics!"—Bozz. "But perhaps, Sir, he would talk of nothing else."—Pozz. "Then, Sir, it is plain what he would do." On my very earnestly enquiring what that was, Dr. Pozz answered; "Sir, he would let it alone."

I mentioned a tradesman who had lately set up his coach.—Pozz. "He is right, Sir; a man who would go on swimmingly, cannot get too soon off his legs. That man keeps his coach; now, Sir, a coach is better than a chaise; Sir, it is better than a chariot."—Bozz. "Why, Sir?"—Pozz. "Sir, it will hold more." I begged he would repeat this; that I might remember it, and he complied with great good humour. "Dr. Pozz," said I, "you ought to keep a coach."—Pozz. "Yes, Sir, I ought." Bozz. But you do not, and that has often surprized me."—Pozz. "Surprized you! There, Sir, is another prejudice of absurdity. Sir, you ought to be surprized at nothing. A man that has lived half your days, ought to be above all surprize. Sir, it is a rule with me, never to be surprized. It is mere ignorance; you cannot guess why I do not keep a coach, and you are surprized. Now, Sir, if you did know, you would not be surprized." I said, tenderly, "I hope, my dear Sir, you will let me know before I leave town."—Pozz. "Yes, Sir, you shall know now. You shall not go to Mr. Wilkins, and to Mr. Jenkins, and to Mr. Stubbs, and say, why does not Pozz keep a coach? I will tell you myself.—Sir, I can't afford it."

We talked of drinking. I asked him whether, in the course of his long

long and valuable life, he had not known some men who drank more than they could bear?—Pozz. “Yes, Sir; and then, Sir, nobody could bear them. A man who is drunk, Sir, is a very foolish fellow.”—Bozz. “But, Sir, as the poet says, ‘he is devoid of all care.’”—Pozz. “Yes, Sir, he cares for nobody; he has none of the cares of life; he cannot be a merchant, Sir, for he cannot write his name; he cannot be a politician, Sir, for he cannot talk; he cannot be an artist, Sir, for he cannot see; and yet, Sir, there is science in drinking,” Bozz. “I suppose you mean that a man ought to know what he drinks.”—Pozz. “No, Sir, to know what one drinks is nothing; but the science consists of three parts. Now, Sir, were I to drink wine, I should wish to know them all; I should wish to know when I had too little, when I had enough, and when I had too much. There is our friend ***** (mentioning a gentleman of our acquaintance) he knows when he has too little, and when he has too much, but he knows not when he has enough. Now, Sir, that is the science of drinking, to know when one has enough.”

We talked this day on a variety of topics, but I find very few memorandums in my journal. On small beer, he said it was a flatulent liquor. He disapproved of those who deny the utility of absolute power; and seemed to be offended with a friend of ours, who would always have his eggs poached.—Sign-posts, he observed, had degenerated within his memory; and he particularly found fault with the moral of the Beggars

Opera. I endeavoured to defend a work, which had afforded me so much pleasure, but could not master that strength of mind with which he argued; and it was with great satisfaction that he communicated to me afterwards, a method of curing corns by applying a piece of oiled silk. In the early history of the world, he preferred Sir Isaac Newton’s Chronology, but as they gave employment to useful artisans, he did not dislike the large buckles then coming into use.

Next day we dined at the Mitre. I mentioned spirits.—Pozz. “Sir, there is as much evidence for the existence of spirits as against it. You may not believe it, but you cannot deny it.” I told him that my great grandmother once saw a spirit. He asked me to relate it, which I did very minutely, while he listened with profound attention. When I mentioned, that the spirit had once appeared in the shape of a shoulder of mutton, and another time in that of a tea-pot, he interrupted me.—Pozz. “There, Sir, is the point; the evidence is good, but the scheme is defective in consistency. We cannot deny that the spirit appeared in these shapes; but then we cannot reconcile them. What has a tea-pot to do with a shoulder of mutton? Neither is it a terrific object. There is nothing cotemporaneous. Sir, these are objects which are never seen at the same time, nor in the same place.”—Bozz. I think, Sir, that old women, in general, are used to see ghosts.”—Pozz. “Yes, Sir, and their conversation is full of the subject; I would have an old woman to record such conversations; their loquacity tends to minuteness.”

We

We talked of a person who had a very bad character—Pozz, “Sir, he is a scoundrel.”—Bozz. “I hate a scoundrel.”—Pozz. “There you are wrong; don’t hate scoundrels. Scoundrels, Sir, are useful. There are many things we cannot do without scoundrels. I would not choose to keep company with scoundrels, but something may be got by them.”—Bozz. “Are not scoundrels generally fools!”—Pozz. “No, Sir, they are not. A scoundrel must be a clever fellow; he must know many things of which a fool is ignorant. Any man may be a fool. I think a good book may be made out of scoundrels. I would have a *Biographia Flagitiosa*, the *Lives of eminent Scoundrels*, from the earliest accounts to the present day.” I mentioned hanging; I thought it a very awkward situation—Pozz. “No, Sir, hanging is not an awkward situation; it is proper, Sir, that a man whose actions tend towards flagitious obliquity, should appear perpendicular at last.” I told him that I had lately been in company with some gentlemen, every one of whom could recollect some friend or other who had been hanged.—Pozz. “Yes, Sir, that is the easiest way. We know those who have been hanged; we can recollect that; but we cannot number those who deserve it; it would not be decorous, Sir, in a mixed company. No, Sir, this is one of the few things which we are compelled to *think*.”

BOYDELL, JOHN, an Engraver, an Alderman of London, and Founder of the Shakespeare Gallery; a man to whom lovers of the fine arts are

more obliged, than to any individual in this country, except George the Third: not that I mean to withhold the just praise of versatility of talent, and unremitting exertion, from Macklin, the proprietor of Poets Gallery.

In Mr. Boydell’s collection, I have viewed the characters of our great dramatist breathing on the canvas; I have seen energy communicated to Shakespeare, and body given to his thoughts; in some instances I have observed a luxuriant riot of fancy, which proved how well qualified the artist was to trace the magic footsteps of our child of nature; in others I have witnessed, with pleasure, a richness of humour, a correctness of judgment, and a mellowness of colouring, which we were once taught, should only be sought for, and could only be found, in the Flemish and Italian schools. But in a museum of national paintings, which lays so strong, and so well founded a claim to admiration and applause, which has added new glories to the English school, and twined fresh laurels round the brow of the first of our bards, who does not regret the blind partiality of injurious friendship, who does not lament the admission of pieces, which it is impossible to consider in any other light than as foils to the pictures which surround them; vile dawblings, in which every law of perspective, good colouring, effect and shade, are rudely set at defiance; where red hot skies, cerulean cattle, dingy shepherds, and trees such as nature never formed, disgrace, in
murky

murky indistinct obscurity, the indignant wall!

This article ought not to be dismissed, without remarking a circumstance in the conduct of the managers of the superb and national edition of Shakespeare. Whilst that great work, by its tardy advances, irritates or fatigues the curiosity of the public; in the ardor of their impatience the subscribers forget the nice and minute progress of the pencil and the engraver's tool, and the derangements of health, accident, and a thousand unavoidable delays entailed on every production of the press; delays which have often arrested the hand, and ruffled the temper of the man who now describes them. In such an interval of expectation, they were surprized by a new call on their purses or their tempers, in the form of proposals for an edition of Milton, on a similar plan, to commence while every spare hand seems occupied by the unfinished edition of Shakespeare, for which they have been long and ardently waiting. With the warmest veneration for the personal worth of Mr. Boydell, they cannot help considering this new undertaking, begun under an accumulated load of engagements, as impolitic, if not unfair. With so much to do, and apparently so little time for performance, the most probable method of securing patronage and encouragement to any future work would be, to proceed with all possible celerity, in accomplishing his *present* engagements to the public, without stepping out of his road, in search of new employment, which must inevitably protract the

conclusion of the work in hand.

"It is," says an artist, as remarkable for his caricature pencil, as the satirical acuteness of his conversation; "it is like chasing a butterfly, while engaged in the dangerous pursuit of an elephant, who will inevitably demolish us, if we do not put an end to him."

BOYS, of strong nerves and high spirits, require coercion. —See Vol. I. page 103.

BRANDER, GUSTAVUS, a benevolent man, and an antiquarian, unsoiled by the rust, which such studies so often communicate. His name, which will probably be recognized by many of my readers, with the sympathy and regrets of former friendship, is inserted in this collection, for the purpose of recording a singular accident, which in the earnestness of devout conviction, he often confessed diffused an ardent sense of piety over his future life, and strongly impressed on a mind, naturally serious and contemplative, the superintendence of Divine Providence.

Passing, in his carriage, down Temple-lane, in the year 1768, his horses suddenly took fright, and in spite of every effort of the driver, to restrain them, rushed furiously down three flights of steps into the Thames, continuing their rapid career, 'till they were stopped by the clogging of the wheels in mud, it being fortunately low water. From this perilous situation, and in a dark night, he was relieved by the assistance of persons in the neighbourhood, who, after disengaging the horses, dragged the carriage to the shore, without injury to the servants, the cattle,

cattle, or their master. As a memorial of gratitude and devotion, Mr. Brander bequeathed an annual sum for ever, to the vicar, clerk and sexton of Christchurch, directing in his will, that on every third Sunday in August, a sermon should be preached in that church, to commemorate so signal a preservation, and to enforce useful reflections on posterity.

BRUCE, MICHAEL, a pathetic, but not a generally known poet, of North Britain, born of parents, remarkable only for innocence of life, and simplicity of manners, at a remote village, in the shire of Kinross. Nothing, says the ingenious and interesting author, to whom I am obliged for all I know of Bruce, nothing more powerfully awakens the sympathies of a benevolent heart, than the consideration of genius depressed by situation, pining in obscurity, and perishing, for want of those comforts and conveniencies, which might have fostered a delicate frame, and a too susceptible mind, to maturity, and length of days.

" I never pass the place, in
" which Michael Bruce resided, a
" little hamlet, skirted with venerable trees, without stopping my horse; a small thatched house, distinguished from the cottages which surround it, only by a fashioned window, instead of a lattice, marks the spot; a honeysuckle, which the poor youth had planted and trained round the window, now almost covers it; in the dream of the moment I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the mansion;
" I wish with a swelling heart,

" that he were still living, and
" myself a great man, that I might
" have the luxury of visiting him
" in his humble habitation; and
" bidding him be happy."

Our young poet, whose form and constitution were not calculated to encounter the austerities of his native climate, the exertions of daily labour, and the rigid frugality of humble life, in a northern county, was seized with a fever, and cough, which proving consumptive, terminated his days, in the twenty-first year of his age. Convinced of the hopeless nature of his disease, he contemplated the approaches of death, with composure, and dignity of mind, and within a fortnight of his decease, wrote a poem, which concludes with the following stanzas:

" Dim in my breast life's burning taper burns,

" And all the joys of life, with health are flown.

" Starting and shivering at the chilling wind,

" Meagre and pale, the ghost
" of what I was,

" Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,

" And count the silent moments as they pass.

" Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate,

" And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true;

" Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,

" And bid the realms of light and life adieu!

" Then! let me sleep forgotten in the clay,

" Let death quick shut these wearied aching eyes,

" Wait

"Wait the great hopes of that eternal day,

"When the long night shall cease, and the last morn arise."

The Abbé Chaulieu, in similar circumstances, has left, it is true, a composition on the same subject; but Bruce, equally a stranger to the tender, the sentimental Abbé, and to the language in which he wrote, was, in my opinion, purely original in his thoughts. More than one poet has been ambitious of the fame of poetic composition, a few hours before the perils of an engagement, when the attention of most men would be naturally occupied by more important concerns, than the jingle of a rhyme, or the arrangement of syllables. Nor can we deny to Bruce, the praise of collectedness and strength of mind; he views without dismay, the insidious approaches of an incurable disease, which generally selects for its prey, the fairest and most amiable victims; and without pretending to that apathy, surely unnatural to man in such circumstances, he feels and acknowledges the gloominess of his prospects, but turns his eyes in search of comfort, to a world beyond the grave.

BULLER, MR. JUSTICE, his mild reprehension of Mr. Erskine.—See Jones, Sir William.

BURGOYNE, GENERAL, peculiarly situated during the American war.—See Vol. I. page 123.

BURNLEY, MISS, daughter of the agreeable and interesting historian of music. This lady, who is an ingenious writer, and a pleasing novellist, was placed at court, as a toilette appendage to an amiable queen: the reward for

merit of no common cast, or, for the honourable, but less generous purpose of an agreeable and instructive companion. From this situation she has lately receded, on account of ill health, or rather, as I am strongly inclined to suspect, stimulated by a lively sense of her superiority to such a post, which required her listening to the harmless, but oppressive chit-chat of a court, and perhaps occasionally to join in the uninteresting discussions of caps and ribbands.

I hope not to be suspected of invidious designs towards the fair; the sensible author of *Evelina*, whose works, when circulating libraries, and their contaminating trash shall sink into oblivion, will afford no ill picture of the manners of the age in which she lived. But of late, certain doubts have arisen, and peculiar opinions have gone forth, unfavourable and derogatory to the originality of Miss Burnley's pen. The propagators of what, at most, can be only surmise, have not scrupled to declare her father, as the actual author of the excellent novels, to which her name has been prefixed. The general literary powers of the doctor, and the long pause which has succeeded these her entertaining productions, have also been supposed, to strengthen this malevolent charge, against which, like other charges, built only on hypothesis and conjecture, it is not easy to bring demonstrative evidence.

May I be suffered to ask these illiberal raisers of injurious objection, if the absorbing and unimproving occupation of a royal dressing room and wardrobe, if the restless inquisitiveness of a great lady

lady and her lovely offspring, and the daily unceasing and often unanswered questions of that lady's husband, in his usual good-natured rapidity, afford any intervals for mental cultivation, if they are not a full and sufficient reason for unproductive time, for burying talents, if not in a napkin, in an inundation of lawn, gauze, lace, and tiffany, in frivolous pleasures, and wearisome dissipation? Add to these, that ease and independence are often found to blight the promising buds of early effort, and extinguish one great stimulus to energy and exertion. Snarlors, of a certain cast, will not perhaps allow the force of another reason, which, in my mind, effectually answers every argument against the writer of Cecilia. The goodness of her heart, the depth of her understanding, the general and exemplary tenor of a life and character without a spot, will not suffer me for a moment to think Miss Burney guilty of literary fraud and imposition, however natural it may be to consider her as obliged to the occasional corrections of a fond, but judicious parent.

BURTON-UPON-TRENT, mentioned in this place, for the purpose of recording a sensible addition, which was proposed to be made to an address presented to the king, in consequence of a late proclamation.

"We return thanks to your majesty" said the movers of this amendment, I fear with too much severe truth and sterling sense, to obtain audience at court, "We return thanks to your majesty, for your late royal proclamation, but we should have con-

sidered it as a more effectual demonstration of your majesty's paternal care, had you been pleased to have sent us copies or extracts from the publications therein alluded to, as many of them have never reached this remote spot, and the finances of the majority of your subjects, from many causes, with the mention of which they will not grate your ear, do not at all admit of superfluous expence; we have besides, ever held it to be the most sacred and inviolable right of every Englishman, to judge of and decide, wholly and solely for themselves, on the nature and tendency of all productions of the press, for the punishment of whole errors, the laws of the land afford ample and sufficient remedy; without the ill-advised, rash interposition of ministerial anathemas, which we hoped, had been long and eternally banished from this country, in all political and religious investigation. Your majesty's faithful subjects, more particularly lament, the dogmatic and pointed condemnation of the publications alluded to, since they have been informed, that the chief purposes proposed in them, were, to diminish the enormous expences of government, to lower the heavy burdens of rates and taxes, which break the spirits, and grind the hearts of the middle and subordinate classes of mankind, and to provide prompt and sufficient resources of labour, provision, and comfort, for unemployed indigence, and helpless old age; important objects, which if long neglected,

"neglected, or only partially remedied, threaten to involve these kingdoms in calamity and confusion, which effectual reform may prevent, but repentance cannot cure."

BUTE, EARL OF.—See Stewart, John, in this volume.

CADELL, Mr. his generosity and good fortune.—See Vol. I. page 78.

CANNING, ELIZABETH, for an account of her trial, see Squires, Mary, Vol. I. page 144.

CARNAN, Mr. a sensible bookseller, but singularly obstinate and immovable in his opinions.—See Stationers' Company.

CENSURE, an important department in literature.—See Vol. I. page 96.

CHAULIEU, ABBE, writes on his own death.—See Bruce, Michael.

CHANGES, sudden and violent ones, equally injurious to animal and political bodies.—See Vol. I. page 87.

CHARDIN, SIR JOHN, a jeweller, a Persian traveller, a French protestant, and what may seem extraordinary, a favourite of James the second, king of England, to whom he dedicated his travels into Persia, in a strain of lavish panegyric. It is remarkable, that Chardin, who appears not to have been deficient, either in mercantile acuteness, or personal intrepidity, concludes his fulsome address with a prophetic oracular invocation, in which his gratitude appears to have warped his judgment. After acknowledging James's goodness to him, in suffering him to reside under the shadow of his august throne

in England, which he calls the Land of Promise, he assures his insatuated patron, that the English sceptre shall be as immoveable in the hearts of his people, as it is in his own triumphant hands.

This mistaken prophecy was written only a few months before the ideot, to whom it was addressed, had raised such a general spirit of opposition, that he found it most prudent to quit precipitately the kingdom, and a throne, for the despicable and precarious subsistence of a fugitive, in a foreign realm.

If we except the singularity of a French Hugonot, chusing for his patron James, whom we may literally call a martyr in the cause of the church of Rome, and a laudable strain of piety, produced by the traveller's frequent and narrow escapes from robbery and murder, on which occasions he perpetually, and I think, too wantonly speaks of God's preventing, almost as if the Almighty had actually and visibly interfered, particularly in one instance, where he had concealed money from certain marauders, which escaping their researches, with a spirit, favouring more of the devout avarice of a jew, the

Auri sacra Fames,
than the pious resignation of a christian, he exclaims, "but God saved the money!" With these and other exceptions, there is little to interest or amuse a modern reader, who, in seeking for information, respecting a remote country, in which Alexander and Darius fought, will often be arrested in his enquiries, by frivolous disputes of French ambassadors,

on ceremonial nonsense, by tedious details of petty freebooters, annals of sovereigns never heard of out of their own districts, and diffuse, uninteresting historical discussions, something in the manner of Mr. Bruce; but without the acuteness, learning, and general knowledge of our Abyssinian traveller.

Chardin's frequent, inapt, and I think indecent invocations to heaven, or his expecting celestial aid on every trifling occasion of loss, or of mischance, reminds me of the outrageous expression of a person, who had met with an unlucky nail in climbing over a gate, "I have torn my breeches, as if heaven and earth were coming together" was his ridiculous and irreverend exclamation.

CHARLES the Fifth, an admirable, but mortifying reply, which that arch hypocrite received from a Spanish grandee.—See Villena, Marquis of, in this volume.

CHATHAM, late EARL OF, for Dr. Addington's enthusiastic and unfounded reveries concerning him, see Stewart, John. He (I speak of the physician) had many good points, but whenever the name or interest of the Pitts, or Burton Pynsent, were mentioned, like certain people, who are said to be mad only on one subject, he appeared to fly off in a peculiar eccentric strain of high-flying, rapturous panegyric, which nothing could arrest, however important the business, or solemn the occasion, on which he was consulted.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL, not remarkable for prudent economy.—See Monsey, Dr. in this volume

CHUDLEIGH, ELIZABETH; the daughter of a Lieutenant Governor of Chelsea Hospital, who has made a conspicuous figure in the annals of gallantry, as well as Doctors' Commons, and the House of Peers. At the age of eighteen, and maid of honour to the Princess of Wales, his present Majesty's mother; she was married (privately, for the sake of retaining her place) to Mr. Harvey, afterwards Earl of Bristol, a boy, only seventeen, at Lainston, a small parish, not far from Winchester; the whole business being dexterously conducted by her kind aunt, a Mrs. Hanmer, who thought it an excellent match for her niece. The raptures of secret meetings and stolen joys, interrupted or improved by intervals of absence, were soon exhausted, the young couple disagreed, and, at the end of two years, separated, never to meet again.

After a period of more than twenty years, marked by private intrigue, and public indecorum, she attracted the soft regards of the late Duke of Kingston, and being pronounced a single woman, by the management of an ecclesiastical court, whose sentence did not escape censure, she was actually married to the good old Duke, in the year 1769, during the life of her first lover or husband. "Was it not very kind in his Grace, to marry an old maid?" she exclaimed to a female friend, in the unguarded moments of Hymenial exultation. But it was not consistent with the views of private interest, or public justice, that her conduct should pass without notice; she was arraigned before the House of Peers,

Peers, in the year 1776, and after a long and elaborate display of much civil, as well as ecclesiastical knowledge, with a curious contest on the score of confidential communications imparted to Lord Barrington, the culprit was found guilty of bigamy, but, on the Lord High Steward's asking her why judgment should not be pronounced, she pleaded the benefit of the Peerage, and was discharged on paying her fees.

Can we consider such privileges in any light, but as faults in the English constitution, easily, and without confusion, removeable by the hand of reform, guided by good sense and moderation. It would surely add to the dignity of the English Peerage, to destroy by their own voluntary act, such injurious exemptions, which in the case just recited, sheltered from legal punishment, a female of loose life, and criminal manners, who confessed, without a blush, her own infamy before her judges, and complained in the common-place cant of detected iniquity, of her own persecution, and the malice of her enemies.

I believe most readers of her trial, have viewed with a smile or a sigh, the proceedings of the ecclesiastical court, which, by collusion or imposition in this instance, almost legalized a violation of the law, and threw over the mercenary designs of an unprincipled woman, a thin veil of pompous proceedings, and absurd formality, which effectually blinded the eyes of a doating, amorous old man, who was caught in the snare. It is, I believe, the general opinion of disinterested men, that the common

law, and the public courts of justice, admirably calculated to afford relief in all cases, would answer every purpose looked for, or found in the ecclesiastical code and canons, which are too often converted into engines of fraud, revenge, or oppression, in the hands of ill-designing men. The trial of this person, her life, and evasion of punishment, brought to my mind, the following lines of a writer, more remarkable for humour than delicacy or judgment; they are a proof that ridicule is not always a test of truth. Speaking of the peers, he says:

- " To fact and long experience
I appeal,
- " How fairly to *themselves* they
justice deal,
- " For if my lord, o'erpower'd
with wine and whore,
- " The next he meets shou'd
through the entrails scour,
- " 'Tis pity, his relenting bre-
thren cry,
- " That for his first offence the
youth shou'd die;
- " 'Tis true, a most magnificent
parade
- " Of law, to please the gaping
mob, is made,
- " Scaffolds are rais'd in the li-
tigious hall,
- " The maces glitter, and the
serjeants bawl;
- " They statutes read, quote law,
and prattle on her,
- " What's the result? Not guilty,
upon honour,
- " Shou'd I, who have no co-
ronet to show,
- " Fluster'd in drink, serve the
next comer so;

" My

"My twelve blunt god-fathers
wou'd soon agree,

"To doom me sober to the
fatal tree."

Yet fact and experience, in many instances, contradict the assertion of the poet, as the offender in the present instance, escaped, in consequence of a defect in the constitution, and by no means from a want of honour or independance in her judges; and the fate of Lord Ferrers will long remain a proof that exalted rank affords, in this country, no protection for violence and murder.

COQUETTES, their infamous conduct.—See Vol. I. page 153.

COXE, the well-informed traveller, a fault in him.—See Vol. I. page 36.

CRABBE, Mr. opposes the Utopian descriptions of perfect rural felicity.—see Vol. I. p. 83.

CROFT, Mr. **HERBERT**, his industry in attempting to prove, that Dr. Young's Lorenzo could not be his son, produces an effect of which he was not aware.—See Vol. I. page 170.

CROMWELL, an excuse for his usurpation.—See Vol. I. page 99.

CROMWELL, RICHARD, son of the Protector, and, from what I have heard and read of him, by no means inferior to his father in abilities, but unwilling to secure power and exaltation by those perfidious arts and bloody means, which did not daunt the inflexible spirit of his predecessor: "I should feel extreme concern," said Richard to one of his council, "if the blood of
"a single man be shed, to retain

"a situation, which I wish to
"hold no longer than shall be
"consistent with the public good,
"and the wishes of those I govern."

This short article is preserved, only to relate an affecting reverse of fortune exhibited in the decline of his life, when he was compelled, by the unnatural conduct of his daughters, to appear personally in the court of chancery, before Sir John Holt, who was chief justice, and first commissioner for keeping the seal, in the reign of Queen Anne. On this occasion, the worthy judge felt for the unhappy father, whose domestic affliction must have been aggravated by a recollection of his having once possessed supreme power: he desired Richard to sit with him on the bench, insisted on his keeping his hat on his head, and, after severely reprimanding the base ingratitude of his daughters, who wished to dispossess the old gentleman of his property during his life, made a decree in Cromwell's favor, to the great satisfaction of the court, as well as the queen, to whom the circumstance was afterwards related.

During his short protectorate, the fanatic preachers who enjoyed the confidence of his father, accused Richard of neglecting the godly, and keeping company with the prophane: after reproaching them for their selfish hypocrisy, and clapping his hand on the shoulder of an associate, he concluded with saying, "And here
"is Dick Ingoldsby, though he
"can neither preach or pray, I
"would rather trust him, than
"the holiest man of your tribe."
He also kept, to the day of his death,

death, two or three large trunks full of the addresses presented to him when Protector, which he used to call, the lives and fortunes of the people of England. These, and other traits in his character, prove Richard Cromwell to have been by no means deficient in intellect, though he has been, occasionally, so described.

CRUSADES, warlike expeditions so called, first commenced by the christians of the eleventh century, who, impelled by the enthusiasm of religious and intolerant zeal, exhausted, for many years, the blood and treasure of Europe, in attempting to recover from the infidels, a favoured country, in which the sons of Jacob had conquered, Isaiah prophesied, and David sung, and in which a benevolent rescuer of mankind from sin and Satan, long foretold, first declared his mission, wrought miracles, exemplified in his own life the mild purity of his precepts, patiently suffered, and triumphantly rose again.

Certain historians, as well as satirists, in speaking of the memorable crusades, have attempted by argument, or rather by declamation, to prove the savage cruelty and injustice of the christians, for invading the Holy Land, which had long been in quiet possession of the mussulmen; an opinion in which I cannot entirely agree with these ingenious writers, who seem to have forgot, that our red cross knights only employed against the followers of Mahomet, the same weapons by which they had already gained the possession of so considerable a portion of the earth; and I see

no greater hardship in attempting to dislodge them, than in my wrestling, by force of arms, from a highwayman or house-breaker, my own violated property. The folly, the madness, the wretched policy and military skill of rushing unprepared, and often, in the first crusades, unarmed, of the enthusiastic thousands, and hundreds of thousands, whose bones whitened, for several centuries, the plains of Hungary, I readily allow; but the glaring injustice of the principle on which they took the field, I confess myself unable to discover. The intolerant religious system of the Mahometans, their haughty, but ignorant intercourse with other nations, in short, the whole mass of Turkish institutions, civil as well as military, are so wholly foreign to every thing good, enlightening, learned, moral and scientific; so bloody, despotic, morose and unsocial, that the whole strange fabric of pride, fanaticism, cruelty, lust, and imposture, sinking without delay into irretrievable ruin, is a consummation devoutly to be wished for; could a guarantee, or barrier, sufficiently powerful, be raised and provided to secure Europe against the enormous, overgrown, and (if her population was equal to her extent of territory) the dangerous and threatening power of the plausible, but artful, AUTOCRATIX OF ALL THE RUSSIAS. The negligent apathy, the long inattention of the northern courts to this highly interesting subject, till suddenly roused by some late inroads, and declarations, can only be accounted for, by a retrospect to the

the traditional terrors affixed to the Turkish arms, and the magnified fears afterwards produced by the mad valor, misguided heroism, and intemperate declarations of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. While Europe viewed his, or the Sultan's degradation, with silent indifference, or malignant pleasure, she for some time forgot, or disregarded the vast, and, in my opinion, the fatal aggrandizement of the Muscovites; which, when the bugbear of the great Turk, and the rhodomontade of Charles, are vanished and forgotten, will be found, at some remote period, to realize what was so much dreaded from Lewis the Fourteenth, the subversion and destruction of the balance of Europe.

To plant her soaring banners on the devoted walls of Constantinople, is confessedly an object on which the august eye of the aged Empress has been long and steadily fixed: the keys of Europe and Asia once firmly grasped by the rude talons of the Russian eagle, would confirm, I might almost say, the omnipotence of the court of Peteribourg as a maritime power: her desires on this subject are said to have been irritated or soothed by the solemn prediction of a Greek enthusiast, who, emboldened by prophesying on the successful side, has assured this aspiring woman, that he shall, ere long, assist in celebrating the pompous rites of the Greek church, in the profaned temple of St. Sophia, and that the shades of the seraglio, so long polluted by mutilated monsters, and impure desire, shall shortly re-echo with trium-

phant hallelujahs, and resound with christian psalmody. Such declarations, the offspring of undue ambition, or the dream of religious rancour, will not, I trust, be forwarded by the wishes or prayers of the considerate and humane, if they will but imagine for a moment, a luxurious and unwarlike capital, delivered up to the exasperated fury, and brutal lust of savage barbarians, whose conduct at the late storming of Ockzacow, and other places, resembled rather the blood-thirsty fury of wild beasts, than the informed courage of men. In such assaults, rapine, rage, violence, and death, in all its horrid forms, are expected and admitted, with a sigh; but after the appetite of the blood-hounds has been satiated by a due proportion of blood and plunder, the unresisting citizen and helpless artisan have been generally protected, by the policy and chains of the victor. Yet, on the occasions I record, after every battery was silenced, every musquet thrown down, every sabre yielded, and all opposition ceased, the promiscuous prostrate multitude, the widowed mother, and the helpless infant, were inhumanly butchered, without distinction of age, sex, or occupation; the streets became a pestilent, unwholesome solitude; the garrison and inhabitants were extirpated by the merciless banditti.

Had the prophetic spirit or dove of Mahomet, whispered in his ear, that his empire and religious system, reared with so much artifice and labour, and cemented with such torrents of blood, after being alternately insulted or oppressed, by women, eunuchs, and janizaries, should,

should, after eleven centuries, yield the palm to the arts and institutions of Europe: had he been informed, that the everlasting black-ey'd Houris should receive, with open arms, an eastern renegado, a thief, and a robber, sprung from the implacable enemies of his family; that the beautiful virgins of Greece and Circassia, should be profaned by the rude embraces of Tartar peasants, and Finland boors, from the frozen banks of the Volga; had he heard, that after repeated defeat and disgrace, the Turkish crescent should at last, owe its protracted safety to the joint intercession of certain christian dogs, inhabiting a remote island, in the Atlantic ocean, and the descendant of an obscure Burgrave, of Nuremberg, who would erect a splendid and memorable military monarchy, on the wreck of the Teutonic knights, and a petty principality in the March of Brandenburg:—After a groan of sorrow and indignation, the mortified impostor would probably have bequeathed to the faithful, a Koran of a different complexion, he would have made it his last, his most earnest and dying request, that if they hoped for, or expected victory or pre-eminence, they must endeavor to keep pace with, or excel the enemies of their faith, in legislative improvement, in science, in commerce, in literature, as well as in arms.

In the course of this article, which *might* have been rendered interesting and amusing, I have uttered a warm, a hasty wish, for the destruction of the Turkish empire; a wish perhaps, inconsistent with philosophic philanthropy and

christian toleration, a character, I confess myself not unambitious of deserving. I would tolerate, and not satisfied with tolerating, I would, to the utmost of my power, encourage and foster every national religion, which did not tend to exasperate wild passions, rivet blind prejudices, and enslave the energy of the human mind; more particularly, if it promised to diffuse happiness, and impress moral truth. The Mahometan superstition, as radically defective, and grossly erroneous, in forwarding intellectual improvement, and social utility, I would strongly resist and proscribe. “Were I an highly
“endowed warrior or monarch,
“resembling an Alfred, a Frederic, or a Washington,” (have I sometimes exclaimed, in the fascinating interval of a long and delicious reverie,) “were I, by political revolution, or a successful battle, put in possession of
“the lives, treasures, and dominions of the Turkish Emperor,
“and his subjects, I would first reduce the enormous power of
“Russia, and, after disarming every individual, and diligently securing the submission and obedience of my newly conquered
“subjects, the sword of my victorious troops should be instantly sheathed. Secure in life and
“property, the adult and the aged captives should continue in the
“practice of that religion, and those institutions, to which they
“were tied by the strong bands of habit and enthusiasm. But, justified by the long practices of
“the Mussulmen themselves, and violating, for the general good
“of mankind, for the peace and
“safety

“ safety of posterity, a first great
 “ law of nature, I would rigo-
 “ rously remove every child before
 “ it could speak or learn, (proba-
 “ bly at three years old) from the
 “ arms of its reluctant parents,
 “ and in a foreign language, a
 “ new religion, and in some dis-
 “ tant region, where the Turkish
 “ banner never waved, educate
 “ the infant race, the future pos-
 “ sessors of the inheritance and
 “ country of their parents, in the
 “ lap of science, philosophy, and
 “ freedom.”

“ Tasted, as I already have, the
 “ blessings, and enjoyed the balmy
 “ comforts of revealed religion,
 “ it would undoubtedly be my
 “ duty and delight, to initiate
 “ them in the precepts of Christ,
 “ could sufficient precautions be
 “ taken, to prevent their being
 “ tainted by the perplexities of
 “ polemics, the frauds of estab-
 “ lishments, the rage of sectaries,
 “ the jargon of creeds, the cruelty
 “ of inquisitors, the pride of
 “ priests, and the bitterness of
 “ tests, those banes of piety and
 “ goodness, erected by the felo-
 “ nious arts of tyranny, avarice,
 “ sin, and Satan, on the simple,
 “ but benignant system of the gos-
 “ pel. But, at all events, and under
 “ every circumstance, I would dai-
 “ ly and nightly enforce and impress
 “ on their tender minds, the om-
 “ nipotence and kindness of one
 “ great, superintending Governor
 “ and Director of the universe;
 “ a Spectator of all actions, a
 “ Reader of the secret thoughts
 “ of all hearts, a plentiful Pro-
 “ vider of all things necessary and
 “ essential for the increasing hap-
 “ piness and instruction of man-

“ kind. This one idea, indelibly
 “ marked, and early engraved on
 “ their minds, assisted by a clear
 “ code, and a regular police, would
 “ powerfully and effectually an-
 “ swer every purpose wished for,
 “ or proposed, by the selfish effect
 “ of rewards, we are not capable
 “ of conceiving or enjoying, and
 “ the debasing fear of punishments,
 “ which by extinguishing exist-
 “ ence, would instantly counteract
 “ the terrific purposes for which
 “ they were inflicted.”

“ As the antient stock of Tur-
 “ kish inhabitants diminished by
 “ disease or old age, I would, from
 “ my store-house of new men,
 “ from my colony, enlightened by
 “ learning, improved by arts, and
 “ softened by humanity, I would
 “ introduce a thriving race of
 “ strangers, to the manners and
 “ language of their native land.
 “ After explaining to them the
 “ different forms of government,
 “ with their several evils and ad-
 “ vantages, they would be enabled
 “ by the divine aid of truth and
 “ common sense, to chuse the
 “ form, under which they wished
 “ to live, the mixed-monarchic,
 “ or the republican. I then would
 “ retire, to enjoy the solacing re-
 “ flection, of a bleaser of the hu-
 “ man race, a bloodless extirpator
 “ of despotism, cruelty, and big-
 “ otry, a conferrer of happiness
 “ on hundreds of millions of my
 “ fellow creatures, yet unborn.”

“ A plan, beset with seemingly
 “ insurmountable obstacles, may
 “ excite a smile in the politician,
 “ and man of letters, perhaps a
 “ frown from the orthodox church-
 “ man; it may be considered as
 “ chimerical, and big with danger,
 “ difficulty

“ difficulty and expence; but if it
 “ succeeded, its glorious effects
 “ would amply compensate, and
 “ place the projector or executor
 “ of it, in veneration and renown,
 “ only a few degrees below the
 “ Redeemer, and Saviour of the
 “ world!”

DAVY, SERJEANT, severely
 checked for ill language, by
 an evidence. See Vol. I. page 33.

—His conduct praised. — 152.

DEDICATION, a good one,
 of Garth's.—See Vol. I.
 page 76.

DE SOLIS, ANTONIO, a
 cardinal, and archbishop of
 Seville, who, notwithstanding the
 luxurious tendencies of ecclesiastic
 elevation, and the temptation of a
 prodigious income, extended the
 term of his life, to more than one
 hundred and ten years, in the un-
 interrupted enjoyment of most of
 his faculties, and an exemplary ex-
 ercise of his episcopal duties. He
 was son of the historiographer to
 Philip the Fourth, author of the
 Conquest of Mexico; and on being
 questioned by the late king of
 Spain, concerning the regimen he
 pursued, and the habits of his life,
 replied as follows: “ By recollect-
 “ ing when I was young, that I
 “ might hereafter be old, and acting
 “ accordingly, I find myself young,
 “ though I am in fact very old.
 “ My life has been sober, studious,
 “ and contemplative, but by no
 “ means lazy, or even sedentary.
 “ My diet has been sparing, though
 “ delicate; my liquor the best wine
 “ of Cerez and La Mancha, of
 “ which I exceed not a pint, ex-
 “ cept in very cold weather, when
 “ I allow myself a third more; I
 “ ride or walk every day in the

“ open air, except in wet weather,
 “ when I exercise for two hours,
 “ in a gallery or piazza of the pa-
 “ lace. I endeavour to preserve
 “ my mind in a due state of obe-
 “ dience to the Divine Commands;
 “ I discharge, as faithfully as I am
 “ able, the office of a christian
 “ bishop, and as far as is consistent
 “ with human frailty, endeavour
 “ to preserve a conscience, void of
 “ offence towards God, and to-
 “ wards man. By these means, I
 “ have arrived at my present age,
 “ without any considerable injury
 “ to my constitution; and by the
 “ mercy of God, and in the hopes
 “ of a blessed Redeemer, am now,
 “ like ripe corn, ready for the
 “ sickle of death!”—He died in

1774.

DIABOLIAD, AUTHOR OF,
 supposed to be concerned in
 a news-paper called *The Cabinet*,
 which soon fell to the ground,
 from the disagreements, or, the
 pecuniary timidity of its proprie-
 tors.—See Vol. I. page 161.

DORIA, ANDREW, the
 worthy Doge of Genoa.—
 See Vol. I. page 59.

DORCHESTER, a bon mot
 on its healthy situation.—
 See Vol. I. page 19.

DRAKE, a governor of Cal-
 cutta; his oppressions and
 enormities revenged on Mr. Hol-
 well, and his unhappy companions.
 —See *Black Hole*, in this volume,
 page 17.

DUDLEY, SIR ROBERT,
 natural son of the Earl of
 Leicester, by a lady of noble fa-
 mily, in the reign of Queen Eliza-
 beth, who thought herself autho-
 rized to coerce with inquisitorial
 authority, the tender attachments,

as well as the political conduct of her subjects. Though the Earl made no secret of having a child out of the bonds of wedlock, he appears to have concealed, with a laudable delicacy, the name of its mother, a Lady Douglas Sheffield, from the knowledge of the queen, who, with all her great qualities, and skilful conduct, at the head of the protestant interest, appears not to have possessed sufficient strength of mind, to regard with indulgence, those passions, which her own person was so unlikely to excite.

The education of Robert was conducted, during his youth, under Sir Robert Horsey, who placed him at the school of Offington, in Suffex, where he made considerable progress in the learned languages, and imbibed a strong inclination for foreign countries, which, from the contracted state of navigation in those days, he found it difficult to indulge; he however sailed up part of the river Oroonoque, an account of which is preserved in Hackluyt's Collection; he also accompanied the Earl of Essex, at the taking of Cadiz; and for his behaviour there, received much applause, and the honour of knighthood.

With the hope of reviving the honours of his family, he attempted to prove the legitimacy of his birth, of which he has been said to have possessed sufficient evidence. But his designs were counteracted, by the interested activity of his father's widow, and the mercenary violence of the attorney general, Sir Edward Coke, who like too many of our modern lawyers, considered his retaining fee, as a full

justification for ill language, and foul-mouthed abuse. Disgusted, with what he thought injustice, and irritated by certain domestic inquietudes, for he had a wife and several children, he quitted his country, and his family; and with a licentiousness, more particularly unjustifiable in a married man, prevailed on Miss Southwell, the daughter of a Norfolk baronet, to accompany him, in the dress of a page, to Florence, which he chose as the place of his retreat. In the unhallowed enjoyment of English beauty, and in pursuit of his favourite sciences, mathematics, chemistry, and navigation, he became the favourite of Cosmo the Second, great Duke of Tuscany, and his successor Ferdinand, rendered essential service to his patrons, by introducing considerable improvements in agriculture and commerce into their dominions, and was created by the Emperor, a Duke of the Roman empire, with an ample pension.

He built himself a palace, which attracted admiration, in Florence, a city of palaces, projected the draining an unwholesome morass between Pisa and the sea; and the inhabitants of Leghorn, confess, with gratitude, that he raised it from an insignificant spot, inhabited by a few straggling fishermen, and petty traders, into a large, a populous and commercial city, where he finished his days.

In Italy he published his scarce and valuable work, *Arcano del Mare*, in three volumes folio, with a title, too long here to recite. Among a variety of charts, plans, and mathematical diagrams, it contains many treatises for the improvement

provement of commerce and navigation, and, considering the period in which it was published, his book may be regarded, as a wonderful effort of the human mind.

I mention, with concern, that in Rushworth's Collection, a piece of Sir Robert's occurs, with the following title: "A Proposition for His Majesty's Service, to "bridle the Impertinence of Parliament;" which, notwithstanding his high attainments, will ever be mentioned to his disgrace; it may be considered as a weak and mean endeavour to ingratiate himself with King James, and to facilitate his return to his native land, which purpose, I record with pleasure, was not answered.

DUDLEY, MR. BATE, cudgels a footman, who insulted him, in the dress of a gentleman.—See Fitzgerald, George-Robert, in this volume, page 43.

DUELLING, short reflections on.—See Fitzgerald, George-Robert, as above.

DUNDAS, MR. Poetical reasons for his quitting Scotland in haste.—See Sheridan, Mr. in this volume.

EAST INDIA COMPANY, their opposite interests, as merchants and sovereigns.—See Vol. I. page 126.

ECCLESIASTIC COURTS, some room for reformation in them.—See Chudleigh, Elizabeth, page 30, in this volume.

EDWIN, who was to O'Keefe what Weston was to Foote. For a very short account of the life and death of the unfortunate Jemmy Jumps, see O'Keefe, John.

ELECTIONS, contested ones, no bad opportunities for a

man's hearing every thing that can be advanced against him.—For a remarkable anecdote on this subject. See Scaurus.

ELEGY, a species of poetic effusion, immortalized, in spite of cavillers, by Mr. Gray, and notwithstanding the partial injurious selection and harsh censure of Dr. Johnson, written with much affecting pathos, and tender sentiment, but too elaborate a display of art and classic imagery, by Hammond, who is accused, by a satirical writer, of being too curious in dressing up his tale of woe. That relief which we so frequently experience from the pen under the pressure of external calamity, or internal inquietude, is, perhaps, to be numbered, with some limitations, among the few pleasures, in which we may indulge without injury. Pitied or despised by the merchant, the man of pleasure, the sportsman, and the dispatcher of three bottles, the literary man, buried in the shades of rural retirement, or lost in the crowded capital, derives from a contemplation of past evil, or present folly, instruction, amusement, and employment; fondly imagining, that, at some distant period, tardy posterity may be prevailed on to render the unavailing tribute of praise to that merit which has been under-rated or unnoticed by his cotemporaries. Such reveries, with respect to the public, may be considered as harmless; and, if like other dreams, they vanish into unsubstantial air, can only conduct a recluse to disappointment and oblivion, the common lot of millions. Literary

rary productions will also naturally receive a tinge from our tempers, from the circumstances, as well as the situation of our lives.

But while such allowances are readily made, I think it neither right or reasonable that individuals driven by vice or folly into the depths of misery and want, should on every emergency of terror or distress, rush without adequate ability to the press, and pour themselves out in all the extravagance of high-wrought rant and tumid declamation, against fate, mankind, hard-hearted patrons, and an insulting world; when, if the authors would only look back on their own lives and conversation, they would discover ample cause for all their failures. Neglecting this needful retrospect, debilitated profusion, exhausted luxury, wild theorists, mad politicians, and enthusiastic affectation, cloathing themselves in the dignified garb of struggling virtue, and honourable poverty, at times overwhelm and sicken the town with volumes of self-begotten mischance, or reams of fictitious woe; heaven and earth are invoked to heal wounds, which, with a little common sense, would never have been inflicted, and to soothe sorrows, which a minute portion of prudence and activity might have effectually prevented, and would speedily remedy. These mistakes it perhaps would be inhuman to censure severely, but they ought not to escape notice; for vicious, or negligent failure, surely possesses no legal right to such pity and assistance, as open-hearted honesty, personal merit, and industrious ap-

plication in difficulties, ought ever to experience. We should, as long as it is in our power, bravely apply our shoulder to the wheel of misfortune, rather than be eagerly seizing every opportunity to sit down like the despairing waggoner, calling on the gods, folding our arms, and throwing ourselves on the public, a helpless, cumbersome, and dishonourable load.

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND, wished to coerce the tender attachments, as well as the political conduct of her courtiers.—See Dudley, Robert, p. 37.

ENTHUSIASTS prone to sensuality.—See Vol. I. page 11.

EVIDENCE, circumstantial, a remarkable instance of its producing erroneous deductions.—See Mirelees, Andrew.

EXCISEMEN, speech of a man famous for knocking them down.—See Vol. I. page 79.

EXECUTION OF KING CHARLES, an event, which although it unhinged the form of government in these kingdoms, and was followed by many lamentable consequences, some of which are still severely felt by him who writes this article, yet I cannot but think it a proceeding dictated by the stern law of political necessity, and, in some measure, justified by the peculiar circumstances of the times. Si non perisisset, perissemus, was exclaimed by a popular writer of the day; and I am clearly of opinion, that if Charles the First had proved victorious in his contests with the people of England, instead of having called in and rewarded the mild virtues of a Brunswick, at this moment we should have been groaning

groaning under an absolute monarchy.

It was thought, says a sensible, but daring writer, a bold expression of Oliver Cromwell, that if he found himself opposite the king in battle, he would discharge his piece into his bosom, as soon as any other man's. "But I go farther," continues this spirited writer, "had I lived in those days, I would not have waited for chance to give me an opportunity of doing my duty. A king, whose actions could justify rebellion, I would have sought through the ranks, and without the least personal enmity, I would have discharged my piece into *his* bosom, rather than any other man's." Perhaps at the moment he spoke, Cromwell did not think he should himself, hereafter, outstrip the unhappy Charles in subverting the constitution of his country, and merit a severer fate: the acute commentator on his words, whom I have just quoted, in the violence of his animosity against kings, seems also to have forborn from treating the inroads of the usurper with his usual acrimony and emphasis.

It was not however my design, in speaking of the regal execution, to discuss the merits, or decide on the justice of the civil war, I only meant to recite the various persons who have been pointed out as actual beheaders of the king. The names of William Walker, William Hulet, who was hanged for it, Richard Brandon, Hugh Peters, Col. Joyce, and lastly, Lord Stair, have been men-

tioned at different times, and on various authorities.

"Many have curiously enquired," says William Lilly, in the History of his Life and Times, "who it was that cut off the king's head, I have no permission to speak of such things, but he that did it is vallant, resolute, and of a competent fortune." After the restoration, the same person was examined on this subject, before the parliament of 1660. "At my first appearance," says Lilly, "I was affronted by the young members, who demanded several scurrilous questions, and I should have been sorely troubled, but for the assistance of Mr. Prinn and Mr. Weston, who whispered to me occasionally, holding a paper before their mouths. Liberty being at last given me to speak, I delivered what follows. The next Sunday but one after the execution of King Charles the First, Robert Spavin, secretary to General Cromwell, and several others dined with me, when the whole of our discourse was only, who it was that beheaded the king; some said the common hangman, some Hugh Peters, and several others were named, but none concluded. After dinner was over, Robert Spavin retiring with me to the south window, took my hand, and said, 'these are all mistaken; Lieutenant-Colonel Joice was the man, for I was in the room when he fitted himself for the work, and stood by him when he did it; no man knows

' knows this but my master, Com-
' missary Ireton, and myself.'

On a point, the settling of which is confessedly not important, this plain unadorned evidence of a contemporary writer, who could have no interest in misleading, and who has been generally considered, when on *terra firma*, and not among the stars, as a matter of fact man, we should naturally suppose, would be decisive; yet a lively Frenchman, (Monsieur D'Arnaud,) on what foundation I have not been able to discover, has published a different account, in a work, called "*Delassements de l'Homme sensible*," with solemn assertions of its truth, corroborated by a man of letters, not at all times the safest species of evidence: from his narrative, which I cannot but consider as embellished, I have made the following extract:

Lord Stair, once the favourite General of King George the Second, retired in disgust, from some real or imaginary slight offered to him, after the battle of Dettingen; but, in his way to Scotland, making a short stay in London, to settle regimental accounts, he was surprized at receiving an anonymous letter, in an unknown hand, earnestly intreating, that he would favour the writer with an interview, as he had particulars of the highest importance to communicate.— Prompted by curiosity, and the pathetic energy of the writer, he went to the place, and at the time appointed, after taking certain precautions for his personal safety. It was in a remote quarter of the town, the common residence of poverty and wretchedness, that following the directions of the letter,

he knocked at the door of a small tenement, which stood at the corner of an obscure alley, when he was conducted by an attendant, suitable to the habitation, up a narrow stair-case, into a dirty garret, in which, by the glimmering light, he perceived, stretched on a bed, a very old man, who, after apologizing for the trouble he gave, entered into discourse with his Lordship, on the private history of his family, mentioning many interesting anecdotes, not generally known, and concluded with asking him, whether he had not experienced great inconvenience, for want of certain deeds and conveyances, relating to his paternal estate? "Yes," replied Lord Stair, "for want of written documents, I am in great danger of losing a large portion of my inheritance." "There," replied the old man, giving a key, and pointing to a casket by the bed-side, "there are the writings deposited. You will naturally wish to know by what means they came into my possession, and who I am. After leading a wandering and unhappy life, prolonged to one hundred and twenty-five years, I live to behold, in yourself, a lineal descendant from me, in the third generation! I have for some time heard, with delight, the glorious career you have trod; but, to make up, as far as was in my power, for the frowns of fortune, and your present disgrace at court, I resolved to put into your possession, the contents of the casket. The unhappy old man you see before you, was a subject, and once a favourite of King Charles

" the

“ the First, but, suspecting him
 “ of having seduced my daughter,
 “ the domestic indignity converted
 “ a loyal attachment, into bitter
 “ hatred, and an insatiable thirst
 “ of revenge. I joined in all the
 “ violent measures of the times,
 “ was an active partizan in the se-
 “ veral victories of the parliament
 “ forces; and refining on a ven-
 “ geance, not to be satiated but by
 “ blood; after the degradation
 “ and trial of my sovereign, I re-
 “ quested permission to be his ex-
 “ ecutioner, which was granted;
 “ at the moment of lifting the
 “ fatal axe, I communicated to
 “ him, in the rancour of re-
 “ venge, the name, and motives
 “ of the person who put him to
 “ death. From that hour, my
 “ soul has been a prey to distrac-
 “ tion and remorse; I have been
 “ an outcast, and a voluntary exile
 “ in different parts of Europe and
 “ Asia; and Heaven, as if to in-
 “ crease my punishment, has pro-
 “ longed my life beyond the com-
 “ mon age of man. I submit to
 “ the will of Providence, without
 “ repining; all that I ask, and
 “ must insist on, is, that you will
 “ leave me to my fate, and shed a
 “ tear to the memory of one,
 “ whose repentance and sufferings
 “ on this side the grave, will, I
 “ trust, expiate his crime.”

Lord Stair, agitated by the reci-
 tal, and melted by the sorrows of
 his ancestor, soon departed, but
 returned the next day, with a de-
 sign to persuade him to retire to
 the North, and, in the hospitable
 mansion of his forefathers, to pass
 the remainder of his life, in com-
 fort and tranquility; but the old
 man had precipitately quitted the

spot, without a possibility of tracing
 his footsteps; and, in spite of every
 effort, his fate remains a mystery
 to the present hour.

The following composition on
 the death of King Charles, I be-
 lieve originally written in Latin,
 which I met with, I know not
 where, I once thought no bad spe-
 cimen of the tumid and bombast.

Great good and just, could I but
 rate,

My tears with thy too rigid
 fate,

I'd weep the world to such a
 strain,

That it should deluge once
 again.

But since thy loud-tongu'd death
 demands supplies,

More from Bryareus' hands,
 than Argus' eyes;

I'll sing thy obsequies with
 trumpets' sounds,

And write thy epitaph in blood
 and wounds.

FARINELLI, an Italian singer,
 honoured by the pencil of Ho-
 garth, idolized and adored by our
 nobility of both sexes, and render-
 ed giddy and insolent, by the in-
 cense of an infatuated nation, who
 overflowed the theatre, and made
 every other pursuit of interest, de-
 votion, honour, or pleasure, give
 way, when placed in competition
 with their idol; “ one God, one
 “ King, and one Farinelli,” was
 the enthusiastic or impious ex-
 clamation of one of his female
 admirers, raised by her beauty to
 exalted rank and fortune. The
 cunning eunuch despised their
 praise, repaid respect with insult,
 and pocketing plentifully their
 gold, retired to enjoy affluence and
 independance,

independance, reared at the expence of fashion, folly and caprice.

After much intreaty, and an extravagant pecuniary consideration, he was prevailed on to engage to sing at a public entertainment, given by the late Duke of Northumberland, who had assembled on the occasion, a large and splendid company of amateurs and connoisseurs; all were waiting on the tip-toe of expectation, to listen with ecstacy to his warblings, and prepare new-turned expressions of adulation and surprize; when, he rudely sent a verbal message, that he was detained by Lady Coventry, and could not possibly attend. His Grace, who was never so happy as when he could contribute, to the pleasure or gratification of his guests, severely mortified, was apologizing to his company for the disappointment, when the Duke of Modena, to whom Farinelli was a subject, being present, by accident or invitation, during his tour to England, begged pardon for interrupting Lord Northumberland, and dispatching a servant to the singer, with orders for his immediate attendance, told the company they should not be deprived of their entertainment.

The Modenese soon made his appearance, when all in the room, except the prince, stood up, and a chair was placed for him; "Does your Grace permit a public singer to sit in your presence?" exclaimed his Highness, "have the goodness to excuse my officious interference? but we manage these gentry better in Italy: Farinelli, stand in yonder corner of the room, and sing your best song, in your best manner, to this

"company, who have done you the honour of admittance."

The squeaking minion trembled and obeyed, and after finishing the song, retired, humbly bowing, from the room, at the same time receiving from the Duke a dignified nod of approbation. The beaux turned up their hands and eyes in silent admiration, the tender-hearted, doating fair ones, pitied the dear bewitching creature, and thought him shockingly ill-used; but experience and good sense confirm the necessity and propriety of the Duke of Modena's lesson to the English nation, who, in their obsequious attentions, and indiscriminate admission of actors, prize-fighters, singers and dancers, too often violate decorum, and lay the axe more violently, than a thousand Thomas Paine's, to the needful subordinations of society and rank.

I will not deny to the classic Kemble, an extensive and varied range of dramatic reading, and much critical acumen, with a perfect conception of character, but, a performance vicious and faulty, sometimes from affected singularity, but oftener from what I am convinced, is a malformation of the organs of utterance: in his matchless predecessor in Charles Surface, Mr. Smith, all who know him, must have experienced much interesting anecdote, and the polished hilarity of a well-bred sportsman, retired from the toils of the field: it is only repeating the public opinion, to allow in Mr. Lewis, notwithstanding the broad caricature he diffuses over all his parts, fertile industry, and unassuming decorum; to Holman, in spite of unmanageable feelings, and boisterous

rous

rous expression, the manners and education of a gentleman: and, it would be injustice to elegance and lively expression in the shape of Miss Farren, were I not to confess, that in real life, as well as the fictitious personages of the drama, she will act up to, and confer dignity on, whatever character she assumes.

But with these and other exceptions, are we in the walks of public pleasure, or private amusement, to be pestered or insulted by a motley dramatic crew of insolent prostitutes, and female Quixotes, of gamblers, pretenders, buffoons, half-wits and half-gentlemen, who, trained in the infamy of the gaming table, the obscene jargon of the brothel, the technical cant of the green-room, the noisy nonsense of an eighteen-penny ordinary, and the uninteresting absurdity of some obscure coffee-house, reflect disgrace on a creditable profession, and on their infatuated patrons, who are not satisfied 'till they have dragged by the head and shoulders, these unworthy interlopers, into the company of gentlemen.

Such puny whippers, the creatures of sun-shine, a smile, and a moment, sinking rapidly to their original nothing, and carrying with them antidotes against their poison, may perhaps be forgiven; but, if fancy or exaggeration should point out guilty individuals, who, not satisfied with deriving a splendid subsistence from the stage, infatuated widows, other mens' wives, or their own, have found out the secret of converting a manly exercise, into a lucrative and iniquitous traffic; if, assisted by chosen associates and apt spies, they should

surround, watch for, and give a significant wink, to mark the careless moments, or intoxicated intervals of an exalted, but infatuated young man, to pluck and plunder him, without mercy, and publicly to share their spoils, without shame: if such men really existed, instead of enormous salaries, crowded benefits, and vociferous applause, justice and decency demand their being hissed from the stage, by the execrations of an indignant public, discharged from their employment, and, overwhelmed with infamy and disgrace, they should be consigned to the dirt, from which they sprung.

FIELDING, HENRY, his grateful acknowledgments to the Duke of Bedford.—See page 15 in this volume.

FILOMARINO, Archbishop of Naples.—See Vol. I. page 13.

FINGAL, a Scotch Poem, so called in measured prose, or in blank verse, which is said to be verse only to the eye.

In this composition of Mr. Macpherson, which is not without the merit of a knowledge of the antient state and manners of his countrymen; the names, stories, phrases, and occasionally the passages of old songs, are aptly blended, into an Epic Poem, which may be perused with pleasure, by those, whose fastidious taste is not offended by incessant epithets, and who can be amused by descriptive imagery of a bleak, northern, barren, but romantic country, replete with promontories, rocks, storms, howling winds, and drenching rains, rather than by interesting narrative, or a rapid succession of well-connected events.

The

The unrelenting revenge of Severus, and the timid brutal cruelty "of the son of the King of the World," are happily contrasted by Mr. Macpherson, with the generous clemency of Fingal, and the warm virtues of his Caledonians, the untutored and unpolluted sons of nature:

FITZGERALD, GEORGE ROBERT, a native of Ireland, a duellist without courage, a hero of the turf without honour, a parricide and an assassin, who, after a life, which displayed a mixture of inconsistent splendor, turbulent irritability, produced by family discord, and manners, sometimes plausible and sometimes pleasing, fell a just sacrifice to the violated laws of his country.

It is not to defend his outrageous treatment of a parent, confessedly unnatural, and culpably partial to his younger brother, or to descant on his cloathing his footman like a gentleman, for the ineffectual purpose of cudgelling Mr. Bate Dudley, who completely drubbed his disguised opponent, that this article is inserted. The profession or mystery of fighting, reduced by this man of violence, to an accurate, scientific, but unfair system of manœuvre, long rendered him a conspicuous character in the annals of duelling, which, after having been execrated from the pulpit, vigorously attacked by the press, and feebly discountenanced by the legislature, has lately met with gentler treatment, if not actual defence, from men of sound intellect, moral character, and regular deportment.

This last unextinguished spark, kindled from the mouldering ashes

of Mr. Burke's favourite Phoenix, ancient chivalry, has been called a necessary guarantee of the little attentions, the minute, but necessary decorums of private life; it has been considered as a last resource, the only effectual barrier against the abrupt, troublesome disturber of polished society; the noisy, obstinate coxcomb, the box-lounger, the swaggering bully, and the strong-back'd walking jockey; who deriving a splendid subsistence from wealthy impures, incontinent dowagers, the gaming table, or the road, presume on the strength of brawn, bone, and impudence, to embarrass modesty, laugh down piety and good sense, perplex humility, and interrupt rational amusement. No arguments, it has been observed, but powder and ball, will influence or check such worthless marauders, who, like dogs in the manger of honest gratification, disqualified for communicating or receiving instruction and entertainment themselves, exert all their base powers and mischievous activity, in disturbing the happiness of others.

The defence is plausible, but if we turn our attention to the practice of the subject of this article, and some of his survivors, ambitious of treading in his footsteps, who have hitherto escaped public justice, it will evidently demonstrate the fallacy of any reasoning produced in favour of single combat. The sword, after having for ages superseded rational evidence, and been the arbiter of guilt and innocence, after deciding the fate of empires, and procuring the valiant knight, a lovely mistress, or honourable death; from the evident superiority

superiority of improved skill, or natural dexterity, has gradually declined into a dramatic machine, productive of great stage effect, a weapon for manly amusement, an ornament of dress, and a necessary appendage to the court dress of a modern gentleman.

To this the pistol has succeeded, which placing the two most powerful elements, fire and air, in the hands of every man, has been supposed the most speedy and equitable instrument of vengeance and defence. But, in this favourite method of decision, which apparently leaves so little room for the exertion of illicit finesse, and so much for ready destruction, the man of real honour and courage, hurried by rash words, or unguarded conduct, into a duel, is unequally and unfairly matched, against a man hackneyed in the ways of violence and blood, and constantly in the habit of practising at marks with pistols; he is a dwarf in conflict with a giant, a pigmy combating with Goliath.

I have said Fitzgerald was a duellist without courage, and in the hour of profligate confidence, or drunken bravado, he has frequently been heard to boast, that at the common distance, and with Wogdon's pistols, he would forfeit his soul, body, and estate, if he did not, sixteen times successively, hit any given part of the human body, to the twelfth part of an inch: his general success as a duellist corroborates the assertion. In addition to this accuracy of aim, which (excepting in the case of Major Baggs, who united the well-informed habits of a gentleman, with the unprincipled conduct of a bully

and a gambler,) gave him, in most instances, a decided and fatal superiority; he possessed the art, as well as the presence of mind, by an immense *elongé* or outstretch, of actually lowering his height more than fourteen inches, as if in the act of presenting, which bringing his eye and hand to a direct level with the muzzle of his antagonist's pistol, covered in a great measure, his head and heart, as the bullet, if well aimed, must penetrate the thick, boney part of the palm of his hand, before it could touch the one, and pass through the whole length of his right arm, before it could reach the other.

These, and other arts of a darker complexion, which were strongly suspected, but never actually discovered, prove that he meanly went in search of undue advantage and precaution, the common refuge of cowardice and fear; to these, for the honour of human nature, I will add another reason in support of my opinion, his temper was malignant and unforgiving, and in the premeditated assassination of the unfortunate Macdonnel, for which he suffered an ignominious death, he discovered a disposition so savage, bloodthirsty and diabolic, a hatred so unmanly and inveterate, qualities never existing in the breast of a man of real gallantry and true courage, that I cannot but still persist in pronouncing Fitzgerald a timid, but barbarous assassin.

He has also been called at the beginning of this article, a hero of the turf without honour, nor shall I attempt to combat the debasing, but fashionable doctrine, that we must fashion and square our principles

ciples and conduct, to the latitude and meridian of those with whom we associate; that at Newmarket, the club, or at 'Change-Alley, we can only escape ridicule or ruin, by exercising against black legs, jockies, gamblers, and stock-jobbers, their own low manoeuvres and dirty arts. If the following conduct of the wretched man, who stains the present page, can, on this or any other plea be defended, is it not time for all who have property, character, or rank, as princes, peers, senators, or men, instantly to quit the contaminating atmosphere of the turf? where Mr. Fitzgerald, a man of the first family in a neighbouring kingdom, and of independent fortune, could, without a blush, buy up the notes of a gentleman in distress, once his friend, for less than a fifth part of their value, and afterwards arrest him for their full amount; this, and another dark transaction, which ended in the ruin and death of an unhappy young man, of strong passions, but a weak understanding, will, I believe, exculpate me from the charge of being too hasty and severe, in denominating his conduct dishonourable and unprincipled.

To conclude:—Is the life of the honourable merchant, the good man, the magistrate, the useful member of society and of science, the father, the husband, and the friend, the patriot, the peer, the senator, and the prince, to be exposed to bravoes and adventurers like these? Why sleep our laws? why are not our dungeons crowded? why are our gibbets occupied only by petty villains, while their superiors in guilt, as well as art,

fallying from the obscure garrets of Marybone and Soho, to midnight riot and plunder, beggar our sons, seduce our daughters, or debauch our wives, and on every occasion are prepared to defend enormity by violence and murder? If a writer could infuse into breasts of such a mould, one emotion of fear, or of compunction, he would have real cause of exultation!

“Yes, I will own, I shou’d be proud to see,

“Scoundrels who fear not God,
afraid of me.”

FLETCHER, CHRISTIAN,
a warrant officer in the British navy, a skilful seaman, and a mutineer, who combining ingratitude with perfidy, laid violent hands on his commanding officer and benefactor, Lieutenant Bligh, and with a considerable portion of the ship's company, whom he had seduced, or intimidated from their duty, took possession of the *Bounty*, an armed ship, employed by Government, for the benevolent and highly useful purpose of transplanting the Bread Fruit Tree, a product of the Friendly Isles to the West Indies.

This, and other objects of the voyage being attained, they were on their return to Europe, but three weeks after leaving Otaheite, the subject of this article, a disgrace to his country and profession, at day-break, and being master of the watch, suddenly seized and bound Mr. Bligh and other officers, whom they thought unlikely to join in their conspiracy, and after much cruel and much insulting treatment, such as vulgar ignorance naturally recurs to, when placed by usurpation over their former superiors,

superiors, they hurried the Lieutenant, with eighteen of his petty officers, into the launch, a ship's boat, twenty-three feet long, and nearly seven feet wide, with a quantity of bread, pork, and water, which, according to common consumption, unrestricted by scarcity, could not have lasted more than eight or nine days, to which, by art or by intreaty, were added a few bottles of rum and of wine. Thus scantily provided, driven by unfeeling villainy from his ship, and in an open boat, deep in the water, from the number of men, and ill calculated to resist a tempestuous sea; after vainly exploring an island, from which they narrowly escaped death from the savages, Mr. Bligh, with firmness not uncommon in English seamen, resolved to cross the great Southern ocean, in search of succour from the Eastern settlements of some European nation.

The circumstances of his situation and the distance, were sufficient to have appalled the heart of a man of good resolution, as the nearest civilized spot they could reach, by an accurate but melancholy reckoning, unassisted by a chart or map, which they were not permitted to take, was at a distance, considerably more than three thousand six hundred miles.

After a computation dictated by necessity, of the length of their voyage, and their stock of provision, they all agreed to adhere rigidly to the allowance of an ounce of bread, in the adjustment of which, cocoa nut-shells were scales, and pistol bullets served for weights, and a quarter of a pint of water per day, and recommend-

ing themselves to a kind Providence, they commenced their voyage, under a reefed lug fore-sail, occasionally and alternately rowing, and encountering at times, severe gales of wind, with a tremendous swell, which pouring into the boat in torrents, required the almost constant exertion of baling, to prevent its filling. It is not necessary to describe the danger and distress of men, who, in addition to the multitude of marine perils, and the serious idea that only a quarter inch plank separated them from inevitable destruction, had to contend with hunger, thirst, and almost continual drenching rain; in this last circumstance, it may appear singular, but it is a fact, that they experienced considerable refreshment, from stripping off their wet cloaths, and wringing them in salt water.

After a voyage of forty-one days, during which death was rather prevented, than life adequately sustained by scanty morsels of bread, sometimes a thin slice of pork, occasionally a bird, called a Booby, caught by the hand, divided into nineteen parts, and after they passed New Holland, a few oysters and clams, and a species of the Dolicho bean, while to those who appeared sinking under their calamities, a tea-spoonful or two of wine or rum were administered: After difficulties and trials, in which the Lieutenant displayed a collected mind, and surprising conduct, which all must praise, though few could imitate, they discovered at break of day, Timor, one of the Molucca islands.—A glimpse of heaven to an expiring martyr, or, rescue from everlasting torments

torments to a guilty wretch, could not have proved more welcome! Their situation was every day becoming more critical and hazardous, their provision being reduced to ten days allowance, and their strength, from constant fatigue, scanty diet, and broken repose, was hourly diminishing; their cloaths also thread-bare, from the daily wringing them in sea-water; but it was a consolation in all their distresses, that not a man was lost by disease or accident, during the voyage. They were received with humanity, at Coupang, a Dutch settlement, and experienced prompt assistance from Governor Van Este and his son-in-law, Mr. Wanjon, whilst their exhausted ragged appearance, and their skeleton forms, excited curiosity and sympathy in all who beheld them. A building was allotted for the Lieutenant and his companions in misfortune; every comfort of food and raiment, which their melancholy circumstances seemed to demand, was afforded by the hospitable Dutchmen; their complaints were alleviated by Mr. Max, a disinterested surgeon, and a liberal confidence and credit were granted them; (with commercial men no small favour;) which enabled Mr. Bligh, about two months after his arrival at Timor, when his men were tolerably recovered, to purchase a schooner, in which he sailed with his men to Java, and was afterwards conveyed in a Dutch packet, by the Cape of Good Hope, to Europe. When I reflect, says our worthy Lieutenant, in an earnest and becoming spirit of devotion, (to the Sailor of all men living, that best compa-

nion;) when I reflect on our escaping death from the Indians at Tofoa, and on our crossing a sea of more than twelve hundred leagues, in stormy weather, in an open boat, without shelter; that we passed the unfriendly natives of other countries free from accident, and at last, without the loss of a man, happily met with the most generous relief at Timor; the remembrance of such great, such repeated mercies, enables me to bear with resignation, the failure of an expedition, so honourable to its promoters, and which I had so much at heart.

On this, as on other occasions of difficulty and danger, a commander is more particularly exposed to peculiar difficulties: constantly assailed by the melancholy demands of his people for an increased allowance, which it seemed cruel to refuse, but which it would have been madness and destruction to comply with: compelled also by stern inexorable necessity to suppress his own genuine feelings and opinion of their deplorable situation, which though every moment uppermost in his thoughts, he must notwithstanding put on a placid serenity of countenance, while in fact, every individual in the boat is better satisfied with his situation, and apparently less sensible of the shocking and precarious nature of their expedition, than himself. Superior knowledge, though quicker sighted, and better able to extricate itself from calamity and disaster, is oftener borne down by despair and hopeless anxiety, than ignorant unconcern.

The attention and curiosity of the reader naturally revert to the
perfidious

perfidious and inhuman Christian, and to the motives which probably induced him, and his band of ruffians to revolt from, and desert their commander, in a remote and dangerous sea, and near an uncivilized coast. With a tendency inherent in the breasts of us all, which magnifies alike, present evil, and remote or difficultly acquired good, they probably regarded the life and habits of a sea-faring man, in their worst point of view; they beheld perhaps with detestation and discontent, their daily toils and inquietudes, their coarse diet, their broken sleep, their severe, but necessary subordination; these they probably, compared with an easy and luxurious life at Otaheite, remarkable for beautiful and agreeable women, where, without labour, the commands of a superior, the whip or the whistle of a boatswain, they might pass the remainder of their days, in the unbounded gratification of every appetite and every passion. A life of liberty and love, presented an irresistible temptation to their minds, probably fomented by the arts of Christian, and they yielded to the seducing dream, which soon vanished, as by a singular train of events, which may be hereafter related, several of the mutineers have been secured, sent in irons to England, and are, at the moment I write, under a judicial sentence.

FLETCHER, ANDREW, see Andrew Fletcher, in this volume, page 2.

FRAINE, MR. a being marked by fate with hideous and horrible nervous affection, a family destroyed in their bloom, by suicide, and his own untimely death.

It probably will not prejudice the public opinion strongly in his favour, when I add, that he was an attorney, who by the authorized formalities, and the contraband subtleties of the law, accumulated a considerable fortune, which, in the language of scripture, was literally heaping coals of fire on his own head.

The life of this person would strongly exemplify the interference of Providence to punish iniquity, even in this world, did not such a theory bear too hard in its effects on collateral relations and descendants, and if it did not place the awful bolts of heaven in the hands of unfeeling folly, or zealous malevolence, to depress repentant error, and add the venom of religious despair to the wounds of misfortune. His son, an amiable young man, in the memory, and probably in the esteem of many who favour this article with a perusal, destroyed himself in the Temple, soon after his return from his travels: having been educated in the life and habits of a gentleman, he hinted in a gentle manner to his father, the propriety of being supported like one, his suggestions were returned with cruel reproach and unmanly abuse. The old lawyer was enraged by a disappointment in the absurd hopes he had formed, that science, philosophy, and the refined cultivation of an excellent understanding, would produce a plentiful crop of that low cunning, selfish finesse, and fraudulent chicanery, which had been the foundation of his own wealth: these expectations were defeated by a goodness of heart, and a nice sense of honour, which revolted at the principles,

principles, and abominated the practice of his father, who lost a son by the mistake, and the world, a rash, a mistaken, a high-spirited, but an agreeable man.

Miss Fraine was the identical character of Agathe, drawn by Marmontel, in the tale of the *Connoisseur*; her eyes beamed forth tenderness and soft desire, regulated by good sense and decorum, her heart throbbed with lively sympathy and benevolence; her countenance was the faithful and expressive index of her soul; her hand, which on every necessary occasion, obeyed and graced the dictates of her heart, her hand was softer than the peaches' downy velvet.

"Her voice was music, and her looks were love!"

Such a woman, who resisted no virtuous impulse, but one, which would have rendered her the pride and ornament of life, followed the unhappy example of her ill-fated brother, after being teased into marriage with one man, while her wishes and warmest affections were with another, who lives to weep over her fate, and lament his own fatal infatuation.

In the early part of his practice, our attorney had been prosecuted, for acting the dishonourable part of an agent, or rather a pimp, in purchasing the indentures of that excellent singer, the disinterested and eccentric Anne Catley, in order to procure her, at the age of fourteen, for the carnal purposes of a Right Honourable debauchee, who was afterwards the ravisher of the vain, the silly, but the unfortunate Miss Woodcock,

a crime of which he was acquitted, but was certainly guilty. Our legal Pander was punished, and severely reprimanded in court, for his infamous conduct: this public censure, to a man of feeling worse than death, so strongly agitated, and so powerfully affected his frame, that it brought on the remarkable disease, to which I have alluded in the beginning of this article. It commenced with an unceasing restlessness of body, terror of mind, and agonizing pain, which deprived him of the tranquil enjoyment of food and sleep, and was inadequately relieved by opium: at intervals he uttered, or rather thundered forth a shocking wolf-like yell, which even now seems to vibrate in the ear of him who describes it, and was accompanied with violent catchings, spasmodic contractions, and a diabolic distortion of countenance; after vainly exhausting the powers of physic, no method of cure could be found, but the alleviating expedient of gently striking, rubbing or tapping the back part of his head, which in all places, and on all occasions, was performed without intermission, by an attendant: a few years after the death of his daughter, he received a violent blow on the head, from incautiously getting out of a coach, and expired in a few hours.

FRANCIS, DR.—See Vol. I. page 65.

FRRIENDSHIP, PRIVATE; Queen Anne's scheme for enjoying the sweets of.—See Jennings, Sarah, in this volume.

GAINSBOROUGH, EARL OF, a sudden, and in its consequence,

quence, a fatal disappearance of a steward from the family of one of his ancestors.—see Vol. I. page 147.

GALILEO, a native of Pisa, in the sixteenth century, an astronomer and geometrician, who disencumbered science of the unintelligible jargon of Aristotle and his followers, placed in clear points of view, the theories of the descent of bodies and projectiles, and accidentally fixing his eye on the waving to and fro of a lamp, which was suspended from the roof of a lofty building, the regularity of its vibrations, first suggested to him the useful invention of a pendulum. He was also the first improver of telescopes; who applied them to astronomic purposes; this important addition to human knowledge, which seemed to overleap the hitherto insurmountable barrier of infinite space, was first remarked by the children of one Hansen, a spectacle-maker, at Middleburg, in Holland, who, while at play in their father's shop, happened by chance to place a convex and a concave glass in such a manner, that in looking through them at the church weathercock, they observed it appeared nearer, and much larger than usual, and by their loud expressions of surprise, excited the curiosity of their father, who, having examined and ascertained the fact, it was soon conveyed to the learned throughout Europe.

After a life occupied in pursuits, honourable to himself, and useful to mankind, Galileo, at the age of seventy, was summoned before the tribunal of the Inquisition; and this venerable old man, who had enlightened Europe, whose

name was to be pronounced with respect in after times, appeared on his knees, before an assembly of haughty ignorant bigots. The fierce Cardinal Bellarmine, one of his judges, whom I cannot name without indignation and abhorrence, threatened him with ecclesiastic vengeance, if he presumed to propagate his opinions, which were contrary to sound faith, and pregnant with danger to the Holy Catholic church. This injurious and irrational mandate, our indefatigable Italian did not obey, but persevering in his writings and studies, he was proceeded against, as a despiser of civil and religious authority, confined in the prison of the Inquisition, and after losing his eye-sight, death fortunately put a period to his life and persecutions.

“Shou'd thy fond soul indulge
the gen'rous heat,

“And captive science yield her
last retreat,

“Hope not for life, from grief
or danger free,

“Nor think the doom of man
revers'd for thee:

“Behold what ills the scholars'
life assail,

“Toil, envy, want, the patron
and the jail.

“If dreams yet flatter, once
again attend,

“Hear Lydiat's life, and Ga-
lileo's end.

“See nations slowly wise, and
meanly just,

“To buried merit raise the
tardy bust,

“Around their tomb let art
and genius weep,

“But hear their deaths, ye
blockheads, hear and sleep.”

GAMING

GAMING HOUSE described.
—See Vol. I. page 3.

GARRICK, DAVID, enjoyed a joke at another man's expense, but was nettled when it was raised at his own.—See Monsey, Dr. in this volume.

GASCOYNE, SIR CRISP, Lord Mayor of London, his humane zeal.—See Vol. I. page 144 and 151.

GENEROSITY in kings and princes, little better than plunder and robbery from their subjects.—See Henry the Fifth, in this volume.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, a pleasing writer in verse, and a successful compiler in natural history. With awkward impediments in his address, person, and temper, sufficient to have kept down most men in the depths of obscurity, he attained a share of literary eminence and emolument, which with common prudence, might have protected the remainder of his life from the irritating uncertainties of want. But (to use his own words) he had been taught to give away thousands, before he had acquired the more useful art of earning or saving a guinea. Humanity, the pride of being thought a patron to learned men, and amorous propensities, rapidly reduced the produce of his pen, which, in the course of fourteen years, is said to have amounted to more than eight thousand pounds. Had he devoted half this sum to necessary sustenance, or the whims of caprice, the remainder would have been sufficient to purchase an annuity, with which he might have laughed at the world, and defied the booksellers, who accuse him

of raising money from their credulity (fond easy men) on the faith of works, which he never had resolution, ability, or even the design to undertake. Such conduct was fraudulent and highly culpable; the pressure of a creditor, or vanity, by no means the least prominent feature of his character, perhaps taught him to overrate his powers; or death, the great dissipator of all purposes, prevented the execution of that, which he meant seriously to have performed.

I wish very much to infuse a portion of necessary pride into the young men of the present day, a right, a proper sort of pride, not that species, which is gratified by the disgusting follies of a modish circle, the unavailing tumults of a capital, the insufferable weariness of watering-place company, the thievish cant of a race-ground, the cut of a coat, or the disposal of a side curl. The pride I wish to inculcate, is the honest, manly pride of independance, which diligently seizing the golden hours of youth and opportunity, to turn them to good account, will not suffer the drones of apathy or intemperance, placed by fortune above injury, to seduce them from the great work of life. In the decline of health, fame, age, or fortune, those very men, to whose follies or whose vices they have given up their nights and days, will be the first to desert them, ridicule their difficulties, expose their weakness, and insult their distress.

Of Goldsmith's poetical performances, I have always preferred *Retaliation*, which he wrote
not

not long before his death, in answer to certain illiberal attacks, which had been made on his person, country, and dialect, in a club of literary men, where wit is said to have sometimes sparkled, at the expence of good nature. After comparing each of his companions to some particular dish, and saying,

- " Our Dean shall be venison,
just fresh from the plains,
- " Our Burke shall be *tongue*,
with a garnish of brains.
- " Our Garrick's a salad, for
in him we see,
- " Oil, vinegar, sugar, and salt-
ness agree ;"

the poet proceeds to pronounce an epitaph on each of his friends, whom he supposes to be sunk under the table, in the temporary death of intoxication. His effusion on Mr. Burke, is remarkable, it proves him intimately acquainted with that gentleman's character.

- " Here lies our good Edmund,
whose genius was such,
- " I scarcely can praise it, or
blame it too much,
- " Who born for the universe,
narrow'd his mind,
- " And to party gave up what
was meant for mankind.
- " Who too deep for his hearers,
still went on refining,
- " And thought of convincing,
while they thought of dining,
- " Tho' equal to all things, for
all things unfit,
- " Too nice for a statesman, too
proud for a wit ;
- " For a patriot too rash, for a
drudge disobedient,
- " And too fond of the right to
pursue the expedient.

" In short, 'twas his fate, un-
employ'd or in place, fir,

" To eat mutton cold, and cut
blocks with a razor."

The cold mutton, however applicable at the time it was written, is clearly so no longer, since Mr. Burke has been enriched by the friendly loans or bountiful bequest of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the equitable liberality of Mr. Dodsley, and a convenient charge in another name on the Irish establishment.

The description of Mr. Burke's brother is humorous, and at the time of its composition, was truly characteristic and appropriate.

- " Here lies honest Richard,
whose fate I must sigh at,
- " Alas ! that such frolick shou'd
now be so quiet,
- " What spirits were his ! what
wit and what whim !
- " Now cracking a jest, now
cracking a limb !
- " Indeed, so provoking a devil
was Dick,
- " That we wish'd him, full ten
times a day, at Old Nick ;
- " But missing his mirth and
agreeable vein,
- " As often we wish'd to have
Dick back again."

What he says of Mr. Cumberland, conveys much useful satire :

- " Here Cumberland lies, hav-
ing acted his parts,
- " The Terence of England, the
mender of hearts ;
- " A flattering painter, who
made it his care,
- " To draw men as they ought
to be, not as they are.
- " His gallants are all faultless,
his women divine,
- " And comedy wonders at be-
ing so fine."

After

After an epitaph on Mr. Douglas, whom he calls the scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks, he proceeds to Roscius, who had been particularly severe on Goldsmith, but is said never to have forgiven this repique.

"Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can?"

"An abridgement of all that is pleasing in man;

"As an actor confess'd without rival to shine,

"And if not a first wit, in the very first line;

"Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,

"The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.

"Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,

"And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red;

"On the stage, he was natural, easy, affecting,

"'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.

"Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,

"If they were not his own, by finessing and trick;

"He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,

"For he knew when he pleas'd, he cou'd whistle them back.

"Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,

"And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;

"Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,

"Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please."

On Hickey, the poet, like his subject, was pleasant, after confessing that he had but one fault, but that one was a thumper, in re-

peated questions he asks what that fault was.

----- "Come, tell it, an' burn ye,

"He was, cou'd he help it?—a special attorney."

The circumstance of the deafness of Sir Joshua Reynolds, is well managed.

"To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,

"When they judg'd, without taste, he was still hard of [hearing.

"When they talk'd of their Raphael's, Correggio, & stuff,

"He shifted his trumpet, and "only took snuff."

The subject of this article, called, I think, by Mr. Horace Walpole, an inspired idiot, at last fell a sacrifice to his own unmanageable temper, or a vain reliance on a Bachelor's Degree in Physic, conferred on him by the University of Padua. He persisted obstinately, contrary to the advice of his medical friends, in taking James's Powder, a powerful remedy, which has preserved the lives of thousands; but in the hands of ignorance or temerity, has, I fear, been productive of considerable mischief; a sword, or a fire-brand, in the hands of a madman, or a child.

GOVERNMENTS, modern, not in general outrageously cruel, or oppressive, but grievously burthened from impost and taxation.—See Vol. I. page 64.

GRENVILLE, MR. his correction of the Queen's Solicitor-General.—See Blackstone, Sir William, in this volume, page 18.

HANSEN,

HANSEN, a spectacle-maker, at Middleburg, the first who remarked the effects of glasses, placed at distances before each other, accidentally by his children at play, to which we are indebted for the modern telescope.—See Galileo, in this volume, page 54.

HARGRAVE, Mr. a short out-line of his arguments on the Negro Cause.—See Somerset, James, in this volume.

HASTINGS, Mr. not a man of small fortune, as some of his friends wish us to believe.—See Scott, John, in this volume.

HEIDIGGER, a clergyman's son, of Zurich, in Switzerland, who flying from the embarrassments of a love intrigue, in which he had been detected, notwithstanding he was married, and after trying various expedients, as a domestic and an humble companion, in different parts of Europe, at last settled in England, and was appointed superintendant, or director of masquerades, operas, and other entertainments, to George the Second.

Yet, with a countenance so ugly as to attract the notice and disgust of all who met him, with ghastly features, which puzzled even Hogarth to represent, and with the habits of a glutton, he is said to have possessed a considerable portion of taste and judgment, in a species of amusement, to which, without accurately examining the justice of our decision, the terms elegant and refined have been generally given. The necessity of depositing, on such occasions, our discriminating faculties with our half-guineas, and the impossibility of reconciling sense with sound, it

is not my business to discuss; yet, a few visits to that scene of sin and insipidity, a modern masquerade will sufficiently convince us, that as we close up the avenues to shame and feeling, in the same proportion, we shut out the liveliness of wit, and the cheerfulness of social merriment, while the dull monotony of "do you know me?" in unceasing repetition, is only interrupted by the roar of intoxication, or the whispers of obscenity.

As arbiter elegantium deliciarum, or master of the revels to the old king and his cher amie, the Countess of Yarmouth, our adventurer gave considerable satisfaction, and was so much caressed by the nobility and gentry, that an assembly, ball, or indeed any public entertainment was thought incomplete, unless Mr. Heidigger condescended to preside. As his patrons on such occasions, were liberal, he levied large contributions on the court and the public, but, though his income was great, he never realized a fortune, his chief, indeed his only gratifications being eating and drinking, which he indulged to excess, and at an enormous expence.

At a splendid supper he once gave to a large company, it was debated, which nation in Europe, had the best founded claim to ingenuity: after various opinions had been given, he claimed that character for the Swiss, appealing to himself as a convincing proof of it. "I was born a Swiss, in a country, where had I continued to tread in the steps of my simple, but honest forefathers, twenty pounds a year would have been the utmost, that art

“ or industry could have procured
 “ me. With an empty purse, a
 “ solitary coat on my back, and
 “ *almost* two shirts, I arrived in
 “ England, and am now, by the
 “ munificence of a generous prince,
 “ and a liberal nation, at the head
 “ of a table, covered with the
 “ delicacies of the season, and
 “ wines from different quarters of
 “ the globe; I am honoured with
 “ the company, and enjoy the
 “ approbation of the first charac-
 “ ters of the age, in rank, learn-
 “ ing, arms and arts, with an in-
 “ come of five thousand pounds
 “ a year. Now I defy any indi-
 “ vidual of any country in Eu-
 “ rope, how highly soever he may
 “ be gifted, to go to Switzerland,
 “ and raise such a sum there, or
 “ even to spend it.”

This address, which Heidigger would scarcely have had resolution to utter, but from the glowing impulse of wine and good fellowship, may be considered as the artful panegyric of a grateful minion, or the keen satire of a successful adventurer, insulting and ridiculing his dupes; the glass however circulated, and he continued a routine of pleasure and profit, to the year 1749, when he died, at the age of ninety; having composed four or five operas, and occasionally distributing charity in large sums, for the relief of the unfortunate, and the poor.

HELOISE to Abelard, at least the inimitable epistle Mr. Pope wrote for her, not the most unexceptionable furniture for a modern library.—See Pope, Alexander, in this volume.

HENRY THE FIFTH OF ENGLAND, the hero of

Shakespear, and the companion of Falstaff, a king, who uniting the keen relish for pleasure, and the convivial dispositions of Charles the Second, with the warlike talents of the Black Prince, did not, when he mounted the throne, suffer the fascinations of sensuality, that bane of rising manhood, to seduce him from the path of duty, but shook off the degrading society of pot-valiant swaggerers, rakehells, drunkards, and buffoons, as a lion shakes from his mane the morning dew, and finished a short, but brilliant reign, with glory and success.

The pride of England, and the scourge of France, is mentioned in this place, for the purpose of remarking, a frequent, a preposterous, and often a fatal mistake, in young men, placed by birth or accident in the ascents of dominion, rank and wealth. Perceiving that the most illustrious characters of antient and modern times, in every instance on record, save one, have all had an alloy of baseness, some absurd weakness, or pernicious indulgence; these high-born, or wealthy idols of greatness, without one ray of the glories of a Tudor or a Plantagenet, have been ambitious of imitating or outstripping them, only in the culpable and most exceptionable obliquities of their character.

A varnished splendid minion, void of the endearing qualities, and commanding virtues of the dictator, because he has ruined the peace of half a score families, by nuptial infidelity, and himself, by boundless profusion, shall imagine that he has a well-founded claim

claim to the fame of the first Cæsar. Another, hearing—*mentioned* with applause, for it would puzzle him to read the rigid military institutions, and the profound philosophic scepticism of a Frederic, shall fancy himself entitled to similar approbation, because he flogs soldiers into machines, or by the awe of frowning hauteur, looks them into statues, or lastly, that he equals the royal reasoner of Sans Souci, by a bare-faced, irrational, and irreverend defiance of God and man.

I have also observed, not without pleasure, that the hero of Agincourt, is censured by cotemporary historians, for a want of generosity; his exhausting and expensive wars in France, in some degree perhaps disabled him from exercising his bounty on every occasion, but there is abundant reason to conclude, from his quick conception, and in general his just mode of thinking, that he considered profusion in kings, or their descendants, under whatever titles of munificence, liberality, or royal virtue, it may be disguised by flattery and selfishness, as little better than robbery and plunder, from the people they govern, for whose happiness and comfort they are accountable to the Creator and Omnipotent Director of the world. If it be the office of Yorick's recording angel to commemorate the virtues and good actions of statesmen or of kings; one tax on the necessities of life repealed, or one burthen which presses hard on the lower orders of society, removed, will be considered in the celestial archives, as rendering a more essential service to mankind, and bestow a fame more truly great,

than all that monuments can hold forth, historians celebrate, or parliaments decree.

HILLSBOROUGH, LORD, his correspondence with Dr. Hunter.—See Vol. I. page 86.

HOLT, SIR JOHN, an instance of his laudable condescension and sensibility.—See Cromwell, Richard, in this volume, page 32.

HOLWELL, MR. confined with his associates, in a horrid dungeon.—See Black Hole, in this volume, page 17.

HORNE TOOKE, MR. his spirited addition to a declaration, said to have been made by Cromwell.—See Execution of King Charles, in this volume, page 40.

HORSE, a noble animal, alternately caressed and abused, by the avarice, the cruelty, the unskilfulness, or caprice of mankind; celebrated also by Buffon, who diffuses over natural history an air of poetry, and as the critics tell us, sometimes of fiction.

While an additional, a cruel speed is communicated to commercial intercourse, public intelligence or private correspondence, and considerable landed estates often depend on a three-mile heat, I see with pleasure, that the gratitude, or the quick-sighted self-interest of the age; has of late directed public attention, to the medical treatment of the generous steed, who in the important and interesting junctures of love, business and war, so essentially contributes to the interest, the pleasure, and often the preservation of his master.

I wou'd pay a just tribute of applause to the promoters of the **VETERINARY COLLEGE**, which promises

promises to rescue this much injured race, from the hands of ignorance, or misguided pretenders; yet I anticipate with concern, various obstacles in the way of improvement, from our want of knowledge of remote and proximate causes; from the impossibility of patients of this description giving any information; and from inveterate prejudice, which in this, as in every other attempt at improvement, will rise up in arms, to combat with violence or ridicule, every deviation from the beaten road.

In my rural wanderings, instigated I hope by honourable motives, I have occasionally ventured to stand forth, in behalf of an aged, a diseased, or a wounded horse; I have cautiously and diffidently observed, that aloes, diapente and grains of Paradise, cou'd not in *every* instance be proper equestrian purges, that the famous horse balls bought at a neighbouring market town, *might* be injurious, as they were recommended in affections of the most opposite nature, that hot messes, clos'd-up stables, and multiplied body-cloaths *might* be injurious to an exhausted, perhaps a feverish creature, who gave every indication of the most earnest longing for cool drinks, green meat, gentle exercise, and fresh air; lastly, I have presumed to say, that an indiscriminate use of the fleam, rowelling, blistering, and cramming into sores and wounds, hard pieces of tow, *armed* with turpentine, precipitate, and caustic oils, might sometimes be productive of mischief: my suggestions, in most instances, have been laughed at or neglected, and

not unfrequently were repaid with the abuse of irritated brutality, or the insulting cant of ignorant imposture.

I lament that in certain late publications on these subjects, the well-informed zeal of the writers, has been evidently stimulated or debased by the malignity of personal resentment; these ingenious authors, to whom the public is certainly indebted for correct statement, and candid confession, seem to forget that it is very possible to differ from their cotemporaries, without descending to virulent altercation, and that no very favourable impression will be made on the public, by their mutual endeavours, to vilify the motives, and degrade the moral characters of each other. I am inclined to think, that in the treatment or prevention of diseases in the brute creation, much remains to *unlearn*, that from ill-founded theories, rash conclusions, and the necessity of doing something they scarce knew what, our forefathers were frequently in the habit of pursuing means injurious, or inadequate, without a clear conception of the end they had in view. Of these mysterious errors, many instances might be given, but one shall suffice. I know men of property and good sense, who at times when their flocks and cattle have been thinn'd, scatter or bury quantities of quicksilver, sealed up in quills, over their fields, and as they imagine, with manifest advantage.

This article must not conclude without hazarding an opinion on the *improved* celerity of our mail conveyance, I trust, without danger

ger of offence, to the well paid acuteness of Mr. Palmer, or the unassuming industry of Mr. Bonner, who is said to possess the merit, without the rewards of original invention. I wish not to derange the harmony of ministerial smiles, disturb the slumbers of self-approbation, or exasperate the acrimony of official disputes, but, let me ask them as men of feeling, indeed every individual, whose breast is not wholly insensible to the soft calls of humanity, if any advantages procured by the modern harrassing arrangements, can compensate for annually torturing, and putting to a cruel death, hundreds of animals, superior in every respect to the savages who lash and destroy them. Devoting the portion of time allotted them, to intoxication or contraband traffic, they endeavour to make up for their own unnecessary delays, by a merciless exercise of their infernal whips, on the bleeding flanks and panting sides of their exhausted cattle.—But hark! the object of their ardent wishes is attained, the smoking vehicle rattles o'er the pavement, the time-piece is triumphantly produced, and the appointed hour is kept.—But still, I say, cui bono—For what is all this hurry, bustle, and confusion, this labour by day, this uproar at night? The politician is enabled to have the morning intelligence printed and served up with his evening coffee; the stock-broker is enabled by friendly intelligence, to buy in advantageously in the three per cents; the merchant is cheered with orders and remittances; the impatient damsel is so- laced by amorous effusions from

her absent lover; the aristocrate and democrat, are alternately enraptur'd or mortified, by regal triumphs or popular defeats: But, in the name of mercy or common sense, wou'd not every one of these important points be as effectually answered, by the mails arriving two, three, or four hours later? without such cruel, such excessive efforts, which, in matters of life, death, or great national concern, might meet with some allowance.

An instance is, I fear, on record, of a blood of the turf, possessed of an excellent horse, which after winning several plates, by matchless efforts, excited the avarice of his owner, in consequence of an immense bet, to reduce him to the state of a gelding, and immediately after the bloody operation, to run him for a considerable sum: the poor creature was successful, but dropped dead as he was led to the stable. Few, who peruse these hasty effusions, and *none*, who know their writer, will suspect him of harbouring despotic principles, yet I cannot help confessing, that in the example recited, I shou'd have been ardently desirous of possessing absolute power: In that case, I wou'd have instantly ordered the blood thirsty cannibal to be bound hand and foot, and after retaliating on the worthless biped, the injuries of the generous quadruped, the connoisseur in horse-flesh should have been flogged over the race-ground, and shared his punishment with a party of mail-coachmen, post-masters, hard-hearted projectors, post-boys, and foolish unfeeling young men, infamous for riding horses to death, whom, for the sake of their family,

mily, and the present unpopular state of the governors of mankind, I forbear to mention.

HUMPHRIES, Mr. horsewhips the Duke of Bedford.—See Rigby, Richard, in this volume.

IMPROVEMENTS IN AGRICULTURE, a want of, and a proper knowledge of it, fatal to the population and interests of North Britain.—See Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun.

INDENTURES OF APPRENTICESHIP, their long term unfavourable to industry.—See Smith, Adam, Vol. I. page 127.

JAMES THE SECOND, protects a French protestant.—See Chardin, John, in this volume, page 29.

JAMES'S POWDER, an excellent medicine, but not to be trifled with, or given incautiously.—See Goldsmith, Oliver, in this volume, page 56.

JENYNS, SOAME, an agreeable writer, and member of a certain board, commercial only in name, as the only trade, it for a long period, tended to promote, was that of influence. He suffered with his friend Mr. Gibbon, from the useful, but merciless pruning knife of Mr. Burke, before that gentleman considered reformation as rebellion. Yet notwithstanding the industry of Edmund's zeal, which impelling him to sap the foundations of corruption, in attacking his opponents, afterwards proved the ruin of his own party, places and sinecures of various name and import, have since budded forth, like the quincunx under a skilful gardiner, in all the luxuriance of vigorous vegetation; unblighted by the

self-forbidding airy reveries of Mr. Pitt, and the diffident disinterestedness of the faithful and consistent Dundas. Mr. Jenyns possessed the rare merit of treating, in a pleasing, and satisfactory manner, that abstruse, metaphysic subject, the origin or necessity of evil:—to the unde malum? a question which has perplexed human reason in every age, I will not pretend to say he has been able to give a final answer, or that he has thrown on it much additional light; he has, however, cleared this oft-beaten road of much conjectural rubbish, and fairly obviated the impious trash of many a visionary theoretic traveller. He has written like a man of taste and acuteness, in the habit of deep thinking. A species of reading often injurious, and generally unentertaining, he has rendered at once interesting and argumentative; he clearly shews that it would be as reasonable to attack, or to wish suspended, the laws of gravity, for impelling an overhanging rock to be precipitated on our heads, as to make any deductions unfavourable to the omnipotence or benevolence of God, on account of the existence of natural or moral evil, which by a natural and healthy stimulus, keeps up the alternate vibrations of hope and fear, and decidedly demonstrates the free agency of man, without which we sink into mere puppets, acted on by strings and wire, and religion degenerates into shocking hypocrisy, or unmeaning jargon. The religious routine of Mr. Jenyns is said to have been singular; from early impression, or strong conviction, he was originally a warm,

warm, a zealous believer of revelation, and suspected, on one occasion, of a tendency to certain fanatical opinions. Gradually losing ground in faith or good works, he wandered into paths obscured by doubt, and planted with the thorns of uncertainty, and became a professed deist, till by a retrograde progress he measured back his steps to the comforts of rational christianity.

Without minutely noticing his Disquisitions, in which, among other ingenious, but eccentric oddities, he communicates his ideas of the present life being a state of punishment, an opinion rather adapted to the croakings of an hypochondriac, than the cheering convictions of a vindicator of divine revelation; our attention is naturally attracted by his Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, a work, which though he professes and appears to have written it with good design, has provoked anathemas from the churchmen, censure from the moralist, and profane sarcasm from the philosopher and sceptic. He is accused of injuring the cause he professed to defend, by diligently selecting, and elaborately displaying, the strongest objections which have been raised against the Christian religion, whilst his mode of refuting them is remarkably cold, careless, and unsatisfactory. "Notwithstanding all unfavourable appearances (says our author) Christianity may not be altogether artifice, and if there were a few more true Christians in the world, it would prove beneficial to themselves, and by

"no means detrimental to the public."

Such, says a lively, but hot-headed defender of the doctrines of Christ, such is the conduct of a wolf in sheep's cloathing, who after tearing open and exposing the wounds inflicted on our holy religion, officiously and presumptuously pretends to heal them with the ineffectual nostrums of a quack; and against the powerful attacks of infidel giants, Philistines and Goliaths, would persuade us he can wield with success the brittle shield, and tiny weapon, of a pigmy or a dwarf.

During a conversation, in which the subject of this article bore a part, mutual disagreements, and the rareness of connubial happiness were lamented; he observed, that the majority of persons who marry, come together without being properly acquainted with each others humours, and dispositions; that courtship, in general, was little more than a masquerade, in which deception is mutually practised and expected; if it were possible for a man and woman to live together a few years *in habits of intimacy*, without the lady's thinking or suspecting her companion would ever make her his wife, such an intercourse (he added) would be the best of all matrimonial educations, and promise the fairest for domestic peace. This theory, open to so many objections, our ingenious author afterwards put in practice, and is said to have derived from it, considerable advantage and satisfaction.

JENNINGS, SARAH, for many years the confidential servant,

vant, or assuming favourite of Queen Anne, and afterwards Dutchess of Marlborough, but overreached by those arts which she had herself so long practiced against the Tories, through the contrivance of Mrs. Masham, whom she had originally introduced into the palace, and by the political cunning and intrigue of Robert Harley, afterwards created Earl of Oxford.

"The beginning of her kindness for me," says the Dutchess in her apology, "was of a much earlier date than my entrance into her service; we played together as children; on every occasion her preference of, and fondness for me, were conspicuous, and this mutual inclination increased with our years. Indeed the court of the princess was so oddly composed, that this partiality was no great compliment to me: it is also my peculiar pride and boast, that I held this place in her favour, without sacrificing to flattery or falsehood. Having often declared that a friend was what she wanted, the princess aimed at an appearance of that equality which she thought essential to procure one, and therefore insisted on our dropping, in our private intercourse, those forms and ceremonies usually required by exalted rank, and even all terms that implied distance and superiority. Morley and Freeman were the names she fixed on, but left me to chuse, by which of them I would be called: from my frank openness of temper I pitched on Freeman, and the princess took the other; from this time, on the footing

"of friendship and affection, we conversed as Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman." This compromise between pride and nature, was a proof of the good sense of both; it might be denominated a useful, an improving and agreeable drama on a splendid theatre; yet the magnificent palace which overlooks and insults the almshouse at St. James's, the vast accumulations of the family, Blenheim, and every post in the early part of the queen's reign, in army, church and state, filled by the Churchill and Sunderland interest, prove that one of the performers retained a keen remembrance of the advantages of court influence, *behind the curtain.*

This able and high-spirited woman who directed the councils, while her husband commanded the victorious troops of England, and its allies, felt the lash of Pope's satirical pen, under the name of Atossa, but the malignancy of the poet was lulled by his avarice, and this master of English harmony, was mean enough to suppress the character, during her life, for the pecuniary consideration of a thousand pounds.

"Atossa," says Pope, in his epistle on the characters of women,

"Shines in exposing knaves,
and painting fools,

"Yet is whate'er she hates or
ridicules,

"From loveless youth, to un-
respected age,

"No passion gratified, except
her rage.

"So much the fury still outran
the wit,

"The pleasure miss'd her, but
the scandal hit;

"Offend

- " Offend her, and she knows
 not to forgive,
 " Oblige her, and she'll hate
 you while you live :
 " But die, and she'll adore you,
 then the bust
 " And temple rise, and fall
 again to dust:
 " Last night her lord was all
 that's good and great,
 " A knave this morning, and
 his will a cheat;
 " Strange! by the means de-
 feated of the ends,
 " By spirit robb'd of pow'r,
 by warmth of friends,
 " By wealth of followers, with-
 out one distress,
 " Sick of herself through very
 selfishness;
 " Atossa curs'd with every
 granted pray'r,
 " Childless with all her chil-
 dren wants an heir,
 " To heirs unknown, descends
 the guarded store,
 " Or wanders, heaven-direc-
 ted, to the poor."

It must be by the licence of poetry that the dutchess could be described as childless, or without an heir, as she left many daughters, a descendant from one of whom now enjoys the dignity and increasing property of the first duke: it must also, I believe, be considered as a stretch of poetical fiction, to say that any great portion of the Marlborough accumulations, wanders, by the direction of heaven, or the steward, into the hands of the poor.

While the rent-roll of his grace comprehends almost two counties, and his agents are unwearied in their pursuits after new purchases, for the disposal of his immense, I

was going to say his royal savings, I expect, from his own consistent propriety of conduct, and inoffensive habits, and from the decorous predominating dignity of the dutchess, that they will disdain any longer to accept from a country impoverished by taxation, and the high price of the necessities of life, the vast stipend of, I believe, five thousand pounds a year, for keeping Blenheim in repair; granted in the generous, but profuse spirit of a whig parliament: surely a degrading species of provision, better calculated for a turnpike road, a bridge, a county hospital, or a prison, than the family residence of a peer of the realm, of illustrious descent, and unbounded wealth. A disinterested act of this kind, might avert the public eye, in the present democratic scrutinizing age, from unpopular wealth, and would be a brighter trait in his character, to hand down to posterity, than the numerous victories, and well-earned honours of his great ancestor.

" Amongst the torrent of abuse
 " poured out against your grace,"
 said Lady Sunderland to her mother, the subject of this article,
 " your worst enemies have never
 " called you a faithless wife."
 " It was no great merit," replied Sarah, with much good sense,
 " it was no great merit, for I had
 " the handsomest, the most ac-
 " complished, and the bravest
 " man in Europe for my hus-
 " band." " Yet you do not pre-
 " tend to say he was without
 " fault," replied Lady Sunderland.
 " Certainly not, I knew his er-
 " rors better than he did him-
 self

"self, and probably was more
 "sensible of his faults than my
 "own. I could scarce have be-
 "lieved, if I had not witnessed
 "it, so complete an instance of
 "self-delusion, as my lord once
 "exhibited before me. He came
 "back from *my poor misled mis-*
 "*trefs*, Queen Anne, about the
 "time his commission was taken
 "from him, and said, with a
 "very grave face, that in the
 "course of conversation with her
 "majesty, he had thanked God,
 "that with all his faults, neither
 "avarice or ambition could be
 "laid to his charge. I was not
 "then in a laughing humour,"
 "concluded the dutchess, "but I
 "almost bit through my tongue
 "to prevent my smiling in his
 "face."

JOHNSON, DR. the stile and
 manner of his life by Boswell,
 humourously imitated.—See Bos-
 well, Mr. in this volume, page 20.

JONES, SIR WILLIAM, a
 constitutional lawyer, a man
 of taste, an East India judge, an
 antiquarian, a linguist, and a
 poet. Certain peculiarities in the
 attachments, studies, pursuits, and
 destination of this worthy cha-
 racter, induced me to grace my
 collection with his name: he was,
 at the same time, a member and
 warm supporter of a society,
 which has had the honour to be
 abused by Mr. Edmund Burke,
 and is supposed to be inimical to
 the present parliamentary, and
 other public systems of carrying
 on the business of government,
 the melioration of which it pro-
 fesses to pursue by constitutional
 means: yet this did not prevent
 his being the personal favourite of

his sovereign: he was author of
 the famous dialogue between a
 gentleman and a farmer, the dis-
 tributing of which in Wales, in-
 volved a worthy ecclesiastic in
 obloquy and persecution, and
 caused him to be proclaimed at a
 public session, as a spreader of
 sedition in his county; while the
 writer of the obnoxious produc-
 tion, was appointed to a post of
 honour and confidence in Bengal,
 and sent to administer justice in
 a kingdom more populous and
 extensive than Great Britain.

The dialogue, for the printing
 and distributing of which in
 Wales, the Dean of St. Asaph
 subjected himself to prosecution,
 was as follows.

*[The speakers were a gentleman,
 and a farmer who was supposed to
 have been applied to for the purpose
 of obtaining his signature to a peti-
 tion for a reform in parliament, and
 for promoting œconomy in expenditure
 of the public money.]*

F. Why should humble men
 like me, sign, or set marks to
 petitions of this nature? it is
 better for us farmers to mind our
 husbandry, and leave what we
 cannot comprehend to the king
 and parliament.

G. You can comprehend more
 than you imagine; and as mem-
 ber of a free state, have higher
 things to mind than you may con-
 ceive.

F. If by free, you mean out of
 prison, I hope to continue so, as
 long as I can pay my rent;—but
 what is meant by a free state?

G. Tell me first what is meant
 by a club in the village, of which
 I know you are a member?

F. It

F. It is an assembly of men, who meet after work every Saturday to be merry and happy for a few hours in the week.

G. Have you no other object but mirth?

F. Yes, we have a box, to which we contribute equally from our monthly or weekly savings, and out of which any members of the club are to be relieved in sickness or poverty; for the parish officers are so cruel and insolent, that it were better to starve than apply to them for relief.

G. Did they, or the 'squire, or the parson, or altogether, compel you to form this society?

F. Oh no! we could not be compelled, we formed it by our own choice.

G. You did right;—but have you not some head or president of the club?

F. The master for each night is chosen by all the company present the week before.

G. Does he make laws to bind you, in case of ill temper, or misbehaviour?

F. *He* make laws! *he* bind us! No, we have all agreed to a set of equal rules, which are signed by every new comer, and were written in a strange hand by young Spelman, the lawyer's clerk, whose uncle is a member.

G. What should you do if any one member were to insist on becoming perpetual master, and on altering your rules at his arbitrary will and pleasure?

F. We should expel him.

G. What if he were to bring a serjeant's guard, when the militia are quartered in your neigh-

bourhood, and insist on your obeying him?

F. We should resist, if we could; if not, the society would be broken up.

G. Suppose that with his serjeant's guard he was to take the money out of the box, or out of your pocket?

F. Would not that be a robbery?

G. I am seeking information from you:—how would you act on such an occasion?

F. We should submit, perhaps, at that time; but should afterwards try to apprehend the robbers.

G. What if you could not apprehend them?

F. We might kill them I should think; and if the king would not pardon us, God would.

G. How could you either apprehend them, or if they resisted, kill them, without a sufficient force in your own hands?

F. Oh! we are all good players at single stick, and each of us has a stout cudgel or quarter-staff in the corner of his room.

G. Suppose that a few of the club were to domineer over the rest, and insist upon making laws for them?

F. We must take the same course; except that it would be easier to restrain one man, than a number; but we should be a majority with justice on our side.

G. A word or two on another head. Some of you, are I presume, no great accountants?

F. Few of us understand accounts; but we trust old Lilly, the schoolmaster, whom we believe

lieve to be an honest man, and he keeps the key of our box.

G. If your money, in time, should amount to a large sum, it might not, perhaps, be safe to keep it in his house, or in any private house.

F. Where else should we keep it?

G. You might chuse to put it in the funds, or lend it to the squire, who has lost so much lately at Newmarket, taking his bond or some of his fields as your security.

F. We must, in that case, confide in young Spelman, who will soon set up for himself, and, *if a lawyer can be honest*, will be an honest lawyer.

G. What power do you give to Lilly, or should you give to Spelman, in the case supposed?

F. No power. We should give them both a due allowance for their trouble, and should expect a faithful account of all they had done for us.

G. Honest men may change their nature. What if both, or either of them should deceive you?

F. We should remove them, put our trust in better men, and try to repair our loss.

G. Did it never occur to you, that every state or nation was only a great club?

F. Nothing ever occurred to me on the subject, for I never thought about it.

G. Though you never thought before on the subject, yet you may be able to tell me, why you suppose men to have assembled, and to have formed nations, communities, or states, which all mean the same thing?

F. In order, I should imagine, to be as happy as they can, while they live.

G. By *happy* do you mean *merry* only?

F. To be as merry as they can without hurting themselves or their neighbours, but chiefly to secure themselves from danger, and to relieve their wants?

G. Do you believe that any king or emperor compelled them so to associate?

F. How could one man compel a multitude? A king or an emperor is not, I presume, born with a hundred hands.

G. When a prince of the blood shall in any country be so distinguished by nature, I shall then, and then only, conceive him to be a greater man than you. But might not an army, with a king or general at their head, have compelled them to assemble?

F. Yes; but the army must have been formed by their own choice. One man or a few can never govern many without their consent.

G. Suppose, however, that a multitude of men, assembled in a town or city, were to chuse a king or governor, might they not give him high power and authority?

F. To be sure, but they would never be so mad as to give him a power of making their laws.

G. Who else should make them?

F. The *whole* nation or people.

G. What, if they disagreed?

F. The opinion of the greater number, as in our village club, must be taken and prevail.

G. What could be done, if the society were so large, that all could

could not meet in the same place?

F. A greater number must chuse a less.

G. Who should be the chusers?

F. All who are not *upon the parish*. In our club, if a man asks relief of an overseer, he ceases to be one of us, because he must depend on the overseer.

G. Could not a few men, one in seven for instance, chuse the assembly of law-makers, as well as a larger number?

F. As conveniently perhaps; but I would not suffer any man to chuse another, who was to make laws, by which my money or my life might be taken from me.

G. Have you a freehold in any county of forty shillings a year?

F. I have nothing in the world but my cattle, implements of husbandry, and household goods, together with my farm, for which I pay a fixed rent to the squire.

G. Have you a vote in any city or borough?

F. I have no vote at all; but am able, by my honest labor, to support my wife and four children; and as long as I act honestly, I defy the laws.

G. Can you be ignorant, that the parliament, to which members are sent by this county, and by the next market-town, have power to make new laws, by which you and your family may be stripped of your goods, thrown into prison, and even deprived of life?

F. A dreadful power! I never made enquiries, having business of my own, concerning the business of parliament, but I always imagined the laws had been fixed for many hundred years.

G. The common laws, to which you refer, are equal, just, and humane; but the king and parliament may alter them when they please.

F. The king ought therefore to be a good man, and the parliament to consist of men equally good.

G. The king alone can do no harm, but who must judge of the goodness of parliament-men?

F. All those whose property, freedom, and lives, may be affected by their laws.

G. Yet six men in seven, who inhabit this kingdom, have, like you, no votes, and the petition which I desired you to sign, has nothing for its object, but the restoration of you all to the right of chusing those law-makers, by whom your money or your lives may be taken from you. Attend, while I read it distinctly.

F. Give me your pen; I never wrote my name, ill as it may be written, with greater eagerness in my life.

G. I applaud you, and trust that your example will be followed by millions. Another word before we part. Recollect the opinion you gave about your club in the village, and tell me what ought to be the consequence, if the king alone were to insist on making laws, or on altering them at his will and pleasure?

F. He too must be expelled.

G. Oh! but think of his standing army, and of the militia, which now are his in substance, though ours in form.

F. If he were to employ that force against the nation, they would,

would, and ought to resist him, or we should cease to be a free state.

G. What if the great accountants and great lawyers, the Lilly's and Spellman's of the nation, were to abuse their trust, and cruelly injure, instead of faithfully serving the public?

F. We must request the king to remove them, and make trial of others, but none should implicitly be trusted.

G. But what if a few great lords or wealthy men were to keep the king himself in subjection; yet exert his force, lavish his treasure, and misuse his name, so as to domineer over the people, and manage the parliament?

F. We must fight for the king and ourselves.

G. You talk of fighting as if you were speaking of some rustic engagement at a wake; but your quarter-staffs would avail you little against bayonets.

F. We might easily provide ourselves with better arms.

G. Not so easily; when the moment of resistance came you would be deprived of arms, and those who should furnish you with them, or exhort you to take them up, would be called traitors, and probably be put to death.

F. We ought, therefore, always to be ready, and keep each of us a strong fire-lock in the corner of his bed-room.

G. That would be legal as well as rational. Are you, my honest friend, provided with a musket?

F. I will contribute no more to the club, and purchase a firelock with my savings.

G. It is not necessary;—I have two, and will make you a present of one with complete accoutrements.

F. I accept it thankfully, and will converse with you at your leisure, on other subjects of this kind.

G. In the mean time spend an hour every morning, in the next fortnight, in learning to prime and load expeditiously, and to fire and charge with bayonet firmly and regularly. I say every *morning*; because if you exercise too late in the evening, you may fall into some of the legal snares, which have been spread for you by those gentlemen, who would rather secure game for their table, than liberty for the nation.

F. Some of my neighbours, who have served in the militia, will readily teach me; and perhaps the whole village may be persuaded to procure arms, and learn their exercise.

G. It cannot be expected that the villagers should purchase arms, but they might easily be supplied, if the gentry of the nation would spare a little from their vices and luxury.

F. May they turn to some sense of honour and virtue.

G. Farewell, and remember that a free state, is only a more numerous and more powerful club.

F. Good morning, Sir! you have made me wiser and better than I was; and yet methinks I had some knowledge in my own mind of this great subject, and have been a politician all my life, without perceiving it.

The proceedings in this cause, which excited general warmth and expectation,

expectation, were marked in the first instance, by the prosecution being refused to be undertaken by the Attorney and Solicitor-General, by the spirit and tendency of the publication in question, by its not being written by the defendant, but an eminent judge, and by its exciting a degree of altercation between Mr. Erskine, and the present Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and afterwards with Mr. Justice Buller, who felt himself obliged to tell the Honourable Barrister, that if he would not sit down, while the jury were delivering their verdict, (in which the advocate thought the Judge rather broke in on their function) he should be obliged to interpose in some other way. Though I cannot in every instance concur with Mr. Erskine, whose imagination sometimes *riots*, at the expense of his judgment, I cannot, in this case help thinking he was clearly right. Whatever may be his, or our opinion, of Sir William Jones's Dialogue, the distribution of which in Wales, was certainly (to give it no worse a name) inexpedient; I cannot think any judge, however distinguished for rapid acuteness, authorized in telling a jury, who brought in a verdict, guilty of publishing only, that their verdict was not correct: It was exactly in the words of that given in the case of the King against Woodfall, and clearly expressed, that their oaths would not permit them to deny the fact of the Dean's having published, but that they wholly acquitted him of any evil design, or seditious purpose.

A short perusal of this trial must convince any unprejudiced man, of the propriety and necessity of Mr. Fox's harrassed Bill, which in spite of its opponents, survives the fiery ordeal; a Bill, which so far from subverting the power of courts of justice, or at all altering the law, can only be considered as a declaratory act, for explaining those judicial powers, placed by our constitution in the breast of a jury, and for a long time exercised; but from certain late decisions, it had become necessary to guard so invaluable a right, by new fences, and to warn men of plain sense and common understandings, against the bewildering mazes and subtle obliquities, of deep refiners.

I see no reason why our judges should feel angry on this occasion. I hope and believe, that the majority of us are not disposed to cast unhallowed looks on the wives and property of our neighbours, yet I am of opinion, that an occasional repetition of the decalogue, will rather tend to strengthen us in well-doing; and the purest man among us, has no right to be scandalized at the rector's once a week proclaiming in an audible voice, and *intelligible* language, "Thou shalt not steal: Thou shalt not commit adultery."

I recollect the following stanzas from the Persian, written by the same hand that defended the rights of mankind, and indites legal determinations for Asia.

Sweet maid, if thou would'st
charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck
enfold,

That

That rosy cheek, that lilly hand,
 Wou'd give thy poet more delight,
 Than all the gems of Samarcand.
 Speak not of fate—ah! change
 the theme,
 'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream,
 Now talk of odours, talk of wine,
 Talk of the flowers that round
 us bloom,
 To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
 And leave to heaven thy future
 doom.
 Compell'd by love th' Egyptian
 dame,
 Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew
 boy,
 Who to the banks of Nilus came,
 A youth so modest, lovely, coy:
 To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
 And talk of roses, songs, and
 wine.

JOSEPH THE EMPEROR,
 a severe reply he received
 from Mr. Howard.—See Vol. I.
 page 84.

JUNIUS, an unfounded passage
 in his celebrated letters.—See
 Bedford, Duke of, in this volume,
 page 15.

KEMBLE, Mr. his proper cast
 of character.—See Vol. I.
 page 58. Also, page 44, in this
 volume.

KILLICRANKY, Battle of.—
 See Vol. I. page 51.

KNEVET, SIR EDMUND,
 a Norfolk Knight, in the
 reign of Henry the Eighth, who,
 for striking a servant of the Earl
 of Surrey's, in the tennis-court
 within the king's house at Green-
 wich, was tried in the great hall
 of the palace, before the compt-
 roller and other officers of the

household, found guilty, and sen-
 tenced to lose his right hand; the
 preparations for which, as related
 by an old English writer, were
 calculated, I suspect, rather for the
 purpose of inspiring terror, than
 with any real design of inflicting
 punishment, as Henry, where lust
 and avarice were out of the ques-
 tion, was sometimes surprized into
 greatness of mind. "Whereup-
 on," says Stowe, on the faith
 of Hollingshead, "the serjeant
 "chirurgion was called, with the
 "instrument appertaining to his
 "office, the serjeant of the wood-
 "yard, with the mallet and block
 "whereon the hand should lie;
 "the king's master cook with the
 "knife; the serjeant of the larder
 "to set the knife right on the
 "joint; the serjeant farrier with
 "his searing yrons, to seare the
 "veines; the serjeant of the poul-
 "try with a cocke, which cocke
 "should have his head smitten off
 "with the same knife; the yeo-
 "man of the chantry with the
 "sear clothes; the yeoman of the
 "scullery, with a pan of fire to
 "heat the yrons, a chafer of water
 "to cool the ends of them, and
 "two fourmes for officers to set
 "their stuff on; the serjeant of
 "the seller with wine, ale and
 "beer: the yeoman of the ewry,
 "with bason, ewre and towels.
 "Thus every man in his office
 "ready, there was called forth
 "Sir William Pickering, Knight
 "Marshal, to bring in the said
 "Knevet, who humbly submitted
 "himself to the king's mercy,
 "but desired that the king, of his
 "benigne grace wou'd pardon him
 "of his right hand, and take the
 "left; for, (quoth he) if my
 "right

"right hand, be spared, I may hereafter do good service to his grace. Of this request the king was forthwith informed, who, considering the gentle heart of the said Edmund, and his good report, granted him a free pardon."

K·NOWLES, ADMIRAL, his evasive and illiberal conduct towards Smollet.—See Vol. I. page 129.

LAURA, the mistress of Plutarch; for a short enquiry into her character, and even her existence, see the article Poet Laureat, in this volume.

LIBEL BILL of Mr. Fox, furnishes no just cause of complaint to the judges.—See the latter part of Sir W. Jones's article in this volume, page 68.

LILLY, WILLIAM, the astronomer, an extract from his History of his Life, and the times in which he lived.—See Execution of Charles the First, in this volume, page 41.

LITERARY MEN, their imprudence.—See Vol. I. page 157.

LEOPOLD, of Brunswick, a prince of well-directed courage and active humanity.

In 1785, the Oder suddenly overflowing its banks, spread ruin, death, and devastation over the adjoining country, while the peasants and farmers who were able to reach the summit of a neighbouring hill, and other places of safety, under the strong impressions of danger and terror, declined assisting their unfortunate companions, who were every moment losing their holds, and swept away

with their cattle and other property, by the rapid inundation.

Irritated by their cowardice, prompted by benevolent zeal, and contrary to the intreaties of his associates and attendants, the prince ventured in a boat, to rescue several unfortunate wretches, who had ascended a tree, which the furious torrent, rising every instant still higher, would in a short time have overflowed. Bent on preserving others, but too forgetful of himself, the boat struck on a stump, and this amiable young man, whose intrepidity was only equalled by his goodness, unfortunately sunk, to rise no more. In the prime of life, and in the practice of virtues, without which the elevations of rank, blood, and wealth, are only ensigns of disgrace, he fell an illustrious sacrifice to that species of real philanthropy, which prefers dangerous effort to inglorious safety; deplored by a family who passionately doated on him, and lamented by a people, who still record his private worth, his public spirit, and heroic conduct.

MACARTNEY, LORD.—See Vol. I. page 65.

MACKLIN, the proprietor of Poet's Gallery, a just tribute to his merit.—See Boydell, John in this volume, page 24.

MACPHERSON, MR.—See Fingal, a Scotch Poem written by him, in this volume, page 45.

MAD DOG, Bite of, a dreadful and deplorable calamity, for which human art affords no remedy, notwithstanding the interested puffs of unprincipled quacks, and

and the mercenary declarations of empirics, more regularly bred. The indelible impression which a number of accidents of this kind in a village, once made on my mind, in all of which cases, death, in its most horrible and terrifying form took place, in spite of every effort, will I hope, excuse my introducing such an article, in a work of this kind. But, truth cannot be too strongly inculcated, or repeated too often; and I think it of the highest importance to impress and diffuse a fact, which not a solitary instance has yet occurred to contradict, that THE BITE OF A MAD DOG IS INCURABLE.

Should any of my readers be so peculiarly unfortunate, as to suffer an evil, which from the shocking anticipation of furious madness, and violent death, is not to be paralleled, in the long list of mortal sufferings; I strongly, I vehemently recommend a mode, which after having repeatedly canvassed the subject with medical friends, I have firmly resolved, in such circumstances, to pursue myself: It is, instantaneously, and without the delay of a second, to take out the piece, which may easily be effected, as most men carry with them for convenience, a keen-edged clasp knife: in this case, I would take care that the cut should be ample and deep, without fear of impairing a limb, or wounding a blood-vessel; for, what would we not endure, to avoid canine madness, fetters, and suffocation? If this only effectual method has been neglected in the first stage of the business, half an hour's omission renders it useless;

and after proving, by minute enquiry, that the animal which inflicted the wound, was clearly and incontestibly mad, (to determine which, he should be tied up, not shot, as is too often the custom) recourse may safely, and I think justifiably, be had to frequent and large doses of opium, for the humane purpose of closing the eyes of an unhappy wretch in everlasting sleep; far more desirable than exposing him to the lacerating harrow of restless expectation, superior in most instances, to actual suffering; or reserving him a sad, a melancholy spectacle for odious and ever successful experiments, for cords, coercion, for weeping and gnashing of teeth.

MMAGLIABECHI, ANTONIO, a native of Florence, during the seventeenth century, remarkable for a memory unboundedly capacious and retentive. His parents, from extreme indigence, were under the necessity of placing their son, when a boy, and scarcely able to spell, in the service of a florist and seedsmen, in the environs of his native city, and weeding in a garden, was the original, and for many years the constant occupation of a man, who afterwards raised himself to affluence and literary distinction, and was appointed librarian to the Duke of Florence. The efforts of industry and perseverance being generally found to rise, in proportion to the obstacles they have to surmount, Magliabechi employed the few intervals he could snatch from a servile and degrading employment, and from repose, in learning to read, the only opportunity for which attainment, he enjoyed from the

the waste paper, in which his master's seeds were wrapped and sent to market.

His singular and unceasing application to reading, gradually attracted the notice of his associates, as well as his employer; books were occasionally lent to him, which, without choice or discrimination of subject, he literally read through, and for the most part, could remember and repeat word for word, their contents. This circumstance was suspected of being strongly exaggerated, like many others which depart from the ordinary course of things: to ascertain the fact, and try the strength of our young Florentine's memory, a neighbouring gentleman lent him a manuscript, which was shortly to be printed: after a perusal, it was returned to the author, who called some time after on Magliabechi, and with a long face, told him a melancholy story, of having lost what he had lately lent him. "Be not disturbed," said the young man; "call on me to-morrow, and perhaps we may recover the lost sheep." He immediately retired to his chamber, and the next day produced an accurate copy of what he had read, without missing a single word, or even varying the method of spelling. Improved by study, and the generous assistance of literary friends, his fame was speedily diffused, and reached the ears of his sovereign, who placed him in a situation, where his extraordinary powers might have a full opportunity to display themselves: nor was his reputation confined to Italy, the learned in different kingdoms consulted him, when

they proposed writing, and on such occasions he freely and unsolicited, would mention or send to them a list of all the books that had been written, or that it would be necessary to have recourse to on the subject they had undertaken, with a critical account of the merits of the different authors; he would at the same time enumerate the different pages, where the most interesting passages occurred, and if any of the books were valuable or scarce, he named the library, or the person's name who possessed it; and if it was in a place he had visited, at any period of his life, he made a point of describing the part of the room, as well as the shelf and the number of the book. To an Abbè, who once asked his assistance in composing the panegyric of a saint, far back in the Roman calendar, he replied, "you are rather unlucky in the choice of your subject; for there is but one book in Europe that can help you, which has been described to me, as being in a pile of paper in the library of the Escorial, and the only part of it worth reading, is so disfigured, by age and dampness, that it is scarcely legible." The bestower of praise retired, resolving to dip his pen in the popular and easy colours of embellishment, rather than travel or write to Spain, in a laborious search for matter of fact.

Magliabechi, considered books and literature, as the great, the only business of his life, and is described, by one who visited him, as civil and obliging in his manners, excepting a satirical smile, which was in general visible in his countenance,

countenance, and gave an air of contemptuous affectation of superiority to whatever he said. His dress was slovenly, his appearance uncouth, and his address embarrassed. Hard boiled eggs and water were his principal diet; he was generally found lolling in a sort of wooden cradle, fixed in the middle of his study, surrounded by a confused heap of books on the floor, and a friendly society of spiders, with their cobwebs. From this posture, he did not always think the entrance of a stranger, a sufficient reason for raising himself, but, if any point was proposed, difficult to unravel, that interested his curiosity, or promised to add to his stock of knowledge, his attention was suddenly awakened, and he was wonderfully alert in seeking, or pointing out the proper books, but frequently exclaimed to his visitors, in the midst of a learned conversation, "Don't hurt my spiders," a class of insects, for which he had a peculiar veneration, but mops and brooms were never suffered to approach his apartments, but by stealth. He died, notwithstanding his sedentary life, at the age of eighty-one, and left a large and curious collection of books for the use of the public, with a fund to maintain a librarian, and an annual allowance to the poor. In his life, and habits, there seems a remarkable resemblance to Dr. Monsey, the subject of an article in this collection. Magliabechi is an additional proof that mere scholarship, without an active exertion of the social affections, too often degenerates into that austere, solitary pride, which wrapt in contemplation of past

ages, and other times, shuts its eyes against the present scene, and frequently absorbs the whole man in a savage unconcern, for the pleasures or the interest of the rest of mankind.

MANWARING, see Sibthorpe in this volume.

MARIA TERESA, her former popularity not easily accounted for.—See Vol. I. page 93.

MARLBOROUGH, DUKE OF, third of that name, singular letters written to him.—See Vol. I. page 28.

MARLBOROUGH, JOHN, DUKE OF, his singular declaration that neither avarice or ambition could be laid to his charge, when they were almost his only predominant vices.—See Jennings, Sarah, in this volume, page 65.

MARY, the beautiful, but unfortunate Queen of Scotland, seduced by strong passions, and the influence of unworthy attachments, to acts of indecorum and imprudence, which clouded her life with misfortune, and concluded in untimely death. I have perused, with pleasure and improvement, many elaborate attempts to rescue the character of this frail fair one, from obloquy and reproach, I have seen the artifices of her insidious, but inexorable rival, her unnatural sister, clearly laid open, by the masterly pen of an acute critic, and a candid historian; I am convinced that Elizabeth was the enemy of her fame, her fortune, and her life.

Yet, after a cool and impartial review of the conduct of the Queen of England, I cannot help considering

dering it, as in a great measure justified, by the alarming combination of Mary and her abettors, by the general circumstances of the times, and of the two countries, and by the rebellious disposition of a considerable portion of her subjects, exasperated by the suppressed, but malignant bigotry of the old superstition, and ready to seize every opportunity of disturbing the reign of their triumphant enemy.

The unbecoming haste, with which the subject of this article transferred, or affected to transfer her affections, from the impulses of fear, revenge, or a softer cause, placed new arms in the hands of her invidious rival, and too often induced the unhappy amorous Mary, implicitly to follow the violent advice of selfish or ill-designing favourites, who diffused over her character, in many respects amiable and endearing, the dark shades of their own vices and sanguinary ambition. These circumstances were gradually productive of mutual injury and hatred, embittered by personal jealousy, religious rancour, and antient national prejudice, which a revolution of many centuries has not yet been able to extinguish. A thousand intermingled reasons of policy and justice, at last seem to have rendered it absolutely necessary, that one of them must be destroyed; a state of things, in which I believe few of us would long hesitate, on whom the lot should fall; and I am persuaded, as well by original documents, as by the concurring testimony of the human heart, on similar occasions, in all ages, that Mary was practising against her

sister the same arts, which failed of success only from a want of policy or power. The Queen of Scotland, had she been born in other times, and trod the stage of public life in other circumstances, might have proved the glory of her sex, and an honour to her country. Had Elizabeth been graced with beauty, or had she herself been less fair; had the English heroine been a Catholic, or Mary not a Papist, her life might have passed unembittered, her death, in all human probability, had not been premature.

In a picture of the death of David Rizzio, originally exhibited in the Shakespear Gallery, in which the terror of the favourite, and the distress of the lovely Queen of Scotland, are admirably represented by Mr. Opie, it may not perhaps be known by my readers, that one of the assassins, who is in the very act of inflicting a deadly wound on the unfortunate musician, is a portrait of Dr. Walcote, for which he sat at his own express and earnest desire. The satiric poet probably imagined, that he who had for years been occupied in cutting up kings on the altar of ridicule and sarcasm, would be no bad representative of the demolisher of an unpopular minion, who, with all his faults, as a minister or a man, has left us several Scotch airs, remarkable for their pathetic simplicity, exquisite taste, and admirable effect.

MAX, MR. a hospitable Dutchman, and what may seem more extraordinary, a disinterested surgeon.—See Fletcher, Christian, in this volume, page 48.

MERRY,

MERRY, MR. founder of a new species of writing, which has been called the Della Crusca School.—See Vol. I. page 58. Also, a story of him in this volume.—See Poet Laureat.

MIDDLETON, DR. apparently assisted by the founder of the Brownists.—See Vol. I. page 34.

MILTON, JOHN, instigated to write *Paradise Regained*, by Ellwood.—See Vol. I. page 55.

MIRELEES, ANDREW, a Tanner, of Leith, near Edinburgh, of regular habits, and apparently of sober life, in a country, where at that period, laxity of conduct, or of faith, would not have long escaped notice and punishment. In January, 1749, he was called by business to Haddington, about fifteen miles distance, but not being returned at midnight, his wife and family were alarmed, more particularly so at two o'clock in the morning, when, after their long and anxious expectation, his horse galloped into the yard in a bloody condition, and wounded in several parts of its body. From this circumstance they concluded that Andrew was murdered, as the latter part of his road was through a wild uninhabited common, infamous in former times, for violence and robbery. A proclamation was issued the next morning, offering a reward for apprehending the supposed murderers, and on taking a survey of the common, a mastiff, which usually followed the tanner, was found stabbed in several places, and dead under the furze. As the persons employed proceeded in their search, they met two drunken

chairmen, carrying a sedan, in which the coat, hat, wig, whip, and spurs of Mirelees were found, as also a large clasp knife in one of their pockets, all of which were extremely bloody. The men could give no satisfactory account, but that they had carried a sick person to Musselburgh, (which was fact) and that on their return, they had met with persons who made them drunk, and that they found the coat, &c. in the road, on their return: under these circumstances they were both committed to prison.

Mirelees had actually dined at Haddington, where he received twenty-five pounds, at half past five o'clock; he had called in his way home at Musselburgh, within five miles of his own house, but could not be traced any farther.

About five weeks after the proclamation was issued, Mr. Burton, a reputable tradesman, of Edinburgh, returning from Sheffield to Leeds, was surprized, as he passed through the kitchen of an inn, to see Mirelees, contentedly smoking his pipe in the chimney corner. After the ardor of curiosity, and the stare of wonder were satiated, they ordered a post-chaise, and a few days after, reached Edinburgh, when Mirelees went before a magistrate, and voluntarily made oath, that soon after leaving Musselburgh, he was met by two persons in a post-chaise, who ordered him to stop, which he refused, when they suddenly jumped out, stabbed his horse and his dog, and forcibly dragged himself into the carriage, which was driven at a furious rate, that they halted at several towns to change horses, but would never suffer

suffer him to come out of the chaise, nor did he know where he was, 'till they arrived at the Black Swan in York, from which inn, after keeping him confined three days, they removed him at midnight, and at last set him down in a forest, where they quitted him, and he never saw them again; they neither demanded money, or in any respect, except abridging his liberty, offered violence to his person. On the strength of this affidavit, one chairman was dismissed from confinement, the other unfortunate man having, in the interval, died in prison: but the chief justice, then on the circuit, being made acquainted with the circumstances, ordered Mirelees to be apprehended as an impostor. But this man of mystery, found means to escape on board a ship, bound to Zealand, where he was afterwards seen, but never could be prevailed on to explain his conduct, which was proved by his flight, to be unjustifiable, if not unaccountable.

From this instance, which is upon record, judges and juries may learn the fallibility of circumstantial, unaccompanied by positive evidence. I fear few of my readers, appointed as jurymen, to decide on the poor chairmen, would have considered them as innocent of the murder, had the tanner never returned. What would have been their feelings, had either of those unhappy men been executed before Mirelees appeared?

MONSEY, DR. a physician, a unitarian, and an oddity, who, with little regard to the feelings or established forms of mankind, made the good-will and

ease of others, too often subservient to his own convenience, whim and caprice.

He experienced (says his biographer) the common fate of country practice, constant fatigue, long journies, and short fees, and in a rusty wig, dirty boots, and leather breeches, might have degenerated into a hum-drum provincial doctor, with the common-place questions by rote, the tongue, the pulse, and the guinea; his merits not diffused beyond a country chronicle, and his medical errors concealed in a country church-yard. But his assistance being required for the Earl of Godolphin, son of Queen Anne's Lord Treasurer, by a daughter of John, the great Duke of Marlborough, in a sudden and alarming illness, with which he was seized on a journey, not far from Bury; nature, or Dr. Monsey was successful, and during the intervals of recovery, the grateful Earl, highly pleased with the frank cheerfulness, literary attainments, and convivial powers of the doctor, felt a wish to attach himself to worth, so superior to the situation in which he discovered it, particularly, as he had long wanted a rational companion, for the amusement, or the improvement of his leisure hours, and a medical friend, so desirable in the decline of life.

After generously gratifying the hopes of reward, that soothing sweetener of labour, his lordship communicated his plan, and made a liberal offer to the physician for his becoming an inmate, and a friend, on the fair equal ground of mutual obligation and reciprocal favour. The offer was accepted, he

he accompanied his patient to London, lived with him near thirty years, the remainder of his patron's life procured, through his interest, the physician's appointment at Chelsea, and enjoyed a handsome legacy, on the death of Lord Godolphin, whose life is described as spent, rather in snug domestic comfort, than brilliant display; his game backgammon, and his favourite book, Cibber's *Apology for his own Life*.

It is not easy to imagine a greater contrast, than Monsey's journey produced; from the narrow rural circle, unvaried and unenlivened, from the senseless egotism of the fox-hunter, the silly minuteness, and teasing detail of the keen sportsman, and the noisy nonsense, ribaldry, and carousings of fairs, weddings, and christenings, from the obstinate wrong-headed blustering justice, and his crazy nervous wife, from the curate, the lawyer, and the apothecary, from the uninteresting pertness of conceit, and the benumbing oppressive dullness of ignorance, our fortunate adventurer was suddenly deposited in the metropolis, the region of elegance, the fountain of politeness, and the land of promise; he was introduced to many of the first characters of the age, and successfully cultivated a friendship with Sir Robert Walpole, the Earls of Bath and Chesterfield, and with Mr. Garrick.

Thus treading the pleasantest path of life, the happy medium between leisure and fatigue, polished society, and literary amusement, might be said "to strew his way over with flowers;" yet, in a long intercourse with the

great and gay, he never degraded himself by abject flattery, constantly preserving a natural plainness of manners, and an unreserved sincerity of behaviour, to those who remember it, by no means an unpleasing one. He spoke the truth, and what sometimes gave offence, the whole truth, which afforded malignity an occasion for sometimes crying him down as a cynic and misanthropist, but his censures, though severe, were generally just, and for the most part directed against vice, impudence, or affectation.

An intercourse with David Garrick, must have been highly desirable to any man of common taste and discernment, and Monsey always considered it as the solace and ornament of the best years of his life: those who knew the manager, admired and loved him, but they all knew and confessed, that eager to seek and enjoy a joke at another man's expense, it nettled him when raised at his own: and it was the amusement of many an hour at Hampton, to produce a ridiculous story, or raise a laugh at the doctor, who retorted sometimes with warmth, and often with success.

"Garrick will certainly quit the stage," said Dr. Mark Hildesley, Bishop of Sodor and Man, many years before the retirement of Roscius: "He never will do it," said Monsey, "as long as he knows a guinea is cross on one side, and pile on the other," which is, I believe, a provincial proverb in Norfolk. This reply was violently resented by our imitable actor, he sent his friend an anonymous letter, containing at length,

length, the common-place extract from Horace,

"*Absentem qui rodit amicum, &c.*" and concluding with

"*Hic niger est hunc tu Romane caveto,*" which was written in large capitals: the acquaintance productive, for twenty years, of so much pleasure, instantly ceased, and, as intimate friends are often converted into the most bitter enemies, their dispute was exasperated by sarcasm, abuse, and severe recrimination, while officious intermeddlers, and the public, who affected to lament their disagreement, ridiculing and exulting at their quarrel, heartily laughed at the joke. "I thank you," cried Monsey, to Lord Bath, who attempted to reconcile them, "but why will your lordship trouble yourself with the squabbles of a merry-andrew and a quack?"

After the Earl's death, it was again his fate to shift the scene, deprived of a friend who delighted, and a patron who liberally supported him, he retired to Chelsea, and exchanged the splendor of a wealthy peer, and an agreeable circle of London acquaintance, for solitary apartments at the hospital, a plate at a table provided for the governor and other officers, his time-piece, and a veteran female servant. Soured by disappointment, and a change of circumstance and situation, he felt exertion necessary to prevent the fatal inroads of ennui and discontent, and laboured to fill up the intervals of a life, which had been hitherto compleatly and agreeably occupied. In this nice point, so frequently productive of crimes or of follies in us all, he partly succeeded, by the aid of

books, correspondence, mechanism, backgammon, and professional pursuits: but he could not entirely escape the shafts of chagrin, which after the most elaborate bulwarks we raise against external attack, too often originate from an enemy within. A gradual alteration was observed, the strong features of genius, philosophy, and application, attic wit, the happy allusion, and the well told anecdote, were mellowed and improved on the canvass, but the gentle tints, the delicate colouring, the minute blending of light and shade, the morbidezza of refined manners produced by the attrition of elegant society, were evidently impaired, or totally deficient; he confessedly possessed the "*fortiter in re,*" but neglected or despised the "*suaviter in modo.*"

His retreat at Chelsea was disturbed by official disputes with Mr. Ranby, a man of strong passions, harsh voice, and inelegant manners, surgeon to the hospital for invalids, at that place. By a preposterous or a corrupt regulation, it had been customary for the surgeon to make out an expensive quarterly bill for attendance and applications, contrary to the mode wisely adopted in every similar institution, where economy or good management are at all attended to, which clearly point out a certain annual salary, as the most eligible method. It was in vain that Monsey, who by virtue of his office inspected the bill, detected error and mis-statement, it was to no purpose he proved, that the medical and surgical departments at Greenwich, for supplying several thousand marine pensioners, amounted

amounted to less than five hundred pounds a year, while the same purposes, for less than a quarter of the same number of military veterans, was attended with an expence of more than four thousand pounds a year. Such wanton waste of public money, will not authorize sedition, or justify a revolution, but it surely calls loudly for reform, which those whom I need not name, will do well not to neglect. Here also he became acquainted with Ranby's predecessor, and an intimate of Pope's, Mr. Chelfelden, who was better pleased with a compliment on the mechanism of his chariot, and the splendor of his retinue and equipage, than by being called the first furgeon in Europe. The poet secured his professional attendance, and the command of his carriage, house, and servants, by humouring this harmless foible, and introducing his name into his epistles.

It was Monsey's misfortune to launch into the boundless ocean of metaphysics, which so many adventurers explore, without rudder, sail, or compass. His voyage produced the usual return of doubt, anxiety, and disappointment; to those who are infatuated by such wild unprofitable pursuits, it may be useful to observe, that he confessed, a great part of the unhappiness of his life, originated from these unsettling, unavailing perplexities. He latterly professed himself a staunch and rational supporter of the unitarian doctrine, but very early in life had imbibed an unconquerable aversion to bishops, establishments, creeds and tests: when the blasphemous Athanasian farrago, as he called it, was

mentioned, he never failed bursting forth into the most violent expressions of abhorrence and disgust. A gentleman was lamenting to him the deplorable irreligion of the times, and concluded an orthodox, but well-meant harangue, by saying "And doctor, I talk with people who believe there is no God." "And I, Mr. Robinson, talk with people who believe there are three." The frightened trinitarian instantly left his profane companion.

The subject of this article was sometimes compared to Swift, whom he rather resembled, in the predominating, and sometimes the tyrannical spirit, with which he affected to rule his company, and controul the conversation of those with whom he associated; he expected, and in most instances exacted deference and submission from all.

"Medico et philosopho nihil indecens," was also a favourite adage with the physician, who thought like the Dean, that a nice man was generally a man of nasty ideas: the author of the lady's dressing room, and Monsey, who often produced an almond, which he boasted had travelled four times down his throat, might have had imaginations equally filthy; but, while Swift in his dress, habits, and washings, imitated (to use the words of our English Lexiphones) oriental scrupulosity, the doctor was grossly deficient in decency, and common cleanliness; so widely different was the practice, of men, who appear at first sight to have professed the same theory: Swift delineating and laying open the nauseous recesses of nastiness and filth,

filth, for the purpose of inculcating personal purity and decorum: Monsey, from a philosophic or an affected contempt for troublesome delicacy, and fantastic prudery, which he thought unworthy a rational creature, hunting for, and delighting to dwell on objects, which all who wish to preserve a relish for life have been taught to avoid, from their exciting distaste and abhorrence.

Monsey also was a whig, in the most liberal and extensive sense of the term, who while he valued his own opinion, did not wish to enslave or ensnare the sentiments of another; he was a friend to a limited monarchy and a mixed government, but detested those arts, which render religion a mere political machine, to torture, or vainly oppress conscientious men alone; holding out rewards for hypocrisy and perjury, while the thoughtless accommodating herd, too often determining, before they are qualified to weigh and examine, sit down infamous and contented. Swift, the patriot of Ireland, the humorist, and the poet, Dean Swift on the contrary was a rank high churchman, a stickler for the infamous Sacheverel, a tory, with all the narrow bigotry of his party, an enemy to the religious, and (except in a few instances, where temporary popularity swayed him) to the civil liberties of mankind.

"Dat Deus immiti cornua curta bovi," seems very applicable to our priest, whether basking in the warm sunshine of Harley's favour, or wielding a despotic sceptre in the little chapter of St. Patrick's: he had undoubtedly a thousand faults, but they were almost obli-

terated or overbalanced, by many good qualities.

"How happens it," said Sir Robert Walpole, "that no one contradicts me, or beats me at billiards, except Dr. Monsey?" "they get places," replied the doctor, "I am thought an honest fellow, and get an invitation to dinner."

His surly antagonist, Ranby, was succeeded by Mr. Adair, a short sketch of whose life, was given in the first volume of this collection: two characters more opposite could not easily have met; Monsey, with a proud consciousness of vigorous intellect, fertile powers, literary acquirement, and rugged merit; Adair, gentle, accommodating, pleasant, and superficial, polished by elegant intercourse, and adorned with gentleman-like qualities; the first securing, by stubborn eccentricities, that public notice he seemed to despise; the last by humble, but more seducing arts, collecting the rays of court sunshine, and winning the affections of the fair; one, rich in the massy bullion of sterling genius, the other, sufficiently stored with the useful current coin of mild manners, politeness and attention.

As old age with its cares advanced, an asperity of behaviour, and a neglect of decorum was observed in the doctor; the young and the gay exclaimed against him, as an interrupter of those various and minute rules, which however trifling they may appear to the sage and the philosopher, essentially contribute to the ease and comfort of modern life; from this charge he could not be exculpated; but idle, silly, vain women, and *men like women*, excited

cited in him the most violent effusions of anger and contempt: he was also accused of avarice, an accusation often bestowed on laudable prudence, by the selfish, the foolish, or the profuse: if he was too fond of money, it did not appear on all occasions, for in two instances, he burned a hundred pound bond, having so far assisted two industrious tradesmen, who were able, but would have been distressed to repay it.

The great vulgar, who affected to treat him cavalierly, and meanly imagined that a fee cancelled all obligation, he often cut down, by repeatedly insisting, "That the attentions of a friend can never be repaid with money." One of these high-blooded insignificants, a shabby placeman, whose wife has been celebrated for her beauty, once sent him a ten pound bank note, for attendance at a distance, during a long indisposition, when he knew it had cost the doctor nearly that sum for chaise-hire: the note was instantly returned: the formal empty prater, coolly pocketed the affront, and after repeatedly imposing on him in money transactions, had the assurance to repeatedly apply to Monsey for advice, and the perfidious impudence to ridicule and abuse his physician *behind his back*, for being too fond of a guinea.

Ill-usage and repeated pecuniary frauds and failures, soured his temper, and his behaviour was gradually tinctured with suspicion and acrimony: if however his parsimony in many instances degenerated into meanness, if his mode of life was not equal to his income; let it be remembered that

he was constantly observing the disgraceful, and often the tragical effects of dissipation, that he had the warmest affection for his daughter, whose numerous offspring he was certainly bound to provide for, that he had a purse to assist the unfortunate, and we may at last be induced to confess, that he had an amiable reason for his weakness.

Such, with all his foibles, was Monsey, but the hour was rapidly approaching when infirmity clouded his faculties, when the eye which enlivened, and the ear that listened to his friend, began to fail, narrative old age came on, and languor, pain, and petulance, succeeded to wit, which set the table on a roar, and sallies of ironical sarcasm, which no power of face could resist: the edge of the sword had cut through the scabbard, the candle had burnt to its socket, he had exceeded the age of man, the accomplishment of his century was at hand, and he declared in the querulous voice of decrepitude, that to him the world was a desert, that he had out-lived his faculties, his pleasures, and his friends, that he was tired of life, but like many fools and many philosophers, afraid to die.

As biography however amusing, ought not to be wholly unprofitable, the life of Monsey holds up a salutary lesson to young men of genius, learning, and enterprize. From a profession, which even in the country might have rendered him, if not a brilliant, a useful, and respectable member of society, he was awakened by what the world generally considers, a fortunate accident, to more splendid and interesting views: roused by the
enticing

enticing voice of ambition, luxury, or ease, he deserted the post in which Providence had placed him, and rushing to the metropolis on the wings of hope and expectation, passed the sun-shine of his best days, in affluence, amusement and inactivity. Having acquired considerable knowledge, both of books and of men, he was again deposited in the shades of retirement, and from inclination, or disappointment, took a satirical turn, attempted to correct shabby enormity, to reform the abandoned, subdue the impertinent, and mortify the vain. From a neglect of the little, rather than the great duties of life, from a haughty, unaccommodating severity, to the ill qualities of others, rather than a want of good ones in himself, did he not often fail? did not the ungracious sternness of his efforts generally counteract his best intentions? does it appear that his extraordinary powers, learning, and talents for conversation, rendered him more feared or loved? did they advance him on the road to happiness, or smooth his passage through life? After considering these questions, the humble man may perhaps look up with thankfulness to Providence, for blessing him with content, the ignorant and unlearned may also cease to complain of not being initiated in those dangerous arts, which so often diminish the happiness of our neighbours, as well as ourselves.

As a physician, he was a disciple of the Boerhaavian school, and of Sydenham, and scrupulously adhered to rules and systems, which he used to say were sanctioned by sixty years experience; he knew

not, or neglected the acknowledged modern improvements, both in theory and practice, yet he deserved the praise of minute and accurate delineation of symptom, of undeviating attention to nature, and I understand from a medical man at my elbow, that his prognostics were remarkably correct, and generally justified by the event. That he was a nasty dog, wore a dirty shirt, and was eternally prescribing pills and contrayerva, was the utmost, the malignity of Ranby could object against him. His pen was not often exercised, either on professional or miscellaneous subjects, for public view: yet, accounts of uncommon disease, and in some instances, of his successful treatment, have been occasionally printed, one of which occurs in this work, under the article Fraine. Another also has been printed, of a man, whose skin was blistered, whenever the sun shone upon it. As a votary of the muses, he was often successful, in the walks of humour, satire, and occasionally the amorous and tender. At the age of eighty-four he addressed (says the author of the Sketch of Dr. Monsey's Life) a copy of verses to Miss Berry, a young lady of Chiswick, a poetical effort, which would have done no discredit to Pope; who indeed, with the feelings of a man, could behold Miss Berry, without love, emotion, and desire! They thus began:

When lovely Berry first I saw,
My bosom beat with love and awe,
Fairest of women, lovelier far,
Than silver swans, or lillies are.

It has more than once been said, that the subject of this article was regretted

regretted by few, and that a man so generally disliked as he latterly was, must have been grossly wrong, and radically defective in principle or practice. An œconomist and a reformer of abuse is seldom popular, the very existence of such a character depends on lopping off the superfluous exhausting branches, of corrupt perquisites, official fraud, or sensual gratification; to this, another reason may be added: from a circle of friends exalted by rank and abilities, and in general, adorned with useful or polite learning, he was removed to Chelsea College, the civil and domestic offices of which institution, ought to have been occupied by disabled or disbanded military veterans, as it was founded for the express purpose of a well-earned retreat, for the brave and unfortunate: but this foundation, which ought to have been devoted to national charity, was over-run by the valets, grooms, or election jobbers, of a Fox, a Russell, a Phipps, a Grenville, or a Rigby.

By this venal and preposterous misapplication of public rewards, a menial, by shaving the paymaster, brushing his coat, his shoes, or marrying his mistress, was instantly dubbed a gentleman, and became the companion of a general, a knight of the Bath, a physician, and a divine. To men, sprung from the worst dregs of the worst society, frequently elevated for obsequiousness or vice, ignorant and self-conceited, can we wonder that Monsey repaid insolence with satirical invective and contempt? But real unassuming merit, in the poorest and lowest situations, he treated with good-nature and win-

ning familiarity: the heart-felt gratitude he often experienced from patients of this class, he ever spoke of as the most gratifying fee, and was the last man to arrogate adventitious merit, from splendid connection or intellectual excellence in a creature (he would often exclaim) palsied by the contraction of a nervous fibre, and senseless on the ground, from the bursting of a capillary, an animal, whom with all our refined struggles, we can scarcely keep sweet and wholesome, has vast pretensions to strut on the stilts of self-importance.

To conclude, Dr. Monsey possessed a lively imagination, pointed wit, keen sensibility, and its companions, strong passions, which he took little pains to curb: his curiosity was ardent, insatiable, and often troublesome, but his communications were rapid, copious, and interesting: his vein of humour was rich, luxuriant, and (as is the nature of all humour) sometimes gross, and sometimes inelegant. His penetration was deep, his opinion of human nature, warped by injuries of the selfish and unprincipled, was culpably unfavourable; his memory was incredible, pouring forth, in an unexhausted flow of words, the treasure of past years, which frequently, like other treasures, was not without its dross. He was a storehouse of anecdote, an ample reservoir of good things, a living chronicle of other times. His wit was not the keen, shining, highly-polished, well-tempered weapon of a Sheridan, a Courtney, or a Burke, it was rather the irresistible massy sabre of a cossack, which if the sharpness of its edge proved deficient,

deficient, demolished by the weight of the blow.

His faults he was too lazy or too proud to conceal, they were prominent: a vitiated taste feasting on garbage, and seeking, like the foul fiend, in bog, ditch, or obscene recess, for converse or contemplation, objects, which as I have before observed, most of us fly from, or reject: his dress was neglected, and odiously begrimed, like his face and hands, with snuff, that sworn-enemy to cleanliness and comfort; his deportment was unseemly, and his language too often disgusting. To the established clergy, who were fond of insulting or calumniating the disinterested motives of his friends, who seceded from the faith and creeds of the Church of England, his behaviour was rancorous, unforgiving, and illiberal; but in general they were even with him, and neither gave or received quarter. Whilst he was shaking off with violence, the disgraceful manacles of priestcraft and superstition, he did not sufficiently guard himself against the comfortless bigotry of scepticism, which, like religious bigotry, narrows the intellects, and hardens the heart, to the soft calls of social affection. Yet, after surveying the situation, contemporaries, and usage which Monsey experienced, let not the christian, the courtier, or the philosopher, be too sure, that he would have acted a different part, or have quitted the scene with more approbation.

NEGROES, cease to be slaves in England; also, an account of one who was exhibited as a public shew, in the reign of James

the First.—See *Some-set*, James, in this volume.

NICHOLAS, ———, the name of a judge, under the protectorate of Cromwell, concerning whom the following circumstance is related. Having, while a boy at school, committed an offence, for which, as soon as it was known, flogging would be the inevitable punishment, his agitation, from a strong sense of shame, or a peculiar delicacy of constitution, was so violent, that Wake, an intimate associate, his schoolfellow, and the father of the archbishop, remarked it with concern, and, being a boy of stronger nerves, and sensibility less exquisite, told him, that he considered the discipline of the rod as so mere a trifle, that he insisted on taking on himself the fault of his friend, for which, after a mutual struggle of friendship and generosity, he suffered heroically, a severe whipping and imposition.

A fortuitous train of events, which often disperses school-intimates and college chums into opposite quarters of the globe, guided Nicholas through politics and law to a seat (I believe) in the Court of Common Pleas, and of course confirmed him a friend to the powers that are. Wake, on the contrary, was a firm royalist and cavalier, whose zeal and activity rendering him highly obnoxious to his opponents, he was seized and tried for his life (I think at Salisbury) by his old acquaintance, Nicholas, who, after a separation of more than twenty years, did not recollect Mr. Wake, till he came to pass the fatal sentence on him;

him; when, the name catching his eye, a sudden conviction, strengthened by a few leading questions, flashed on his mind, that the prisoner at the bar, whom he had just sentenced to an ignominious death, was no other than the fond friend of his juvenile hours; those hours, which whatever be the colour of our fate, we all contemplate, with a sacred, a serious, and interesting pleasure.

I need not describe the state of a mind in which civil discord had not obliterated all gratitude and sympathy: he beheld with the most poignant emotion, the forlorn situation of that faithful, firm associate of his youth, who had undergone for him, disgrace and stripes; he beheld on every side the hell hounds of war, and the mastiffs of the law, waiting to drag the man he once loved to untimely death; he hurried from the bench precipitately to conceal his feelings, and it is doing him no discredit, when I relate, he burst into tears.

But friendship, like other virtues, required the speedy and effectual proof of exertion, or it would have been counteracted by the clashing din of arms, or the malevolence of party fury: after much complaint from the round heads, whom Mr. Wake's behaviour had exasperated, a temporary respite for him was procured, and Nicholas, unwilling to risque a life he highly valued, to the uncertainty of letters, and the dilatory tardiness of messengers, without delay, travelled post to London, and would not quit the Protector's presence till, bitterly against Oliver's will, he had granted a pardon for his friend, towards whom,

from personal enmity, or misrepresentation, Cromwell was peculiarly inveterate. As yet our fortunate royalist, from forgetfulness, inattention, a magnanimous, or unaffected contempt of death, was a stranger to the name and person of his judge, and knew not the powerful interposition in his favour; Nicholas also had reserved the precious, the important secret in his own breast, till certain of success; least by vainly exciting hope, he should only add new pains to misfortune. Returning directly to Salisbury, he flew to the prison, gradually disclosed his name and office to Wake, and producing a pardon, the friends sunk into each others arms: Nicholas, overpowered by the bliss of conferring life and comfort on one, from whom he had early experienced the most disinterested friendship, Wake unexpectedly snatch'd from death, by discovering perhaps the first friend he ever loved, in a party, whom he had always considered as usurpers of lawful authority, as the wolves and tigers of his country.

O'KEEFE, JOHN, an Irishman, a dramatic caricaturist, and a successful comic writer, who has long enjoyed a considerable share of public approbation; though his pieces, in the opinion of many, will not bear the test of minute critical examination.

Having observed, in a former part of this collection, that the treasurer's book of a theatre, was considered, particularly by managers, as the most decisive proof of dramatic merit, it may afford amusement as well as instruction, to investigate the claims of one who

who has attained praise as well as profit, in pursuits, which have repeatedly conducted men of genius and high attainment, to mortification and defeat; it may also help to alleviate the chagrin of future rejected play-writers, when they reflect, that the superior talents of Dryden, Pope, Fielding, and Hayley, were not able to protect them from similar disappointment.

From the dust and din of irresistible London, with all its fascinating abominations, from bad wine and worse company, from profession without principle, noise without mirth, and society without friendship, attachment, or sincerity, I have frequently rushed to the theatre, and previously unacquainted with the entertainment of the evening, have almost involuntarily felt displeased, on being told it was a favourite piece of O'Keefe's. With strong prejudices echoed by those around me, against low humour, broad farce, and stage trick, I have sat down almost determined not to be pleased. But the hard frost of anticipating severity, was by degrees dissolved, my austere brow gradually relaxed, and at last yielding, in spite of myself, to the impulse of humour, Edwin, or O'Keefe, I joined in the universal tumult of laughter and approbation.

I will not pretend to say that on every occasion, these bursts of merriment were the offspring of attic wit, or any striking novelty of character or sentiment; they frequently were such, as a rigid observer of the unities, an admirer of the feast of reason and the flow of soul, would turn from with disdain; but they powerfully and

effectually answered the purpose, for which, with a few exceptions, most of us visit the theatre; to unbend the brow of care, to forget for a few moments, the perplexities which hunt us through life; from which, if we could not for some short intervals, occasionally escape, where is the philosopher, where is the divine, who would not be mortally lacerated by inveterate perfidy, or driven mad by the unceasing depression of despair?

Our comic writers, of high genius and eminent attainment, are too apt to lose sight of, or despise the art, to many that unattainable art, of making us laugh, while O'Keefe, with a thousand faults in language, sense, and grammar, shakes the theatre with vociferous applause. His competitors unfortunately forget, that in well-timed incident consists the secret of keeping up the attention of an audience, and too often wander 'till they are lost, in the studied elegance of well-drawn dialogue, sentimental axioms, and long conversations. In these respects, even the *School for Scandal*, and the *Critic*, with all their excellencies, occasionally err; but more particularly, *General Burgoyne's Heiress*, which last I read with pleasure, but viewed its performance not without lassitude. In the opinion of modern frequenters of a theatre, the pulpit and the press afford ample supplies of moral effusion, mental improvement, and interesting narrative; and the only business of the stage, is either to enchant, by elaborate melody, executed with almost painful difficulty, and high-wrought strains of rapture, or to

surprize by brilliant decoration, and dexterously managed machinery, or lastly and principally, to make us laugh. In the senseless trash of O'Keefe's Peeping Tom, which I had much rather eat a copy of, than be obliged to read or describe it, when the irresistible curiosity of Tom, impells him, in spite of all injunctions, to view Godina, who is supposed to be riding by, in her undress, from a window, to reach which he raises himself on a stool, and leaving description to the imagination of his hearers, suddenly turns round and exclaims, with up-lifted hands, —talk of a coronation! I have witnessed thunders of applause, which shook the house to its foundation, far beyond all that Shakespear, or Sheridan, have ever been able to produce.

This article might have been considerably prolonged by an enumeration of the deficiencies of this writer, but, with all his errors, I cannot but consider him as one, who enabled by scenic habits, a superior knowledge of stage effect, and a minute intimacy with the by-roads to ridiculous absurdity, which he must have watched for, and copied from different walks of life, with no small accuracy and diligence, I cannot but consider him as one who has contributed largely to the public stock of innocent pleasure, and harmless amusement. He has felt, he has successfully felt the general pulse, and has applied lenients to the public mind, which effectually answer that purpose, for which sages have trimmed their midnight lamps, and artists have perplexed themselves in vain. Though separated by a long inter-

val from Shakespear, Congreve, Vanburgh, Hoadley, Steele, and Sheridan, I may place him without fear, on a secure equality with Garrick, Colman, and Foote, who were as powerfully assisted in the walks of low comedy, by Weston, as O'Keefe has been supported by the grimace and gesture of poor Edwin, who, in many pieces, on the stage "was himself the joke."

I cannot mention the name of Edwin, who in walks of low comedy, foppish affectation, and broad caricature, was inimitable, without regretting, that a man, who had so universally pleased the public, was hurried down by the malevolence of a diurnal scribbler, and the noisy violence of a violent virago, to almost constant intoxication, and eventually to certain death. Her legal claims to matrimonial rights, I will not dispute, though Jemmy Jumps repeatedly denied them; his errors, as a domestic character, I lament, I wish not to palliate or defend, but as mutual happiness is the great, indeed the only motive, which ought to bring and keep the sexes together, I cannot but smile at the ridiculous absurdity of endeavouring to force a man, in spite of himself, to nuptial endearments, who repeatedly offered a sufficient pecuniary allowance, declared he preferred a prison, or even hell, to associating with the lady, and clearly felt a sacrifice to chagrin, and his ineffectual efforts to banish it by drinking; while the frequenters of the theatre, and particularly O'Keefe, have severely suffered by his death.

To conclude, the present universal tendency in all ranks, and
in

in all situations of mankind, to ape the vices, and exceed the expences of their superiors, had arrived at an injurious, an alarming pitch, and the interests of society demanded, that the pretended gentleman, the upstart mechanic, and the little tradesman, bolstered up by long credit, and the vanity of running into excess, and their country boxes in a chaise and one, called by the late chancellor, bankrupt carts, should be exposed to public notice and contempt. This task, Edwin and O'Keefe have effectually performed, by the skilful exertion of their dramatic weapons, while the tomohawk and scalping knife of the satirist and divine, have too often failed of success. By the profuse and unceasing productions of his pen, our author has diffused a general knowledge and dislike of contemptible fops and petit maitres, who without any grace of mind or body, but such as gamesters, prostitutes, taylor, and barbers bestow, too often tempted the unwary tradesman into ruinous confidence, and the infatuated female, captivated by small talk, fashion and splendor, into irretrievable ruin.

PARISH BUSINESS, a term given to collecting the rate, providing for the support and employment of the poor, and keeping the church in repair. The peculations of church-wardens, overseers, and secret committees, have been remarked and censured in various articles of this collection, without the most distant view of reflecting on the Richmond parochial management, which without imputing, or even supposing it to be founded on selfishness or ill-

design, is surely aristocratic and oppressive.

Since the publication of my former volume, a quondam officer of a parish in London, which shall be nameless, was evidently approaching his last moments, when in addition to those doubts which bold bad men despise, his mind was observed to be oppressed with some grievous burthen, and he declared, he could not die in peace, 'till he had eased his conscience of it. His friends drew near the bed, when he made the following confession, and instantly expired.

" It has been, as it now proves,
 " my misfortune to serve several
 " offices of this parish, and as the
 " world imagines, with credit to
 " myself, and justice to others;
 " but I confess with shame and
 " contrition, that it was my constant rule, with the consent of
 " my brother officers, to add twopence in the pound to each rate,
 " for our own personal expences,
 " feasting and carousals. On two
 " occasions a bill was incurred at
 " the London Tavern, where, in
 " the madness of intoxication, we
 " burnt our wigs and part of our
 " clothes, which were replaced at
 " the expence of our neighbours.
 " I confess with sorrow and penitence, my dishonourable conduct, and I make it my last, my
 " dying request, that as soon as
 " may be after my decease, one
 " hundred pounds be paid by my
 " executors, for the use of the
 " parish."

PATRONAGE OF ROYALTY, not always favourable to the exertions of genius.—See Burney, Miss, in this volume, page 27.

PELEW, Islands so called, situated in the western part of the Pacific Ocean, to which public attention was for some time directed, by the shipwreck of an East-India packet, in the year 1783, when Captain Wilson and his associates, instead of the treatment they expected from savage cruelty, and uncivilized barbarism, experienced ready aid, and effectual relief; such as I fear, in many instances, would not have been afforded them (and I blush for my own country, whilst I make the confession) in latitudes, which have been long the boasted seat of christianity, freedom, laws, and arts; where the wretched seaman is too often plundered of the miserable remnant, misfortune and the tempest have left him.

Of these Islands, and the fate of the ship's company, a pleasing and interesting narrative has been published or adorned by the elegant and classic pen of Mr. Keate, who in addition to the *perishing* perplexities of brick and mortar, and the consequent exhausting subtleties of a tedious law-suit, has been accused by the critics, of decorating the journal of a sea voyage, and its disasters, with the poetic licence of Fenelon's *Telemachus*, and the romantic spirit of Marmontel's *Belisarius*. A doubtful mist, it must be confessed still hangs over the account, a mist, which has been rather increased by intelligence lately received, which describes the reception and treatment of a ship's company, who sailed near the island, as threatening and hostile in the extreme. This alteration of deportment may however be easily accounted for, and was

probably occasioned by the hopes of the islanders being disappointed, in not seeing Le Boo, a beloved son of Abba Thulle, King of the Islands, who, by his father's permission, and his own request, accompanied Captain Wilson to Europe; but, after charming and surprizing all who knew him, by his rapid conception, soft simplicity, and amiable sensibility, unfortunately died of the small-pox, a very probable evil, a calamity to be expected, and easily to have been prevented, had the young man been inoculated the moment he landed in England. That the honest, unsuspecting natives should receive those, whom they considered as ruffians, and the murderers of their prince, an amiable young man, is no very incredible circumstance.

If, however, we could indulge the pleasing supposition, that Islands so remote from, and unknown to European arts and policy, exhibited the mild manners, without the vices of polished life, the striking contrast might amuse a philosophic mind. While we contemplate the generous clemency and prompt hospitality of Abba Thulle, or the warm virtues and tender philanthropy of Lee Boo, his descendant, the parallel will be little to the advantage of Europe: perhaps we should rather dread, than wish for their making further advances in the contaminating intercourse of nations; for after all the boasted and exaggerated advantages of learning, religion, laws, and commerce, can they in every instance compensate, to the inhabitants of a country, such as Mr. Keate describes our pacific island for banished simplicity

plicity and distorted nature, corrupted morals, bloody zeal, and oppressive complicated codes.

PEOPLE, THE, a many stringed instrument, easily played on, and managed by the hand of a skilful master: see the latter part of Scaurus in this volume.

PEREGRINE PICKLE, a favourite novel.—See Vol. I. page 130.

PICKPOCKETS, at the bar of the house of lords, but this circumstance not ascertained, 'till it was discovered the paymaster-general of the forces was in the crowd: see Rigby, Richard, in this volume.

PITCAIRN, DR. his epitaph on Lord Dundee.—See Vol. I. page 51.

POET LAUREAT, a title first invented by the Cæsars of Germany, “perpetuated by custom or by vanity in the English court,” and conferred at different times on the various and unequal merits of a Gower, a Skelton, a Dryden, a Cibber, and a Warton. From Augustus to George the Third, “the Muse has too often been false and venal, but it will be difficult to produce in any age or country, a similar establishment, of a stipendiary poet, who is bound to furnish twice a year, a measure of praise and verse, such as may be sung in the presence of the sovereign and his court.”

The Delphic laurel, in the mythology of the Greeks consecrated to Apollo, and celebrated by the enthusiastic imagination of poets, and the garland of oak-leaves distributed to victors in the Roman

Capitoline games, probably first suggested such a literary distinction, which with its various ceremonies, was continued to the reign of Theodosius, who abolished it, as a remnant of Pagan superstition.

After ages of desolation and Gothic barbarism, when few could write, and few enjoy the pleasures of good writing, this title was renewed with considerable splendor, and after due examination, in the tender and accomplished Petrarch, whose name, though his works have been abandoned by the severity of certain modern critics to a long repose, has a strong and just claim to gratitude and praise, for reviving by precept, as well as example, the spirit and studies of the Augustan age. Various disputes have arisen on the subject of his Laura, by some commentators, her existence has been denied, by others her identity is strongly asserted, as well as her never having been married; in a third instance, the Abbè de Sade, who glories in being her descendant, calls her the mother of eleven children, naming precisely the date of her birth, her marriage, her death, and the name of her husband, Hugues de Sade, a citizen of Avignon. The identical object of a poet's love, sometimes existing only in his own heated imagination, and sometimes real flesh and blood, after so long an interval, cannot be easily ascertained. A laughable story has been circulated at the expence of Mr. Merry, on the faith of the author of the Baviad, who says, that the attention of the founder of the English Della Crusca school, was caught by reading some pretty lines

lines in a news-paper, to which a sonorous outlandish name was affixed, and that in the fervour of his imagination, he the next day addressed, in a sonnet, the author of the verses, whom he supposed a female, in the warm raptures of poetic love; but it unfortunately was discovered a few days after, that the writer was of the masculine gender, and if I mistake not, an African negro.

In the contest concerning Laura, as in many others, zeal and partiality too often supply the place of evidence and argument: both sides may be right, in their assertions concerning the person *they consider* as Petrarch's love, but all may be wrong, when their assertions are applied to the real object of their hero's attachment. I confess I see no sort of disgrace attached to the poet or his mistress, from the mere circumstance of her being married, which the admirers of Petrarch, think it their duty so elaborately to refute, and so strenuously to deny.

I believe few men have passed through life without admiring, and sometimes celebrating female beauty and excellence, although possessed by another: but it must be extreme ignorance, or extreme malice only, that would convert every instance of such involuntary homage to feminine worth, into illicit intercourse. In such cases, the dangers of time, opportunity, and importunity, cannot be too often, or too strongly inculcated. But daily instances occur, in which, from the united force of friendship, interest, and religion, the nuptial vow has never been stained, even by what a late writer, somewhat

irreverently, calls the innocent adultery of the eye.

The distinction of Poet Laureat, which Petrarch deserved and enjoyed, was conferred on Philelphus a satirical, generous, but distressed poet of the fifteenth century, whose Decades and prose epistles are not without entertaining anecdotes of his times: on Tasso who took refuge from calamity under the patronage of Cardinal Aldobrandini: on Querno the buffoon of Leo the tenth, and on Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius the third, who on being presented with a panegyric in verse by a poet who expected pecuniary recompence, gave him the following impromptu.

"Pro numeris numeros vobis sperate Poetæ,

"Mutare est animus carmina, non emere." To which the writer with spirit, perhaps with justice, replied,

"Si tibi pro numeris numeros fortuna dedisset

"Non esset capiti tanta corona tuo."

To my fair readers who may feel the inconvenience of a dead language, which I am not often guilty of introducing, it may be necessary to explain that the Pope in his two lines, expressed his determination to give verse for verse, that he would barter but not buy poetry: to this the disappointed expectant replied, that if his Holiness had never met with any other return, for the labours of his pen, the triple crown would never have encircled his head.

POOR, the provision for, a heavy expence, but not always

ways productive to them of comfort.—See Vol. I. page 98.

POPE, ALEXANDER, the most correct and harmonious of English poets, evidently and in the first instance from his own confession, assisted by the rich melody of Dryden, and the strong imagination of Milton. On a writer who has exhausted the copiousness of Ruffhead, the versatile refinement of Dr. Warton, the candid, well-informed criticism of Spence, and the acute precision of Dr. Johnson, little remains to be said; yet I cannot help acknowledging the pleasant and scientific manner in which the second writer after a pause of twenty years, has gradually and almost imperceptibly undermined the untenable assertions contained in his first volume, concerning the genius and writings of the subject of this article. I only wish that Dr. Warton and other men of genius like him, and his late brother, would often advance some ingenious paradox, for the exercise or the amusement of literary circles, and that the public might occasionally be gratified and improved, by such elaborate, and judicious recantations.

"Pope," says one of his bitter periodic enemies (speaking of Heloise) and ingeniously if not successfully answered by Miss Seward, "Pope has taken much pains to make a penitent Nun, speak the language of a Prostitute." The assertion of this gallant champion for the fair but frail recluse, is not without foundation, nor can such conduct be excused, by the fervid imagination of a poet, or the tempting opportunity such singular adventures afforded, to the

creative mind of a man of sensibility and genius, for glowing description, passionate language, picturesque imagery, and pathetic exclamation. For who can read the inimitable epistle of Heloise to Abelard, without experiencing the alternate impulse of desire, pity, or rage, and lastly, the freezing languor of irrecoverable despair.

Yet, in strictness of fact, the poem is erroneous, for the unfortunate Heloise was not so wholly, so decidedly lost to the importance of fair fame, and the world's good opinion, as to decline marriage *on her own account*, or on the licentious principles of our poet, who I believe would have been an arrant rake, but for the mortifying impediments of a distorted form, and a tender constitution. "*Nuptiæ non conveniunt cum philosopho.*" Wedlock and its cares are unsuitable to the life and habits of a man of learning, are the words of this accomplished woman, who was conversant in several languages, as well as mistress of that, which is the most intelligible, and most forcible of all others, the language of the heart. She considered, she sensibly considered marriage as inconsistent with the pursuits of her lover, who was ambitious of literary fame, and fired with the keen ardour of polemic controversy, the fashionable scholastic learning of his day, the "entities and quiddities" of the irrefragable Doctor, Duns Scotus, &c. Of these curious lucubrations of Abelard, evidently the productions of an acute, but misguided mind, some are still extant, a species of reading, not very acceptable to readers of the present times.

This

This statement, strictly consistent with historic truth, but widely different from the sensual and voluptuous motives, so seducingly displayed in Mr. Pope's epistle, surely place Heloise in a most amiable point of view.

I may probably be thought over-scrupulous, and unreasonably severe, in wishing to remove the interesting and pleasing volumes of this author, from his usual shelf in the library. I may provoke the censure so often pronounced against the present age, that the farther advances we make in debauchery and excess, the more scrupulous and fastidiously nice we become in our taste and apprehensions: that before a life of abandoned infamy, we draw a thin and flimsy curtain of preposterous affectation, and faces hardened by the bronze of guilt, we plaster and dawb over with artificial blushes, the ineffectual semblance of innocence and sensibility. "A rank hypocrite upon record," (says an acute critic) "a profligate, well known in every stew, and posted in the spurious chronicles of every parish in which he has resided, shall rouse the indignation of an audience, for a minute violation of public decency, or the most distant warm allusion in a play or in conversation, and shall condemn a book to obloquy and reproach, for the slightest deviation from strict decorum, while the prude and demireps, who join in chorus with their hero, abuse, yet enjoy the forbidden fruit."

Yet I cannot but think the passages, to whose avowed licentiousness of sentiment and irritating

voluptuousness I have just alluded, as highly injurious to the manners of a rising generation, and incompatible with that unfulfilled purity, so desirable in female minds, and so very essential to the welfare of families. I once heard a modern Lorenzo, who is mentioned at the 27th page of the first volume of this work, a gay accomplished villain, who had killed his man, and debauched many women, I once heard him triumphantly declare, that it was his constant and regular system, in the prosecution of his amorous intrigues, to lay certain profligate, but well-written memoirs, as it were accidentally in the way; after they had produced their natural effects, he followed them up, by reading with due emphasis, significant gesture, and explanatory comment, this luscious poem, to his infatuated victims, and he declared, (instigated I hope rather by iniquitous vanity, than truth) that he never failed of success.

Pope has been lately accused of stealing largely, and without acknowledgment, from Theocritus and from Milton, who probably had been marauding before him: I can only apply on this occasion, what Charles the Second (with his usual nonsensical fishy oath) said of Dryden, on a similar accusation, "I wish our present poets would commit such agreeable thefts."

POPISH SYSTEM, its probable effects, had it been completely established.—See Vol. I. page 91.

PRATT, EDWARD, an officer in the service of the East-India Company, and half brother to a venerable and illustrious peer of the same name, who confers honour

honour on that house, in which he accepted a seat. This singular character is produced in this place, as a remarkable instance of unconquerable taciturnity, and a tenacious accuracy of memory. Though by no means an avaricious man, he always preferred the upper floor of a house for his residence, on account of its tranquillity, and regularly, without departing once from his rule for twenty years, while on shore, dined in a room by himself, at a tavern, consuming daily throughout the year, a solitary bottle of port, without intoxication. He was seldom heard to speak, but no circumstance, however urgent, could prevail on him to break silence at whist, the favourite amusement, or rather occupation of his life, and at the conclusion of each rubber, he could correctly call over the cards, in the exact order in which they were played, as well as the persons from whose hands they fell, and enumerate various instances of error or dexterity in his associates, with practical remarks. This extraordinary exertion of the retentive powers, though exercised on a trifling occasion, was often doubted, and as often ascertained by considerable wagers, or the "*argumentum ad crumenam*," the favourite, and where both parties have money, the decisive argument of the present age, better qualified for drawing out a purse, than producing acute reasoning, or elaborate investigation.

But abstinence from speech, was the favourite, the habitual, or the affected pleasure of his life; he chose to forego many little satisfactions and comforts, rather than

be at the pains to ask for them: the endearing chit chat of friendship and affection, the social small talk of domestic life, the lively intercourse and spirited conversation of polished circles, which the sons of solitude sometimes relish, and are often best able to join in and enjoy, he sedulously avoided, perhaps was unqualified to taste. In his voyages to the east, he might be compared to the Asiatic mute, or the visionary quietist, whose eyes and thoughts are immoveably rivetted by inspiration, madness or emptiness, to the region of the navel: he often doubled the Cape without opening his lips. On a certain occasion, the ship had been detained by a long and troublesome calm, to an English sailor far more distressing than a tempestuous sea: the anxious and dispirited crew were at last revived by the wished-for breeze springing up, a miserably dressed seaman at last proclaimed the welcome tidings of land, from the top-mast. While the officers and ship's company were congratulating each other on the approaching comforts of terra firma, the features of Mr. Pratt were observed to alter, and somewhat unbend. "I knew you would enjoy the thoughts of land," said the first officer, to our special original: "I saw it an hour before the careless ragamuffin aloft," were the first, the last, and the only words he uttered during the voyage.

He, who for months has been either pent up in the foetid exhalations of a ship's hold, the disgusting closeness of a dog-hole between the decks, or been drenched, melted, or frozen on the shrouds or a quarter-

ter-deck, will join in surprize, and is best qualified to estimate such unnatural, such stoic apathy. This general costiveness of speech, such unsocial reserved behaviour, probably originated from ill treatment on his first voyage, and a subsequent, hasty, unfavourable opinion of his associates, the boisterous sons of the waves: an ill-founded, an ungenerous prejudice, in which he was supported by a sensible and learned writer, whose Goliath faculties were at times debased by the puerile infatuations of a pigmy. "I prefer a prison to a ship," said Dr. Johnson, "for you have always more room, and generally better company." This illiberal sarcasm, from a man who knew and taught better things, deserved, and in certain circles would have experienced the chastisement of a cane, could a man have been found, sufficiently bold to encounter the formidable quarter-staff of the moralist, which was once sufficiently terrific to silence the gallant, but not the justifiable menaces of Mr. Macpherson, who attempted to throw his sword into the critical balance, which admits only sound argument, and a clear statement of facts.

PRESSING, a mode of procuring mariners for public service in cases of emergency, violent, alarming, and often dangerous; bearing hard on a useful body of men, whose exposure to the warring elements, seems to render additional calamity unnecessary, and apparently inconsistent with the genius of a free government. Yet this harsh proceeding, so contrary to British liberty,

seems a prerogative inherent in the crown, from general immemorial usage, grounded on common law, and though not directly, and in express terms, authorized by any particular statute, recognized by many acts of parliament, which it is not reasonable to suppose would mention a practice, illegal and repugnant to the principles of the constitution, without some mark of disapprobation.

War is confessedly a great evil, and pressing, one of the mischiefs that accompany it, but it is a maxim in law, as well as sound policy, that private mischiefs must be submitted to, for the prevention of national calamity, and a greater calamity cannot be imagined, than to be weak and defenceless at sea, in time of war. I will not harraß the reader or myself, by a long and pompous recitation of acts, from the petitions, as they were then stiled, of the fifty-seventh year of the reign of Edward the third, to the statute of the second and third of Philip and Mary, which "layeth a penalty on watermen, for obstinately withdrawing and hiding themselves in secret places and out-corners, 'till the time of pressing is over-passed." I come at once to that auspicious period, the revolution, when the principles of liberty were understood and asserted. During the reign of King William, as well as that of Queen Anne, persons under certain qualifications, and of a certain description, were exempted from pressing, under proper precautions, to prevent abuse.

These exemptions, clearly and incontestibly pre-suppose and prove the expediency, the necessity, and
legality

legality of pressing, as without such remedies or protections, the law considers every seaman as liable and subject to an inconvenience, unavoidable in a maritime country.

This subject, which was thought important by that great constitutional lawyer, that honest man, Sir Michael Foster, (to whom I am indebted for the little I know relating to it) will, I hope, be considered as not wholly unworthy the attention of general readers, stripped of technical phrase, and legal jargon, as it may tend to the quieting of men's minds, when they shall be convinced that this temporary invasion of personal liberty, after other various and ineffectual methods of manning the navy have been repeatedly tried, is necessary for the welfare, and even the existence of the state, and that it is the law of the land: observing that the question of pressing freemen or landmen, is not at all affected by this declaration. I should also hope that this undisguised statement of a question, which has often afforded matter of declamation to superficial dabbles, would stimulate all who are immediately or remotely concerned in commanding, or supplying the wants of the British navy, to exert themselves, in alleviating the hardships, and administering to the comforts of English seamen, who perhaps at the moment of return from a long and perilous voyage, are thus exposed by the hard law of inexorable necessity, to be suddenly dragged from the dearest objects of love, and domestic affection, to seek for wounds and death, amidst the raging of tempests, and the

noise of many waters. Their share of prize-money, notwithstanding certain laudable improvements lately enforced, is confessedly small and inadequate to their toil and danger, while that of the commander in chief, is enormous, beyond all reason and proportion. The delays in procuring their miserable pittance, are vexatious and perplexing, and the abuses of purfers and agents not sufficiently guarded against, whilst the attention of government is too partially devoted to the army, and too considerable a portion of the national expenditure consumed in a peace establishment, avowedly greater than is necessary.

While the crown is thus confessedly authorized to raise mariners for the navy, on great national emergencies, and under urgent necessity, I am inclined to think an action might be brought with advantage, by an impressed man, against a minister, who on every idle occasion, of obstinacy, whim, or caprice, was fitting out armaments, at an immense national expence, and to the injury and oppression of commerce and private individuals: armaments too often commencing in puerile bluster and menace, and ending in the most humiliating submission and disgrace.

PRIESTLEY, Dr. the animosity between him and Mr. Badcock accounted for.—See Vol. I. page 27.

PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES, the scandalous and unjustifiable treatment she experienced; also, a severe, perhaps an unfounded invective sketch of her malignant assailant, who has been stiled

stiled a Drawcanfir, in religion, literature, and politics.—See Steuart, John, in this volume.

PROBART, Mr. his Welch difficulties.—See Vol. I. page 38.

PRUSSIA, FREDERICK, KING OF, his scrupulous observance of the property of his subjects, in two instances.—See Arnold, John, in this volume, page 11.

PSALMANAZAR, GEORGE, a man of learning, a cunning impostor, and one of the writers employed in compiling the Universal History, a task which he appears to have executed with sufficient skill and fidelity.

This adventurer, who attracted in his time, no small attention, was first noticed by a Colonel Lauder, in the garrison of Sluys, at which place, a wanderer from his parents and country, and under the pressure of extreme poverty, he had enlisted as a private soldier. But he industriously and artfully circulated a strange story, that he was a native of the island of Formosa, converted from idolatry by certain missionaries of the society of Jesus, and that he was obliged to fly from the vengeance of the Japanese, whose hatred has been described as particularly virulent against christianity in all its forms. The singularity of his relation, and the apparent simplicity of his manners, induced the Colonel, and Innes, his regimental chaplain, an unprincipled profligate, to take him under their protection; he accompanied them to England, and was soon after introduced to the Bishop of London, who listened to his account with pity and im-

PLICIT faith, became his patron, contributed generously towards his support, and rewarded with considerable preferment, Innes, who was aware of, and had early detected the cheat, but considered it as a convenient step to patronage.

The artful conduct of the stranger, in producing and speaking a language, alphabet and grammar, purely of his own invention, and his eating raw meat, roots and herbs, soon rendered him an object of public notice, and occasioned variety of conjecture, and much curious disquisition between many characters of the first rank in church and state. The keen-eyed scepticism of the Doctors Halley, Mead, and Woodward, rescued them however from the charge of blind credulity, in which many of their respectable contemporaries were involved, for these gentlemen had cried down Psalmanazar as an arrant rogue, from the beginning: yet, what pretence, however vain, what absurdity, however palpable, need shrink from enquiry, or dread detection, in a city, where that genius of nonsense, Dr. Graham, Mayersbach, and Animal Magnetism met with zealous disciples, and warm encouragement?

The most sanguine hopes of the impostor, could he have silenced the accusation of his own heart, appear to have been crowned with success, and he derived liberal contributions from the pity, the curiosity, or the folly of mankind, who considered it their duty, as christians, as well as men, to protect an unfortunate fugitive, who had suffered in the cause of truth.

He

He drew up in Latin, an account of the island of Formosa, a consistent and entertaining work, which was translated, and hurried through the press, had a rapid sale, and is quoted without suspicion, by Buffon; whilst his adherence to certain singularities in his manners and diet, gathered from popular opinion, or from books, considerably strengthened the imposition, for the carrying on of which he was eminently qualified, by possessing a command of countenance and temper, which no perplexity, rough usage, or cross examination, could ruffle or derange.

His memory was at the same time so wonderfully tenacious, that after the exercise of habit, in verbal arrangement, on being desired to translate a long list of English words into the Formosan language, they were marked down without his knowledge, and his credit was considerably corroborated by his correctly affixing the same terms to the same words, on the questions being repeated, three, six, or even twelve months afterwards; in this manner his imposture had, it is true, been at first discovered by Innes, but this disgrace to his cloth suppressed what he knew, and joined in the fraud from sinister motives. By favour of the Bishop of Oxford, who proved a warm advocate in his cause, Psalmanazar was enabled to improve himself in his studies, and convenient apartments were provided for him in one of the colleges at Oxford. To impress his new neighbours at this place, with proper ideas of his intense and unceasing application, it was his custom to keep lighted candles in his room

during the night, and to sleep in an easy chair, that his bed-maker, finding his bed untumbled, (and not failing to repeat the circumstance) might not suppose he indulged in so unphilosophical and illiterate a refreshment, as going to bed: he would also occasionally lament the noise and interruptions of certain young men in an adjoining apartment, who preferred the joys of wine and good fellowship, to solitude and midnight studies.

On his return to London, he drew up, at the desire of his ecclesiastic friends, a Version of the Church Catechism, in what he called his native tongue, which was examined by the learned, found regular and grammatical, and pronounced a real language, and no counterfeit: by these and other conciliating arts, the supplies of his patrons continued liberal, and he was enabled to lead an idle, in some instances, when he was thrown off his guard, an extravagant, and it is to be feared, occasionally an immoral life: he was accused of engaging in amorous intrigue with certain females, more distinguished for rank and wealth, than purity of manners, or correct conduct.

As the personal attractions of our Formosan were not remarkable, his becoming a favourite with women, who boasted that the flower of the army, the law, and the church, were at their command, may appear remarkable: but, when once the sacred modesty of nature has been overleaped, there seem to be no bounds to the extravagant eccentricities of female whim and caprice. One of these female

female knights errant, who afterwards appeared in another character, is said to have declared in her usual lively way, "I positively shall never be easy, 'till I have been introduced to this strange man with a hard name, who has been converted by the Jesuits, fled from Japan, and eats raw meat in England." But, several of his friends were offended by such conduct, the critics, and among others, Dr. Douglas, "the scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks," could not rest, 'till their doubts and incredulity were justified, they pointed out various absurdities, and many contradictions in his narrative, as well as in his declarations, he was gradually lowered in the public esteem, his early benefactors silently withdrew their support:—the fraud was generally understood, and the capricious *cullibility* of the public, which is so eager at first to swallow barefaced improbability, was soon converted, by a natural process into the malignity of irritated pride, and the mean resentment of mortified vanity, while those who had originally given warning against imposture, did not forget to increase the confusion of their opponents, by ridicule and sarcasm.

The situation of this degraded man became critical; detected, and almost deserted, his subsistence was precarious, but having displayed in his assumed character, considerable abilities, and having cultivated an extensive acquaintance with a class of men, who have been pronounced the best patrons of literary adventure, he was employed by the bookfellers

in a periodic publication, and lastly in the accurate and useful, but dry and laborious undertaking of a Universal History, a considerable portion of the antient part of which, was committed to his care. Although he did not in any public formal manner, proclaim his imposition, and could never be prevailed on, to disclose his real name and country, supposed to be the south of France, that he might not (he observed) disgrace his family, he did not scruple confessing his fraud to confidential friends, with tears and other marks of repentance. His repentance was sincere, in the opinion of Dr. Johnson, who used to say, that the sorrows of Psalmanazar, in speaking of this deception, were heart-felt, strong, and energetic, like those of Peter, after the denial of his Saviour, when "he went out, and wept bitterly." It was no common grief, arising from blasted hopes, but a real hatred, of himself for the crime he had committed; remorse, compunction, and dread of that punishment he was conscious he deserved, a punishment which contrition and Divine mercy only, were able to avert. His frame was shaken and convulsed with agony, his face drowned in tears, his utterance choaked with sobs and groans, a spectacle which no feeling man could behold without emotion; and he, who could deny to such anguish, the merit of sincerity, or the probable reward of Divine acceptance, surely betrays a heart, uninfluenced by religion, and an understanding, incapable of fathoming the depths of all-powerful goodness.

QUAKERS,

QUAKERS, their near resemblance to primitive christians.—See Vol. I. page 56.

QUEEN CAROLINE, her good intentions towards Mr. Duck frustrated.—See Vol. I. page

50.
REFORMATION, generally unpopular.—See Vol. I. page 91.

REPUTATION, an insensibility or carelessness about it, generally unfounded or affected.—See Vol. I. page 101.

RETALIATION, a poem.—See Goldsmith, Oliver, in this volume, page 54.

REVOLUTION IN FRANCE, an event accompanied, like many other blessings of equal magnitude, with calamity, bloodshed, and confusion; yet, with all its enormities, what honest man, laying his hand on his heart, can say, I wish it never had taken place.

This subversion of an ancient monarchy has excited the military vengeance, and may ultimately tend to confirm the emancipation of Germany, by communicating to the much injured inhabitants of that extensive continent, a salutary, but, to kings and statesmen, a dangerous truth: that war, the curse and scourge of mankind, is too often commenced by sovereigns, contrary to, and independent of, the interests and inclination of their subjects; and that the present contest between France and the Emperor, evidently ceases, on the part of Austria and the Netherlands, to be a common cause with king and people. I will not offend by allusions to the American war, or to what

would be still more fatal, and lead to more domestic mischief, the British courts' interfering directly or *indirectly* against the Gallic republic. I will not detain my reader, by describing how rapidly the cities and strong holds of Brabant, Liege, and the Palatinate, have yielded to, or rather echoed, the magic voice of liberty; I will not compare this talisman of common sense, placed by God and nature in the hands of every man, to the blasts of those miraculous horns, at whose approach the devoted walls of Jerico fell down.

This animating, this electric subject, has exercised the pens of a host of English writers, and the mentioning it with terms of exultation, in my former volume, has provoked severe censure on the compiler of this collection. It is not necessary, I presume, to refute Mr. Burke's assertion, that a country on the verge of bankruptcy, and labouring under the complicated excesses of a despotic military monarchy, venal courts of law, a degenerate nobility, rioting in privilege and exemption, and a corrupt, oppressive, ecclesiastical establishment, had already a good government; the reverse to the declaration of this illustrious backslider from genuine whiggism, will, I believe, be found a self-evident proposition. Shall I notice the vulgar bellowing, that an admirer of the *new model* in France, as a great personage generally calls it, must of course be a preacher of sedition, violence, murder, and confusion, and an enemy to the *form* of the English constitution, which Mirabeau once called

called an absolute monarchy, burthened and expensively incumbered with a complex republican machinery. I cannot agree in opinion with this celebrated Frenchman, for I thank God and our forefathers, the King of England is restrained by the omnipotence of law, that a certain portion of our members of parliament are representatives actually chosen by the voice of the people, and that the evanescent privileges and exemptions of our nobility, with a few proper exceptions in their judicial and legislative capacities, are, as they ought to be, little more than nominal; that the exertion of our ecclesiastic code, is languid, and I hope nearly counteracted by the good sense and spirit of the times; that notwithstanding the shameful inequality of church revenue, men of merit are occasionally rewarded; but what is more important than all, the constitution of this realm, contrary to that of France, which required oversetting from its foundation, THE CONSTITUTION OF THIS NATION, CONTAINS WITHIN ITSELF, APT, PROPER, AND SAFE REMEDIES, FOR ITS OWN EVILS AND DISEASES, were they seriously and honestly applied without seditious purpose, or what is to the full as injurious, the stale, unmanly, but oft practiced state juggle, of imposing on and cheating the people, by holding forth to them visionary impracticable theories of reform, without a wish or a design, that they shall ever be really and substantially put in practice. On this awful and highly interesting subject, I beg leave to impress on the mind of Mr. Pitt and his coadjutors,

from whatever quarter, expediency and state policy may have collected the variegated groupe, that the English people are well convinced, a minister, in the present parliamentary system, can never be successfully opposed in any tolerably decent measure, if he sincerely has it at heart. With such convictions, which neither sophistry, plausibility, or the violence of Mr. Burke, can overset, I earnestly intreat the chancellor of the exchequer, and his friend Dundas, before they draw their fifth cork, to consider with what emotions of resentment and contempt we shall hear him say, "I proposed such and such measures, but they were carried against me by the voice of a majority."

Whether the massacres at Paris were produced by ill-timed opposition, invited by insidious policy, or called forth by perfidious duplicity, who does not wish to punish the instigators as well as perpetrators of bloody enormity. "That task," exclaimed a zealous, a sensible, but misled Antigallican, before the Brunswick retreat, "that task is reserved by indignant Heaven, for the Imperial and Prussian forces, who will carry fire and sword through a guilty country, and speedily purge the infected land of such atrocious savages."

It is uncharitable to deprive the defenders of a sinking cause, of such aids and such comforts, as extravagant hyperbole, harsh epithet, and fictitious narrative afford, yet the future historian of France, under the sacred guidance of truth, will find himself compelled to declare, that but for the deplorable

deplorable tragedy of the tenth of August, France would have been betrayed by vipers fostered in her own bosom; that national liberty would have been exchanged for Austrian fetters, and that Paris, but for the bloody tenth of August, would, with her citizens and legislators, have been devoted to that destruction so mercifully announced by the modest, unassuming Brunswick. I equally lament the principles, and deplore the fate, of the fair, the accomplished Lamballe; I execrate the mad proceeding of a riotous exasperated multitude, who executed, without legal forms, summary and exemplary justice on this misguided woman and her associates; yet the fact is known to thousands, as well as those who *profess* an opposite opinion, that this unhappy princess was engaged in the most perfidious, and, if they had taken place, the most bloody stratagems; that her death, described with so much horror, and naturally productive of sympathy in every humane breast, was momentary, instantaneous, and without insult or indecorum, though it has been aggravated in the florid style of Mr. Burke's Funeral Eulogy on the Death of the faithful and intrepid Miomandre, at the door of the queen's bed-chamber, Miomandre, who lives at the moment I write.

Time, and a superintending Providence, can alone determine, if the hopes of the emigrants and their friends, apparently more depressed than ever, will again revive; but whatever be the event, whether Paris is destined to be a well-organized republic, a scene of convulsive democratic anarchy,

a desert, or a despotic court, from what has passed, deductions may be drawn, of high import to the peace and interest of mankind in all countries, and under all institutions. Every well-meant effort to reform state abuse is highly laudable, but let us cautiously and seriously examine if the means we use, may not in their consequences, be productive of mischiefs more fatal, than those we propose to remove; let us recollect, that an enraged multitude, of fierce passions, unbridled appetites, and unenlightened understandings, is, like other evil spirits, easily raised, but with difficulty quelled: that fire in the furnace of a skilful chemist, is capable of extracting gold from ore, and other highly useful purposes, but mismanaged by ignorance or ill design, will often blow up the most costly materials, and involve the artist, his house, and apparatus, in irretrievable ruin. Kings also may learn a useful lesson, that becoming foldiers, we cease not to be citizens and men; that standing armies, those powerful and deadly weapons, so long the pride of monarchs, and the terror of their subjects, may drop in a moment from their hands, whenever, in the unguarded insolence of power, they shall forget, that government was first instituted for the welfare of the people, and not for the mere purposes of revenue, or the corrupt intrigues and profuse amusements of a court. Administrations also, in every kingdom, may be taught from this impressive spectacle, that the business of governments in general, has hitherto been carried on in a man-

ner extravagantly expensive; that the ease and comfort of millions of useful members of society, have been too often sacrificed to the pomp and luxury of the inglorious few; that from this erroneous system, at once splendid and beggarly, nations have been generally and proportionately great and wretched. That portion of mankind, dignified by titles and descent, or enriched by fortune, I trust will also see the necessity of procuring the respect and regard of their fellow subjects, by a more diligent attention to the duties of their station, by intellectual improvement and winning accommodation, by private rectitude, public decorum, correct conduct, and moderate enjoyment:—left dragged from the silken pavillions of dissipation, excess, and lawless passion, they may be compelled, in some adverse moment, to exclaim with the miserable exiles of Coblentz; “OUR WOMEN AND OUR SUPPERS HAVE UNDONE US.”

But whilst we congratulate our continental neighbours on their triumphant progress, we may perhaps, be permitted without offence, to turn an anxious eye to the state of Great Britain, and to enquire if our invaluable freehold has been injured by fraud, invaded by violence, or refined away by the quibbles of chicanery: it surely is our duty to examine, if imperfections produced by corruption or decay, may not be removed; if improvements, suggested by the active spirit of modern investigation, may not be safely introduced by the prudent hand of patriotic reform, animated by zeal, correc-

ted by moderation, and guided by good sense. It is also an object, which seriously demands the attention of our governors, to decide if it be worthy enlightened men, or common justice to a generous people, by whom they are so well, so splendidly paid for administering the executive and legislative functions, to delay a necessary work from ill-timed timidity, calculated, only to provoke opposition, and procrastination which serves only to exasperate good citizens, and afford irritating topics to discontented malcontents. I well know the common-place buzz of the dangers of innovation, of not knowing where it will stop, of taking example from France, and a long string of apothegms, equally profound and acute, diligently thrown in the way of political melioration. Yet let me ask any reasonable man, in whose neighbourhood a fire was spreading ruin and devastation, if he would not, on such an occasion, be anxious to remove from his own premises every inflammable material? would pulling down several rotten wooden hovels, which harboured only thieves and vermin, and communicated with the flames, be rash? would a prudent man hesitate in dismissing a train of idle expensive servants, whose carelessness of fire and candle, was the talk and terror of the whole street.

In these slight observations on the French revolution and its probable effects, I will not, I have not denied, that it has been accompanied with many deplorable disasters; I have not endeavoured to conceal the errors and the crimes with which it has been accompanied;

accompanied; false assertion, and partial suppression, are unnecessary, and unworthy of a good cause, which to gain advocates needs only to be known. I have not, I flatter myself, I have not, like Mr. Burke, clothed an unprincipled virago, of athletic form, and loose manners, in the gaudy colours of the rainbow, and the cestus of love and the graces; I have not wrapped the pendulous corpulency of a Silenus, a glutton, and a bon-vivant, whose life may be described as wholly occupied in the sensual gratifications of his bed, his pullet, and his bottle; I have not clothed such an animal in the dignified garb of philosophy and wisdom. I have paid no regard to those vile, those interested declaimers, who say the English are a dissatisfied and seditious race, whom "no king can govern, and no God can please." That serious evils and abuses, which easily may, and undoubtedly ought to be redressed, certainly exist, most good, most disinterested men agree; for I equally despise the selfish, the obviously selfish outcry of pensioners, tools, and hangers on upon rich sinecures, under whatever name, or whatever sanction they may assemble, as I would zealously resist the preachers of sedition, anarchy, and confusion. A few honest efforts towards relief, would instantly soothe all complaints; and I could produce to Mr. Pitt the heads of an act of parliament, I trust and hope no *very* unconstitutional remedy, which would silence every clamour; this bill, and it will only occupy a few

pages, if he gives any unequivocal proofs of affording relief, he shall hereafter see. Such a measure, whether the reins are held by the partizans of a Portland, a Pitt, a Hawkebury, or a Shelburne, for it is no longer a question of faction or party, but of absolute political necessity, which cannot be evaded; would operate far beyond the weak expedients of alarming proclamations, and the invidious interference of petty suspicion, which I fear will produce or aggravate the mischief it endeavours to prevent. To another class of reasoners, who, I believe with the best intentions, set themselves against public amendment, on the ground that we are a flourishing, wealthy people, happy at home, and respected abroad; that alteration cannot make us better, that we should let *well* alone, I answer, that to the affluent, the elevated, the great, and the competent, who are gayly floating down the tide of fame, fortune, and success, the present, without alteration, is most assuredly a comfortable and desirable system; but my sanguine friends should recollect, that the majority of mankind, perhaps scarce one in ten, come under this description, and that justice compels us to pay some attention, and make some provision for the comfort and satisfaction of so considerable a portion of our fellow creatures; that a minute tax, which scarcely felt by the superior, the landed, and the commercial ranks, takes from them fifteen, five and twenty, or thirty shillings a year, is a severe retrenchment from the slender

flender income of a peasant, a labourer, an artizan, and a little tradesman.

"What would these trouble-
"some, these mistaken men be
"doing," said a Bishop of Salis-
bury, in a former reign, sitting at
his table, profusely covered with
the various produce of the sea-
"sons, what would they be
"doing? I am at a loss to guess
"at the hardships they experience,
"or what evils are felt by the
"church. *Things* cannot be bet-
"ter than they are." He washed
down the chagrin he felt from the
temporary interruption of a pro-
posed application for the relief of
the inferior clergy, in a bumper
of Burgundy, while a wretched
curate, whose descendant is now
at my elbow, less than six miles
from the episcopal palace, and
surrounded by a numerous off-
spring, was endeavouring to keep
soul and body together, on six and
thirty pounds a year.—The in-
ferences to be drawn from this
episcopal anecdote, touch us too
nearly to require application.

Among the various answers
called forth by Mr. Burke's un-
provoked and illiberal attack on
the French revolution, an attack
which I fear will damn an other-
wise well-earned fame to future
times, I have observed the effort
of an assailant in rhyme, from
which I have made the following
extract. Into whatever violences
we may be hereafter precipitated,
by popular indignation, by real
or imaginary grievances, or by ill-
timed discussion, I beg leave to
premise, that Mr. Burke was the
first who dragged by the head and
shoulders French politics into par-

liamentary debate, who combined
revolution topics with senatorial
discussion, and I cannot but con-
sider him as responsible for what-
ever disastrous consequences may
ensue.

The chearful trav'ler after jour-
nies past,

O'er hill and dale, and many a
dreary waste,

At distance views with exquisite
desire,

The smoking village, or the
Gothic spire,

And sees, or thinks he sees, the
wish'd-for shed,

Where love and peace shall
smooth his humble bed,

The sight of home with trans-
port fills his breast,

Sooths ev'ry pain, and lulls his
soul to rest.

Thus didst thou Edmund, ma-
ny a toiling year,

Keep thy strong course in ho-
nour's high career,

Whilst vig'rous effort and suc-
cessful aim,

Still cheer'd thy steps, and led
thee on to fame.

On themes Atlantic, impotent
and wild,

When Guildford rav'd, and
Sandwich play'd the child;

When prince and senate leagu'd
in base design,

To dig revenue from oppres-
sion's mine;

And thousands sent to fair Co-
lumbia's field,

To tempt resistance, but at last
to yield;

Purchas'd with gold each Ger-
man tyrant ran,

And thinn'd his realms to crush
the Rights of Man.

Then

Then, despotism, in arms, her
 flag unfurl'd,
 Had blotted freedom's mem'ry
 from the world.
 Call'd forth by Rockingham's
 benignant smile,
 Ierne gave thee to our British
 isle;
 With patriots join'd, illustrious
 didst thou bare,
 Thy throbbing bosom in the
 gen'rous war,
 And stem with freedom's he-
 roes, unabash'd
 The despot storm, and ministe-
 rial blast.
 Thee too, when vile enthusi-
 asts madly strove,
 To mar with violence religious
 love,
 Reason inspir'd, in Ciceronian
 strains,
 To free mankind from vile po-
 lemic chains,
 While toleration, heaven-born
 nymph, repin'd,
 That tests tyrannical should
 plague mankind.
 From such pursuits which long
 had made thee lov'd,
 From Thames to Ganges, ho-
 nour'd and approv'd,
 Say, what could tempt, thy
 course of life just run,
 To cloud the glories of a Gal-
 lic sun?
 Freedom's bright sun, whose
 vivifying ray
 Spreads o'er all France one great
 enlightened day,
 Calls forth the seeds of energy
 divine,
 To teach new lessons to the
 Bourbon line;
 Detested line! which till the
 magic rod

Of freedom chang'd it, was the
 foe of God,
 And man, God's image,—slipt
 the dogs of war
 'Gainst humble industry, and
 drove afar
 Worth, science, arts, on foreign
 shores to roam,
 Or die by fire and bayonet at
 home.
 Unhappy France! to ministe-
 rial sway,
 To fav'rites, fools, and prosti-
 tutes a prey
 For many an age; thy heroes
 vainly bled,
 To fatal vict'ries by ambition led,
 Thy gallant spirit serving but to
 mark
 And swell the triumphs of the
 Grand Monarque;
 In vain thy banish'd parliaments
 complain'd,
 Thy laws perverted, and thy
 trade inchain'd:
 Spite of our Irish orator's re-
 port,
 A beggar'd nation, tho' a splen-
 did court.
 Each eye that wept, each heart
 that dar'd to feel,
 Oblivion buried in the dark
 Bastille;
 Deep cell of woes! where hus-
 band, father, child,
 Snatch'd from the world, in
 hopeless anguish wild,
 Immur'd in loathsome dungeons,
 damp and drear,
 No wife to sooth, no friendly
 voice to cheer
 From ills like these, which fore-
 ly press'd the land,
 Why should not France emerge
 and take her stand
 With favour'd realms? to whom
 is kindly given,

Freedom,

Freedom, that sacred gift of
gracious heaven,
Which gilds the poor man's cot,
which smooths each frown,
And makes the bitter draught
of life go down !
Why woud'st thou, Edmund,
palliate regal crimes,
And damn thy well-earn'd fame
through future times ;
Why, gnat-like, plac'd on self-
opinion's throne,
Resist the god-like plan, tho'
not thy own ?

REVOLUTION IN FRANCE,
reflections on it.—See Vol. I.
page 87.

RIGBY, RICHARD, a Suffolk
fox-hunter, a bon-vivant of
social habits, and convivial talents,
and lastly, Paymaster General, an
appointment, the emoluments of
which, during the American war,
amounted to upwards of fifty thou-
sand pounds a year ; this too at an
interval, when English princes,
nobles, commanders, and senators,
were wandering incognito, in
mendicant obscurity, over the
Continent, and the honour, reve-
nue, and commerce of Great-Bri-
tain were bleeding at every pore ;
while surrounding nations beheld
our situation, with stern hostility,
or selfish indifference : the coun-
tries I more particularly include
in my censure, are the United
Provinces, Russia, and Portugal,
and I exult in reflecting, that since
this alarming period, we have not
been without opportunities of re-
paying their ingratitude, as politi-
cal ingratitude ought ever to be
repaid.

The early life and habits of
Mr. Rigby, were not calculated to
enforce œconomy ; according to

the fashionable or the foolish man-
ners of the age, mortgages, and
money-lenders, had made deep in-
roads on his paternal estate, which
was originally respectable, before
he had perfectly attained the age
or art of properly enjoying it ; and
he might have lived to deplore his
imprudence, in abject dependance,
or the teasing expedients of an
empty purse, had not the turf,
which helped to diminish, afforded
him an opportunity of redeeming
his fortune.

The grandfather of the present
Duke of Bedford, had given great
offence to the gentlemen in the
neighbourhood of Litchfield, by
an improper and unfair interfe-
rence at their races, and as it was
by no means safe or easy, effectua-
lly to punish a man, fortified by
rank, privilege and wealth, they
at last determined to bestow on
this illustrious offender, manual
correction. The over-bearing
conduct of the Duke, in some
matter relating to the starting of
the horses, and their weights, in
which he had no kind of right to
interpose, soon afforded the con-
federates an opportunity of exe-
cuting their purpose ; he was in a
moment separated from his atten-
dants, surrounded by the party,
hustled, and unmercifully horse-
whipped by an exasperated country
attorney, with keen resentments
and a muscular arm. The lawyer
persevered in this severe, but
wholesome discipline, without being
interrupted by his Grace's outcries
and repeated declarations, " that
" he was the Duke of Bedford,"
an assertion, which Mr. Hum-
phries, the assailant, positively de-
nied, adding, " that a peer of the
" realm

" realm would never have conducted himself in so scandalous " and unhandsome a manner:" the matter soon circulated over the course, and reaching Mr. Rigby's ear, with a generous, perhaps a political gallantry, he burst through the crowd, rescued the distressed peer, completely threshed his antagonist, and protected the Duke off the ground.

A service so essential, at a critical juncture, and at the imminent peril of his own person, naturally called forth in the Russel family, every exertion of gratitude and friendship. Mr. Rigby became so distinguished a favourite at Bedford-house, and with the Dutchess, that he acquired the name of Bloomsbury Dick, and was soon after, chosen member for Tavistock; nor did their powerful influence forsake him, 'till he was appointed to the most lucrative office in the gift of the crown. During the viceroyship of his patron, he also enjoyed several posts in Ireland, but shared the Duke's unpopularity, and is said on one occasion, to have narrowly escaped with his life, from public indignation, by being conveyed on ship-board in a hoghead.

From the first onset of his fortunate career, no revolution of parties ever threw him back, and his passage through life, 'till his last illness, is said to have been interrupted by few of those distresses and inquietudes, which in a greater or less proportion, fall to the lot of most men; this circumstance was strongly corroborated by a countenance, descriptive of festive conviviality, and a heart at ease, which he used to declare, he could

only attribute to never having been married. Yet, an indifference towards women is a crime I mean not to lay to his charge; he indulged this passion in a latitude culpable, and somewhat extraordinary in a corpulent epicure, a professed amateur of the luxuries of the table, in whom the pungent irritations of love are supposed to be sheathed, and rendered in a great degree inert, by pendulous masses of fat. According to the Spanish proverb, a votary of Bacchus cannot long continue a favourite of Venus, as high living, however for the moment it may stimulate to ineffectual effort, is proved, by the experience of ages, to be a producer of listless satiety, and ultimately an enervator and relaxer of our fibres. The superior advantages enjoyed by the man of spare diet, and moderate enjoyment, over the irritated, but exhausted voluptuary, I have seen thus described in verse:

- " The life of a peasant far pleasanter proves,
- " Contentment and health with the woman he loves,
- " Though fortune denies him ragouts and rich treats,
- " Delight gives a zest to the morsel he eats;
- " He awakes, undisturb'd by ennui or pain,
- " To charms which a monarch wou'd sigh for in vain;
- " The vigour of health inspires each kiss,
- " While Cupid and Hymen both hallow the bliss:
- " Farewell charming visions no more to be seen,
- " Succeeded by languor, by gout, and chagrin,

" By

"By fell indigestion, sleep void of repose," &c. &c.

The writer of this article has often been in company with two of Mr. Rigby's acknowledged natural children, with a third at another man's table, and has often remarked, that three of the handsomest women he knew, were the wives of men, provided for by the liberality, or gratitude of the paymaster of the forces.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that he continued a firm and consistent supporter of government during the American war; assailed by so many thousand bright arguments, where is the man who could resist their influence? Though by no means an orator, or a frequent parliamentary speaker, he was generally heard with attention, when he thought his communications either useful or necessary to the business; and by keeping to the question, which our long-speech-makers are so apt to forget, as well as by a correct acquaintance with the "*Lex et Consuetudo Parliamenti*," great deference was paid to his opinion on points of order. When a debate became personal and acrimonious, as is too often the case in popular assemblies, it seemed his peculiar province, to cool party violence, and he enjoyed the happy art of recalling banished good humour, by some ironical fally, laughable apposite story, or humorous turn. With these innocent weapons, I have seen him moderate or subdue the impetuous, overwhelming torrent of Mr. Fox's invective, the noisy, unconvincing dissonant vehemence of Lord Mulgrave, the declamatory virulence, strong pas-

sions, and unfounded assertions of Mr. Burke, the keen personal acrimony of the Luttrells, and the unblushing versatility, but rankling unconquerable resentments of Mr. Dundas.

In the zenith, and high tide of preferment, Rigby was not always able, or inclined to repress the mortifying insolence of prosperity, too often the perverse and ungenerous companion of wealth: his pecuniary accumulations, whatever disgrace they conferred on government, for permitting such lavish waste, could not possibly be mentioned to *his* reproach, as they were at that time, and had long been considered, the fair and customary perquisites of his office; he was often generous, and always hospitable. But how many instances occur, of men as void of genius as of honesty, who, enabled by fraud, servility, and cunning, to scrape money together, value the rest of mankind, only in proportion to their possessions, and consider narrow circumstances, or an unsuccessful life, as damnable defects in any character, however exalted by personal worth, or mental acquirement; these prudent lovers of, and well-doers to *themselves*, forget that their own base practices, if enquired into, and publicly known, would rank them with the degraded convict, who suffers death on the gallows.

In a conversation on the subject of a motion made by a noble lord, for accommodating the Commons in the House of Peers, the subject of this article laid himself open to a severe retort. "It has for a long time," he observed, "it has for a long time been matter
" of

“ of surprize, that their lordships
 “ pay so little respect to the House
 “ of Commons; there is not so
 “ much as a seat to separate us
 “ from *other strangers*; *I myself*,
 “ when a noble earl (Lord Chat-
 “ ham) made his last speech, was
 “ behind the bar, crowded and
 “ pressed on by pickpockets.” He
 forgot there was in that crowd,
 men elevated by talents, rank,
 and hereditary fortune, far above
 a little country squire, the ele-
 vated minion of lucky accident,
 who owed every thing he hoped
 for, or enjoyed, to strength of bo-
 dy, and by no means to transcen-
 dant ability, or attainment. “ I
 “ did not know,” replied a gen-
 tleman, offended at his inconsistent
 aristocracy, “ that I was hemmed
 “ in by pickpockets, below the
 “ bar of the House of Lords, till
 “ the honourable gentleman ascer-
 “ tained the fact, but I now per-
 “ fectly recollect, that I was very
 “ much crowded and jostled by
 “ the Paymaster General of the
 “ forces.” The latter felt the
 justice, as well as severity of the
 reproof, and gave an additional
 token of his good sense, by im-
 mediately asking pardon, shook hands
 with his censurer, and confessed
 the unguarded impropriety of what
 he said.

The man, who from a scanty
 income, and the coarse meal pro-
 cured by daily labour, shall con-
 template with a sigh, the brilliant
 revolutions of fortune, and princely
 income of Mr. Rigby, may
 perhaps cease to repine at the dis-
 tribution of the good things of this
 life, which a state of future retri-
 bution, alone can fairly ballance:
 yet, the paymaster often confessed,

that the early part was by far the
 pleasantest of his life, when, from
 the fatigues of the chace, and the
 pleasures of a jovial crew at table,
 he retired with glee to his bed, and
 after a well-slept night, could not
 always exactly say where he should
 dine the next day. “ I was then
 “ far happier,” he observed to a
 medical man at Bath, “ than feast-
 “ at Whitehall, or carousing at
 “ Mistleley: I had not, it is true,
 “ a thousand acquaintance, who
 “ praised my dinners, drank my
 “ wine, and abused me behind
 “ my back; but then I possessed
 “ a few really disinterested friends,
 “ whom I fear wealth and eleva-
 “ tion have deprived me of, and
 “ what alas have they given me
 “ in exchange: a mind soured by
 “ suppressed suspicion and ill-dis-
 “ guised misanthropy, the hateful
 “ effect of too intimate a know-
 “ ledge of mankind; appetites jaded
 “ by satiety, and a debilitated body
 “ sinking into the grave, from a
 “ complication of diseases, pro-
 “ duced by luxurious living.”

The heir, who may pant after
 such accumulations, and who may
 anticipate in fancy, the rapturous
 methods of enjoying, or of dissi-
 pating such a fortune, may also
 learn to chastise the indecent ar-
 dour of impatient hope, when he
 is told, that the inheritor of the
 Mistleley estates and property, had
 scarcely settled the exhausting and
 complicated accounts of his uncle,
 before he was reduced, by a shock-
 ing accident, to a situation, which
 rendered death rather to be hoped
 for than feared, and reduced a
 young man of vigorous habits,
 strong health, and fine spirits, to
 languor and imbecility for years,
 and

and probably to the uncomfortable state of a Valetudinarian, for the remainder of his life.

ROCHEFOUCAULT, FRANCIS, DUKE OF, also, Prince of Marillac, a vigorous opponent of Cardinal Richelieu, a man of letters, and a philosopher, perhaps better known to my readers, as author of the celebrated *Maxims and Reflections*. With a cynical, perhaps a soured disposition, he has given us a picture of mankind, neither favourable or flattering to human vanity, which retiring with disgust and indignation, from descriptions of its own meanness and obliquities, views with ecstasy and approbation, the soothing and romantic reveries of certain dexterous casuists, who gratifying our pride, too often at the expence of truth, draw men rather as they ought to be, than as they really are.

A long, a studious, a daily perusal of the duke's maxims, certainly is not calculated to elevate our notions of that wild beast man, or to soften the clashing intercourses of society; perhaps a blind implicit adoption of his principle, is not likely to render us happier in ourselves, or more satisfied with others, especially, if like the common herd of readers, we superficially and voraciously read without digestion, and carry his doctrines far enough only to embitter, but stop short when a further progress, and a more profound investigation, might harmonize an apparently hateful system, and render it a firm, immoveable pillar of morality and revelation. On this ground, I cannot but think, the torrent of prejudice and invective,

which has been so copiously, and after all so ineffectually poured forth against this writer, as exaggerated, and tending rather to raise a false alarm, than to amend or improve. The antagonists of the duke, appear to have been irritated by selfish resentment against his officious intermeddling, and sifting the deep-seated remote motives of human conduct; their anger appears to have been excited by his busily prying behind those mazy scenes, and intricate recesses of the human drama, by his exploring those unfrequented spots, which they conceived, none but themselves were authorized to visit, and give accounts of.

Self-love, says Rochefoucault, is the great main-spring, the powerful and universal stimulus to human action of every kind, and in every case; if there be an individual who denies this position, who can support his reasoning with one tolerable argument? and will confess, that his own life and conduct are directed in every instance, contrary to the position of our ingenious Frenchman; I should very much like to take a view of such an heterogeneous non-descript animal, whose stoical benevolence is produced by apathy, who pursues means without motives, and is in constant action, without keeping sight of, or hoping to attain one ultimate end. In favour of this assertion which has raised so much groundless alarm, another argument, which the longer I live, indeed the longer we all live, we daily and hourly feel a stronger conviction of, inclines me to Rochefoucault's opinion, however it may seem to tell against him,

THAT

THAT MAN, WHO TO THE UTMOST OF HIS POWER, AUGMENTS THE GREAT MASS OF PUBLIC OR INDIVIDUAL HAPPINESS, WILL, UNDER EVERY INSTITUTION, AND IN SPITE OF ALL OPPOSITION, BE THE HAPPIEST OF ALL MEN HIMSELF.

This decisive sentiment, this touchstone of morals, religion, and humanity, at London, Geneva, Hindostan, Paris, or Rome, this "fine qua non" of all that can or ought to be said, written, or sung, in my opinion appears to clear the ground of all bewildering perplexities, by the application of this great principle, which is or ought to be the foundation of all the nurse, or all the priest can teach; the benevolence and charity of a good man, may be termed rational and laudable selfishness, a life of piety and virtue, the shortest and most direct road to genuine self-interest, and the subject of this article, contrary to what he has been generally considered, a friend of mankind, a sage philanthropist, and a practical christian.

The duke, who had displayed considerable personal courage at the battle of St. Antoine, who, in understanding and rank, was superior to most men, could never summon sufficient resolution, to speak five minutes in public, without the greatest confusion of countenance, as well as of argument. Much has been said of his lines on the Dutchess of Longueville, in which I am at a loss to find greatness of sentiment, or beauty in expression: that he would set God and man at defiance, to please a woman of light character, who rendered her beauty subservient to

party purposes, affords no proof of the purity of his patriotism, or the delicacy of his goddess. His Memoirs of Anne, of Austria, though *not equal to Tacitus*, possess considerable merit.

Dr. Swift may be numbered with the few, who have been bold enough, avowedly to defend Rochefoucault:

"As Rochefoucault his maxims drew

"From nature, I believe them true;

"They argue no corrupted mind

"In him,—the fault is in mankind."

But, if the ground on which I have presumed to defend the duke, be tenable, I cannot agree with the Dean, who eagerly catching at every thing in support of his peculiar system of misanthropy, which hated the species, but loved individuals, goes farther than the maxims, which merely describe, while he condemns as a fault, what I cannot but consider as a rational and fair motive to human exertion.

I know a citizen of good repute, and by no means of a contemptible understanding, who imbibed early in life, a violent dislike to Rochefoucault, which extends to all who read or admire his writings, this worthy man indulges, what I cannot but call his juvenile prejudice, so far, that the first time he is introduced to any person, he makes it an invariable rule, in the course of conversation, to introduce the name of our writer, and if the new acquaintance professes to approve, or to have often read him, the merchant either abruptly quits

quits the company, or gradually breaks off all intercourse with so dangerous a character. As it is more than probable that this crude collection may fall under the eye of a man, whose judgment I once valued, and whom I still love and esteem, I wish him to consider the uncomfortable effects of his strange and irrational singularity. By a deprivation mutually injurious, the disinterested chosen few, who detest disguise, and consider hypocrisy as the most degrading of crimes, lose his society, whilst a plausible, but artful crew, aware of his foible, circulate the necessary previous hint round their own circles, and wrapping their selfish purposes in the specious gloss of demure manners, and sentimental philanthropy, gradually entangle this man of prudence, sound sense, and as he himself thinks, of timid precaution, in the toils of wild enthusiasts, prating sophists, and designing knaves.

ROCKINGHAM, LORD, his generosity to Mr. Burke.— See Vol. I. page 37.

RUSSIA, EMPRESS OF, the Courts of Europe not sufficiently alarmed by her enterprising thirst for dominion and power.— See Crusades, in this volume, page 33.

SALLUST, a Roman historian, of genius, rank, and wealth, but of loose manners, and luxurious habits, of whose valuable writings, a small part only are extant at the present day. With a considerable depth of philosophic reflection and moral energy, occasionally clouded by pedantic affectation, singularity of style, and eccentric verbal arrangement, he

has been accused of eloquently declaiming against those fascinating indulgences, which he enjoyed and practiced himself, with singular felicity, elegance, and taste.

In another part of this collection, I have lamented how often great talents were united with suspicious purity of morals; I ventured to suggest an opinion, that how much soever we might abhor the flagitious conduct, we ought not, on that account only, to deprive ourselves of the advantageous helps of great ability. If no exertions, I might also have added, if no exertions are to be allowed in ethics, criticism, and satire, 'till we have authors without fault, and writers without blemish, the world, the press, and the pulpit would have been deprived of many a splendid, many an elegant, and many a useful production. Such an index expurgatorius, would have denied admittance to Lucan and Sappho, to Horace, Juvenal, Ovid, and Tibullus, to Dryden and Steele, to Churchill and Sterne, to Wilkes and Junius. But, whilst justice is due, under certain restrictions, to the energies of genius, the first great bulwarks of civilized society, are not to be battered down, the interests of virtue and religion are not to be sacrificed on the profane altars of unhallowed libertinism, prostituted powers, and guilty ingenuity. Future ages will contemplate, with love and veneration, the mild manners, the correct domestic conduct of Cicero, Addison, Arbuthnot, Tillotson, and Locke; while the depraved principles, and ruinous career of many a favourite of the nine, and many others, high in literature

literature and modern renown, but contaminated by vicious enormity, will be handed down to posterity, with indelible marks of infamy and disgrace. He, who to the skilful admonitions of vigorous intellect, shall add the more powerful influence of good example, erects his edifice on a rock, against which, the storm shall rage, the rain descend, and the winds struggle in vain.

SCAURUS, MARCUS EMILIUS, an eminent Roman, who deriving his second name from the mental accomplishments of one ancestor, and his third appellation from the deformity of another, deduced the origin of his family in common with that of the Cæsars, from Numa, and the first founders of the infant Commonwealth. But a race which had repeatedly given to their country, consuls, dictators, tribunes, censors and pontiffs, which had contested with Hannibal, his bloody victory at Cannæ, and finally subverted in the person of the matchless Scipio, the foundations of Carthage; was reduced to poverty and insignificance in their descendant, the father of the subject of this article, who, in the humble business of a dealer in wood and charcoal, had acquired by minute diligence, and the patient accumulation of petty profits, a sum, which in the present rate of English currency, cannot be valued at more than three hundred pounds, a fortune which wholly unequal to the cravings of luxury, and the waste of profusion, raised its frugal and honest possessor above want and dependence.

"This sum and ten slaves, was the whole of my inheri-

"tance," says Marcus Emilius Scaurus, in the memoirs he composed of his own life; which tho' they merited the praise of Tacitus and Cicero, excepting a few scattered fragments in Valerius Maximus, and two or three antient writers, are no longer extant, "and "I chose," he continues, "the profession of a public pleader, "in order to make myself generally known:" for, three declining generations had so completely buried his family in obscurity, that it had for some time been thought extinct; and on entering into life, he was considered as a stranger of mean extraction. He is praised by Cicero for his courage and perseverance, notwithstanding his defects in elegant language, and his want of spirit and assurance in his mode of delivery, which are generally considered as absolutely necessary to complete a public speaker; yet I am not certain, that such disadvantages are not frequently overbalanced by that interest, if not affection, which we all feel for embarrassed modesty and diffidence, while the efforts of impudence are often rendered ineffectual by insulting audacity, or proud unconcern. Success, and a better acquaintance with mankind, enabled him to remove these obstacles, and the army, in all military governments, being the great road to preferment, Scaurus united, according to the useful custom of the age, the profession of a soldier, with the practice of a pleader; and after two campaigns in Spain and Sardinia, obtained on his return to Rome, the Edileship, an office which had been generally sought by

by his predecessors, for the purpose of procuring popular applause, by magnificence and show, which were incompatible with the finances of our adventurer, who was content without expensive feasts and exhibitions, to fulfill with laudable diligence the duties of his post, which extended over the police of the city. His faults had hitherto escaped the scrutinizing eye of the public, and it was not till he offered himself for the consulship, that he displayed the strong features of his character, and the ruling passions of his soul, which had hitherto been concealed or suppressed by the policy of a young man, anxious to secure the suffrages of his fellow-citizens.

A contested election has been said, with truth, to be the only season which affords a man an opportunity of hearing every thing that can be advanced against him: on one of these occasions, a person who offered himself a candidate for an English borough, demanded of his wife, after a twenty years marriage, "What scandalous story she thought his adversaries had been circulating that morning on the hustings?—they insulted me in various ways: (continued the fond husband) and with other taunts, cried out, 'his wife wears a glass eye,' fixing his own at the same time steadfastly on the countenance of his better half. "It is too true," replied the lady, dropping her head in confusion and blushing, "It is too true, but I was always afraid to make the discovery, fearing it might diminish your affection; how your good friends the mob, should know it I can't

"guess, for no one but myself and the oculist, who has been dead many years, were acquainted with the secret."

Having obtained the consulship, in which he was considerably assisted by the estate of a wealthy citizen, by fraud or finesse, bequeathed to him, but not without a lawsuit, our ambitious Roman threw off the mask, and though his worst enemies could not deny his zeal in the service of his country, that motive was considered as only a secondary one to his own aggrandizement, his deportment was haughty, his temper unforgiving, and a love of money rendered him too little scrupulous in his methods of acquiring the precious metals.

Passing on a certain occasion by the tribunal of a Prætor, who engaged in the administration of justice, neglected to rise when our magistrate passed, he sent his Lictors to drag him from his seat, and tear off his robes: he strictly enforced the laws against luxury and excess in the articles of dress and the table, and abolished a regulation enacted by Gracchus forty years before, which deprived of a vote, all who could not produce a male child, or were not possessed of a certain property which might be valued at about fifty pounds. From reforming domestic evils, he led the Roman troops to victory over the Ligurians, who inhabited that angle between Italy and France, which descending from the Appenines to the Tuscan Sea, is the seat of the modern republic of Genoa. To obviate the unhealthy effects of inundations and stagnant lakes, he caused a canal to be cut from Parma to Placentia, which

which converted an uncultivated and unwholesome marsh, into a fertile and habitable district: he enforced a severe discipline among his troops, and we are told by Frontinus, that a farmer, on whose ground they were encamped several days, was surprized on visiting an orchard which stood in the midst of the camp, to find that the fruit remained on the trees untouched. Crossing the Pö, he made himself master of the hilly country round Trent, took Forum Julii and Aquileia, and traversing the shores of the Adriatic, penetrated into the countries to which the modern names of Istria and Carniola have been given, never before visited by the Roman arms; but his career of victory was embittered by family misfortune, having severely reprimanded his son, before the troops, for a want of courage or conduct; terrified by guilt, or mortified by the anguish of oppressed innocence, and harsh correction, the young man put an end to his life.

Triumphal honours were decreed to Scaurus at his return, and he was named by the Censors, Prince of the Senate, which tho' it did not actually invest him with any new office, was attended with considerable honour and influence; one of his privileges was the liberty of being first heard on any public question. The senate was at this time engaged in a business not very honourable to Roman virtue. The intrepid but perfidious Jugurtha, not satisfied with a third part of Numidia, bequeathed to him by his uncle Micipsa king of that country, and a faithful ally of the Roman people, was endeavour-

ing to deprive the two sons of his benefactor by fraud and by violence of their rights. In this attempt, the crafty African was too successful, and after destroying Hiempsal, one of the sons of Micipsa, he sent by his ambassadors immense treasures to Rome, for the purpose of bribing the senate who wavered, and amusing the people who were warmly interested for the injured grandsons of Masinissa. Having secured a majority in the senate, he attacked Adherbal the other son, defeated him, and pursuing the fugitive prince to Cirtha, where he had taken refuge, laid close siege to that city which was his capital, and stood on the ground now occupied by Constantina, in the piratical kingdom of Algiers.

Scaurus on this occasion did not escape the suspicion of corruption, though he acted with apparent inconsistency and irresolution, finding it difficult to gratify his avarice, and at the same time retain the good-will of the people, who in political contests, and civil dissention, make up in bulk and number, for the very minute portion of power each individual separately enjoys; so that to use the expression of an ingenious writer, a great man on such occasions must chuse between his interest and his reputation. He spoke violently against Jugurtha in the senate, and being appointed to command the African army, immediately crossed the Mediterranean, summoned the Numidian to appear before him, and account for his conduct to the senate. But the vigour of his proceedings was relaxed by humiliating messages, or the more powerful influence

influence of gold, and after mutual concessions, in which the interests of the treacherous Jugurtha, and a decent attention to preserve Scaurus from blame, were not forgotten; the Roman general returned without having rendered any effectual assistance to the unhappy Adherbal, who after exhausting every resource, was obliged by famine to capitulate to the inhuman conqueror, who put him to a cruel death.

A proceeding more disgraceful to government, cannot be imagined, or more mortifying to a people not wholly lost to justice and humanity; the murderer of his benefactors family, and the artful defier of Roman authority, would have gone unpunished, but for the tribune Memmius, an inveterate enemy of the Patricians, who compelled the senate through fear of popular indignation, to send a second army into Africa, under Calpurnius and Scaurus, who were deceived by the humble declarations, or again purchased by the gifts of the tyrant. It is not consistent with the extent of this article to enter into the corruptions of the senatorial order, or the artifices by which Jugurtha was enabled repeatedly to elude public indignation; his memorable farcism, on Roman venality when he left the city, where by the advice of his patrons he had appeared, and endeavoured to excite public compassion, by abject deportment, and a degraded appearance, are known to every reader. The circumstance in these extraordinary transactions, which more particularly attracts our regard, and seems most surprising, is, that Scaurus, the whole of whose conduct

was tainted with venality, should have been able, not only to evade public censure, but still to preserve the confidence of the people who were dazzled by his wealth and plausible manners, or intimidated by his predominating spirit: "Your friends and defenders," exclaimed Memmius in a speech to the people, "die unpitied and unrevengeed, Gracchus and Fulvius were put to death, and the prisons crowded with their unhappy followers; but on those who make a traffic of the senatorial authority, who sell the power of the people, and the honour of their armies, the first offices of the commonwealth are bestowed; they enjoy triumphal honours, and disgrace the simple manners of their forefathers, by a haughty demeanour, and insult us as they pass the streets, by an elaborate display of magnificence and wealth; to have put to death a tribune of the people, or to have proposed an oppressive decree, is to them matter of exultation."

Opimius the friend of Cicero, Cato a nephew of the immortal Scipio, Calpurnius, Galba, and Albinus, all of consular dignity, and illustrious family, were at last by the patriotic, or the malignant industry of the tribunes, punished by fine, banishment or imprisonment. Not satisfied with his own safety, Scaurus occasionally pleaded in their defence, and on one of these trying occasions, he is said to have been embarrassed by a coarse allusion of Memmius, who observing a funeral, interrupted him in his harangue, by saying, "Don't you see what is passing in the street,"

“ street, you are only losing your
 “ time here, when perhaps you
 “ might make some advantage of
 “ the will of the deceased ?”

A remarkable instance of dexterous resolution and firmness of mind in Scaurus occurred in the decline of his life, when a love of money, that growing vice of old age, though all other appetites decay, betrayed him into a treasonable correspondence with Mithridates king of Pontus, of whom he was proved, on incontestible evidence, to have received considerable sums. For the same crime, two of his friends, contaminated by the venality of the times, were driven into banishment, and Scaurus was advised to prevent disgrace by a prudent and voluntary retirement. Worn down by years and infirmities, at the age of eighty, he insisted on being conveyed in a litter before an assembly of the people, who were strongly affected by the venerable appearance of the hoary descendant of the Scipios, and probably had been previously softened by a well-timed application of that precious metal, whose magic touch so few of us are able to resist.

Raising himself a little from a reclining posture, he thus addressed the listening multitude :

“ Romans, one Varius, a Spaniard of obscure birth, a man of yesterday, accuses Marcus Emilius Scaurus, who led your fathers to victory and renown, of having received a bribe from the king of Pontus. Marcus Emilius prince of the senate, denies the charge, which of us do you judge most worthy of credit, I

“ will abide by your decision ?”
 Ten thousand voices immediately proclaimed him innocent of the charge.

His accuser was driven ignominiously from the spot, and Scaurus sinking under the real, or the pretended agitation of his spirits, was followed to his house by the applause and acclamations of a fascinated people.

In turning over the interesting pages of antiquity, the character of Scaurus, has frequently and powerfully attracted my attention; uniting the various qualifications necessary for exercising civil, as well as military duties with reputation, he renewed the glories of his family, and rendered essential service to his country; but his virtues were obscured by a love of money, which the narrowness of an early fortune, might have somewhat excused, but avarice increased with his possessions. In the numerous trying passages of his life, the Roman people, (if I may be allowed an allusion) were a many stringed instrument in the hand of a skilful master, which, by the harmony of tones, or the dexterity of a fine finger, he rendered subservient to political purposes; like the royal musician of Israel, he softened or evaded the rage of powerful enemies, to whom many of his contemporaries, equally rich, and equally venal, fell a sacrifice; he lulled the fury of democratic tribunes, and exasperated rivals, by the dexterous management of those strings, which when properly touched, the human heart, or the human hand, are so formed, as to vibrate in unison with them.

SCOTT, JOHN, a member of the English House of Commons, a major in the East-India service, and an indefatigable partizan of Mr. Hastings. I wish not to interrupt his incessant application to the labours of the press, I would not deprive the newspapers of well-turned profitable paragraphs, nor the public, of spirited pamphlets; it is my design merely to remark, his constant and elaborate efforts to prove, that the late Governor General, is a man of small fortune, and that the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel have for many years, ceased to be sources of Asiatic wealth.

"There is not," says the Major, with much good sense, but with evident obliquity of design, "there is not a more mistaken idea, than that which has been so industriously circulated and believed, that enormous fortunes are rapidly and easily made, by the Company's servants in Bengal. I have in my hand, an accurate and authentic list of five hundred and eight persons on the civil establishment, who have been appointed in the last twenty-two years; of these, one hundred and fifty are gone to a land, from which they never can return; thirty-seven are at this time in their native country, in general with moderate fortunes; and of the three hundred and twenty-one now (1784) in Bengal, the chances are against the majority of them returning to England, with more than a competency.

"Of the military gentlemen, who have acquired immense wealth, the number is inconfi-

derable. Twelve hundred officers have been appointed in Bengal, during the period above mentioned, but I am convinced that not more than fifty of those have returned with a comfortable subsistence. For myself, I trust that seven thousand pounds, will not be considered as a very unreasonable reward, for sixteen of the best years of my life, devoted to the service and climate of Asia; I know only of five, who have brought home more than twenty thousand pounds; many have arrived in England with less fortunes than mine; but too many worthy individuals, disabled by wounds and ill health, are receiving a bare subsistence from Lord Clive's military fund."

The innocence of Mr. Hastings, as a public man, it would be neither decent or safe to impeach, 'till his conduct has been decided on by the House of Peers; but the mediocrity of his finances, which, notwithstanding the insidious manœuvres of his agent, is after all, the great point he so elaborately attempts to establish, for good and substantial reasons I firmly, I vehemently deny.

I acknowledge, I readily acknowledge, the civil and military talents of the Governor-General, his strong and various claims on the Company for meritorious service, and his splendid patronage of arts and learning; but were it permitted in certain cases, (which I thank God it is not) to put interrogatories in Lord Mansfield's favourite way, and take depositions on oath; I could clearly and satisfactorily prove, from official documents,

documents, oral evidence, and confidential correspondence, that Mr. Hastings, before he set foot on the ship, which conveyed him to Europe, was possessed by himself, or in the name of others, of money and effects, amounting to more than three hundred and eighty-seven thousand pounds.

After Major Scott's repeated avowal of his sacred regard to truth, it would be unfair to doubt his assertions, respecting his own pecuniary acquirements in India; for the honour of a soldier is delicate, and like the reputation of the dictator's wife, should be as untainted by imputed, as it is free from real guilt: but if the statement he gives of his own finances, is correct, I venture to pronounce him a very improvident man; with only such a fortune as he names, his mode of life, his seat in parliament, and other habits, which, for fear of producing a blush on his diffident cheek, I shall not mention, surely prove him inconsiderate, rash, and imprudent. With his gentlemen on the Civil, and even some on the Military Establishments of India, who he says have returned (heaven reward their disinterested views) with what he calls moderate, or inconsiderable fortunes, it has at times been my happiness, or my misfortune to form an acquaintance. They have for the most part been social and hospitable, eager rather than ready to observe and keep up the intercourse and civilities of modern life. But I have too often felt my wealthy neighbours break in on the comforts of my paternal spot: the luxuries, and sometimes the necessary articles of my frugal ta-

ble have been monopolized, or raised to an enormous price, my slumbers have been interrupted by midnight Bacchanals: an adjoining vale watered by a sedgy stream, and bordered on one side by a wild copse, the favourite spot of my early life, for exercise and contemplation, have been cleared, grubbed up, distorted or improved by the tyrannic hand of taste or affectation, strengthened by wealth, but not always directed by judgment.

Two neighbouring boroughs, which for more than a century had silently and implicitly obeyed treasury mandates, or yielded to the natural influence of the principal families and property of the county, have been tempted from their allegiance, by the profits of a contested election, which circulating and diffusing the gold of my Asiatic friends, has split them into contending parties, while political animosities and mercenary cabal, distract what was once termed by a popular poet, the realm of peace. But for the nocturnal assiduity of a poacher, whom I am compelled by my neighbours to encourage, I should never taste a hare or a trout. The primitive manners, and exemplary æconomy of my solitary old domestic, are scandalized by the riotous vices, and lavish profusion of the liveried menials around us; while our ruddy milk maids and lusty country girls, are seduced from fresh air, rude health, innocent mirth, and rural tranquillity, by valets, grooms, and often by their masters, to the winter abodes of infamy, smoke, sin, and sea coal.

To conclude, I cannot but agree with the subject of this article, on the

the inconsistency and hardships of the proceedings in Westminster-Hall, *if Mr. Hastings should clear himself from the charges*; the trial itself will undoubtedly be a heavy punishment, though the Major differs with me in opinion, on the ability of his principal to sustain such an expence. But as in the present disposal of human events, private inconvenience must yield to public advantage, I think the impeachment of Mr. Hastings, independent of its event, or his conduct, as a transaction, highly conducive to the welfare and good government of our Asiatic possessions, of late so immensely augmented by the military exertions of Lord Cornwallis, Messrs. Abercrombie, Moorhouse, Meadows, particularly Captain Reid, and their forces.

In a country, from which, as it has been before observed, "every man wishes to depart as soon as he can with his whole fortune, and for which, the moment he reaches Europe, he is perfectly indifferent, in a country secured from the eye of its masters, by a distance of ten thousand miles," it was judged necessary and expedient, to impress the inexorable omnipotence of the English laws, as a lesson to future Governors and Commanders. Its salutary effects, I understand have been already acknowledged and felt, by the concurring testimony of natives as well as Europeans.

SEDUCER, a spirited address to a disappointed one.—See Vol. I. page 131.

SETTLEMENTS and REMOVALS, unjust, cruel, and un-

natural, with regard to poor artificers.—See Vol. I. page 127.

SHAKESPEAR GALLERY, a short stricture on it; also, a few observations on the publication of a new edition of Milton.—See Boydell, John, in this volume, page 24 and 25.

SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY, a member of parliament, a dramatic writer, an acute politician, and a grandson of the friend and intimate companion of Swift; a situation which Dr. Sheridan found in every respect not the most desirable, as the Dean appears to have considered himself authorized by genius or predominating presumption, to convert many of his respectable cotemporaries into butts, for the exertion of his talent at ridicule and satire, not sanctioned in every instance by the awards of justice and of truth.

A fresh testimony of the defects of this work, in taste and judgment, will probably arise against me, when I profess that the School for Scandal, for original invention, useful application to the purposes of life, and interesting combination of incident, is not in my opinion, that production, for which Mr. Sheridan will be most indebted for the establishment of his posthumous fame. The plot evidently, and as I understand from the author's confession, avowedly borrowed from his mother's once favourite novel, Sydney Biddulph; the sentiments, and the leading plan, professedly Henry Fielding's, while Charles and Joseph Surface, are in reality, the Tom Jones and Blifil of our great novelist, with a splendid

splendid varnish of modern manners and fashionable refinement, diffused over the scenes. With these drawbacks on the score of originality, and other drawbacks, which I may hereafter remark, who can, or who wishes to deny, that Mr. Sheridan's comedy, compared to the productions of his cotemporaries, is a mountain of Golconda diamonds to a mole-hill of Bristol stone. Yet, notwithstanding all its merits of neat dialogue, lively repartee, and humorous fally, I had rather be the author of the conversation parts, but not the dramatic satire of the critic; which is frequently forced, unfounded, and far fetched; I also prefer his speech, during the impeachment, in Westminster-Hall, his monody to the memory of Garrick, and his attacks on Mr. Pitt, during the progress of the Tobacco Bill, through the House of Commons, which last, whether considered as extempore effusions, or premeditated elaborate speeches, pleased me at the time, beyond any of his other performances, by a rare union of wit, argument, and ludicrous analogy; I cannot but think they afford stronger marks of original genius, versatility of talent, and unbounded range of thought, at once brilliant and profound.

"Mr. Sheridan," said a lady, whose conversation I had rather listen to, than the best play of our best writer, "Mr. Sheridan is a fool if he pays a bill to one of the tradesmen, who receive his comedy with such thunders of applause, he ought to tell them, in the words of Charles, that for the life of him, he could never make his justice

"keep pace with his generosity, and they would have no kind of right to complain."

However personally severe the sarcasm may appear, the inference is well founded and just. Our author, it must be confessed, has in a masterly manner, blown up and exposed the covered ways, the mines and countermines of hypocrisy, cant, selfish plausibility and cunning; but I fear he has put to flight, at least out of countenance, a due attention to the common duties of life, decent deportment, purity of manners, and regularity of conduct; in a word, or rather his own words, he has damned sentiment, and brought into discredit and suspicion, that appearance of morality and seriousness, which has been pronounced the foil for every virtue, and which however at times it may have served to disguise the base purposes of fraud and duplicity, was the nurse of religion, and in a thousand instances, highly serviceable to the interests and convenience of society; dear-bought experience having long convinced us, how very narrow the defiles between ridiculed rectitude, and flagitious conduct.

Mr. Sheridan, or his comedy, has applied to morals, a theory which certain visionary writers, who fancied themselves philosophers, have applied to dress. "Can it possibly be of any consequence," cried these superficial reasoners, "so assiduously to cover the knees and the neck of our females." By a peculiar, but irresistible logic, the logic of ridicule and shame, which operate, when argument is found ineffectual, our author has prevailed on honourable

honourable conduct to lower her pre-eminent and towering mien, to drop or to conceal her crest and cap of maintenance; by the artillery of shrugs and smiles, the irresistible laugh, and embarrassing perfidage, he has levelled the slight but useful barriers of opinion, which defended goodness, not only from attack, but from the fear and peril of it; he has, I fear, torn down or impaired the thin, the bewitching, the sacred, the delicate, but in general the effectual veil, which separated refined pleasure from sensuality, which while it helped to protect our best and dearest joys from unhallowed hands, by the magic aids of creative imagination, gave a thousand little indescribable charms, to the circumstances of love, friendship, ambition, pleasure, and intellectual toil.

A man formed on the plan of Charles Surface, the hero of the *School for Scandal*, would be a pleasant companion at table, a generous open-hearted dog, that character so fascinating to mankind, a friend to most persons, and no man's enemy but his own; in many trying situations of life, he would be the hero of humanity, a christian in act, if not in faith, a demi-god, but his composition would be of materials, not calculated for forming a useful member of society, a husband, a father, or a friend.

Mahogany, fatten wood, ebony, and a variety of beautiful veneers for inlaying, furnish the cabinets and saloons of the curious and wealthy, with numerous articles of elegance and splendor; but for the daily and more necessary purposes

of building and manufacture, deal, oak, ash and elm, afford coarser, but more serviceable materials to the workman.

During the debates on the Tobacco Excise Act, in which, says a friend at my elbow, Mr. Pitt had the argument, and Sheridan the wit on his side, the following notes were taken from the speech of the subject of this article:

"Borrowing terms from the subject, Mr. Sheridan described the progress and manufacture of the Bill in question; the original leaf, he observed, after a chemical tinge from the crown lawyers, and being dusted and sifted at the treasury, received a permit from the House of Commons. But who, Mr. Speaker, shall guard against the dispensing powers, with which the commissioners are armed: assisted by the hint of some damn'd good-natured friend, they may say to an unfortunate smuggler, you opposed government at the general election; you are a rank blue and buff; you have long carried on a contraband trade, and can expect no mercy; but, for the good man behind you, I see by his orange cape that he is an honest fellow, he is not one of the meddling faction, which on every occasion is voting against us; his fine shall certainly be mitigated. Besides, the commissioners in an instance on record, have obliged parliament to sanctify error, and legalize false testimony: they have determined Clarke's hydrometer to be the best and only legal standard, notwithstanding, in a public court of justice,

" justice, on the trial of a man,
 " accused of keeping spirit above
 " proof, it was determined that
 " this hydrometer was false, in-
 " accurate, and erroneous, by the
 " united attestations of many re-
 " spectable officers of the revenue,
 " as well as the declaration of
 " Clarke himself, the original in-
 " ventor. Is it possible, Sir, to
 " provide against the capricious-
 " ness of an English climate? the
 " different qualities, sweatings and
 " fermentations of an article like
 " tobacco, which on one hogthead
 " has been known to gain ten
 " pounds in weight, and on ano-
 " ther to lose forty, though landed
 " together from the same ship,
 " and kept in the same warehouse?
 " can you controul fermentation
 " by act of parliament? will the
 " elements submit to the statute-
 " book? if however, means can
 " be invented to obviate these ob-
 " jections, your excisemen must
 " be sent forth with thermometers
 " instead of ink bottles hanging
 " at their button-holes: permits
 " must be issued for damps and
 " fogs; we must take security of
 " Christmas for frost, and make
 " August give a bond for fair
 " weather."

Complaints of the slow rewards
 of eminent endowment, have been
 frequent, long, and pathetic;
 reams of paper have been moist-
 ened by the wailings of neglected
 literary abilities:—instead of ar-
 gument or reply, I shall produce,
 and exult, while I produce the
 member for Stafford, who, after
 surmounting the obstacles of un-
 pleasing form, narrow fortune,
 peculiar paternal situation, mini-
 sterial frowns, and an unpopular,

but I trust and believe, a mistaken
 opinion of his principles, has at-
 tained a pre-eminence, which en-
 ables him to meet on even ground,
 the proud possessors of hereditary
 honour and wealth; while, to
 crown his triumphs, soothe his
 sorrows, gild the storms, and share
 the sun-shine of life, heaven bles-
 sed his love with one, who united
 harmony with sentiment, and soft-
 ness with good sense. Wit, worth
 and beauty, shall long lament the
 early death of this amiable woman,
 to whom Mr. Sheridan did not
 know how much he was indebted,
 'till deprived of her interesting
 society. Without this friend, com-
 panion, counsellor and guide, I
 am persuaded, he never would have
 overtaken or retained the favourite
 objects of his pursuits, in literature,
 connection, and ambition. The
 following lines were once justly
 applied to Mrs. Sheridan's influ-
 ence on her husband:

—Hope breath'd forth these fas-
cinating sounds,

Friendship and honor soon shall
heal his wounds;

The voice of nuptial love re-
forms his plan,

And moderation forms the fu-
ture man.

During the unfortunate diffe-
 rence in opinion between the sub-
 ject of this article, and Mr. Ed-
 mund Burke on the French Re-
 volution, one of those industrious
 knights of the quill, who are so
 ready on every occasion, to assist
 the paper manufactory, seized the
 opportunity of circulating an opi-
 nion, which probably existed and
 originated only in his own brain,
 that overtures were made to Mr.
 Sheridan, for joining the ministe-
 rial

rial squadron. The writer, a rhymers, if not a poet, suggests, that the honourable gentleman felt strong STRUGGLES between his interest and his duty, a circumstance I confess not improbable, if, as he supposes, the prime minister addressed him in the following words:

- "At other times and places have we sat,
- "In verbal storm to guide the long debate;
- "But now I trust those hateful deeds are o'er,
- "And we shall meet as deadly foes no more:
- "Whate'er you wish, you hope for, Sir, or want,
- "Speak but the word, and we'll profusely grant;
- "Spare my weak side, this one request fulfil,
- "Save my finance, and poor Tobacco Bill.
- "Whether in Eastern climes the golden spoil,
- "Or Ireland's sceptre shall reward your toil,
- "Whether a peer like Auckland you wou'd be,
- "And *live at home* upon an embassy;
- "Or, if my brother's place you'd rather have,
- "His *strong pretensions* he shall quickly wave.
- "No more misled by Portland and by Fox,
- "Shalt thou be coop'd in an impeachment box,
- "But bless'd with levee nods and royal smiles,
- "Pensions and sinecures await—&c."

After being assailed by the Duke of Richmond, who is frightened

out of the room by the sound of Lord Rawdon's voice, and by Jack Robinson, Lord Camden attempts to persuade, on which occasion the poet breaks out in the following apostrophe.

- "Is this the hero of his country's cause,
- "Who once oppos'd a rupture of her laws,
- "Alas how chang'd, by age and party guile,
- "To vote with Pitt, and countenance excise.
- "The country maid with beauties form'd for joy,
- "Thus long resists the tempting rake's decoy;
- "At last undone, deserted, and distressed,
- "She condescends for shillings to be blest."

The writer, on this occasion, seems to have forgotten the noble, the glorious stand, this venerable peer made in favour of Mr. Fox's Bill, for ascertaining the powers of a jury.

The last attack made on the political integrity of Mr. Sheridan, is by one, not unused to such attempts, in which, to do him justice, he has been generally and singularly successful.

- "At last from Scotland great Dundas arrives,
- "From canvassing for votes, among their wives.
- "Nine jealous husbands, who with fury burn,
- "Had sworn like Abelard he shou'd return;
- "Their savage purpose fill'd him with affright,
- "In post-horse haste he left them in the night:

"Though

" Though vers'd in arts, with
 him so much in vogue,
 " To first abuse, and then to
 screen a rogue,
 " He fault'ring spoke; when
 Sheridan arose,
 " And was himself a host among
 his foes :
 " With sterling genius beam-
 ing from his eyes,
 " Thus to the courtly phalanx
 he replies :
 " If from my country's cause I
 cou'd depart,
 " And selfish prudence had pos-
 sessed my heart,
 " If lost to friendship, honour,
 and fair fame,
 " Enroll'd with yours, I could
 disgrace my name,
 " I treas'ry favors many years
 had known,
 " Had bow'd at levees and ap-
 proach'd the throne,
 " Had join'd in many a dark
 and deep design,
 " The press to fetter and to un-
 dermine,
 " 'Gainst France and liberty
 had rear'd my voice,
 " And your excise had been my
 fav'rite choice,
 " I then had sat, nor made yon
 Premier fret,
 " Nor prov'd he paid, by run-
 ning more in debt.
 " But can I listen to your
 tamp'ring wiles,
 " Approv'd by Norfolk, blest
 with Portland's smiles ;
 " While Bedford deigns my
 conduct to approve,
 " And Devon steady in his
 country's love ;
 " Whilst good Fitzwilliam acts
 the honest part,

" Possessing Rockingham's un-
 sullied heart :
 " And still to blast each mean
 unmanly view,
 " Burke to the cause of liberty
 is true ;
 " With patriot zeal his ardent
 bosom glows,
 " Philanthropy and genius grace
 his brows :
 " What tho' in warm debate, a
 diff'rence slight,
 " Shed o'er your hopes a mo-
 mentary light :
 " Perish those hopes ! ye pen-
 sion'd slaves attend,
 " The man so much your dread
 is still my friend ;
 " His honest heart bespeaks a
 noble mind,
 " From int'rest free, by no base
 views confin'd,
 " As when for gold or gems
 the miners toil,
 " Beneath the surface of Poto-
 si's foil,
 " When from collision sparks of
 fire expand,
 " They prove rich ore, and pre-
 cious stones at hand.
 " Whilst Fox and Conway help
 our great design,
 " What can seduce with men
 like you to join,
 " Presumptive ignorance your
 purpose mars,
 " Trick first began and still sup-
 ports your farce.
 " Whilst as my friends, I have
 a splendid host,
 " Of arts, of arms, of sciences
 the boast,
 " I am content to meet your
 steady hate,
 " The frowns of fortune, and
 the storms of fate,

"Nor wou'd I quit, for all
your glitt'ring store,

"A flow'ry lawn to batten on a
moor."

Without examining into the authenticity of his facts, for what do poets deal in but fiction, our writer was evidently mistaken in foretelling that the blind fury of Mr. Burke would be pacified; for his peace, notwithstanding his indecorous mention of the regal malady, his peace is made at St. James's, and this hurler of monarchs from their thrones, after abandoning the principles, secedes from the society of the Whigs.

This article, already extended to an undue length, cannot conclude better than with the following stanzas of Mr. Sheridan, extracted from verses addressed to his wife in consequence of a trifling difference in opinion between them before marriage; they are beautifully pathetic, tender, sentimental and picturesque.

"— Tell me thou grotto of
moss-cover'd stone,

"And tell me thou willow
with leaves dripping dew,

"Did Delia seem vex'd when
Horatio was gone,

"And did she confess her re-
sentment to you."

* * * *

* * * *

"— Did she frown when I
dar'd to advise,

"And sigh when she saw that
I did it with zeal.

"True, true, silly leaves so she
did I allow,

"She frown'd but no rage in
her looks cou'd I see;

"She frown'd but reflection had
clouded her brow,

"She sigh'd, but perhaps
'twas in pity to me.

"Then wave thy leaves brisker,
thou willow of woe:

"I tell thee no rage in her
looks cou'd I see,

"I cannot, I will not believe it
was so,

"She was not, she cou'd not
be angry with me."

SHIPWRECKS, short hints for devising means of escape in such situations.—See Voltemad, in this volume.

SIBTHORPE AND MANWARING, two preachers in favour of prerogative, in the early part of the reign of king Charles I. who rewarded them both with ample preferment, advanced Manwaring to a bishopric, and suspended archbishop Abbot from his episcopal functions, for refusing his licence to publications which he considered as opposite to every principle of liberty and reason.

The views of these abject tools, and of their patron, are clearly demonstrated by the following passages from their works: "The prince doth whatsoever pleaseth him, wherever the word of a king is, there is power, and who may say unto him, what dost thou? If princes command any thing, which subjects may not perform, because it is against the laws of God or of nature, yet subjects are bound to undergo the punishment, without resistance, railing or reviling.

"The king is not bound to ob-
serve the laws of the realm, concerning the subjects' rights and liberties, but his royal will and command without consent of Parliament, doth oblige the con-
sciences

"sciences of his subjects on pain
 "of eternal damnation: the slow
 "proceedings of popular assem-
 "blies, are not calculated for the
 "supply of state necessity, but are
 "productive of sundry impedi-
 "ments to the designs of
 "princes."

A view of these early propen-
 sities of Charles, at least of those
 he patronized, long before politi-
 cal and religious zeal had been ex-
 asperated by mutual injury and re-
 sistance, would save the trouble of
 long and elaborate arguments, on
 the justice of putting him to death.
 It was undoubtedly a subject which
 claimed due deliberation; but
 twenty years before he ascended
 the scaffold, had I been his subject,
 and a witness of the favor and re-
 wards he bestowed on the broach-
 ers of the unhallowed, the damnable
 doctrines I have quoted, I
 should instantly and eagerly have
 pronounced him unfit to reign.
 Dismission, with a moderate pen-
 sion, might have prevented the
 shedding torrents of English blood,
 and have saved the unhappy king
 from temporal and eternal misery.

SMOLLET, attacks Akenfide
 in his feast after the manner of
 the antients.—See Vol. I. page
 130.

SOMERSET, JAMES, a na-
 tive of Africa, a negro, and
 a slave. By an intercourse which
 some call rapine, and others a jus-
 tifiable trade, he had been convey-
 ed from his native country to Ja-
 maica, where he was purchased by
 a Mr. Stewart, whom he attended
 some years after in a voyage to
 England; but on that gentleman's
 return, refusing to accompany him
 to the West Indies, he was seized,

conveyed on board an outward-
 bound ship in the River Thames,
 and confined in irons.

His situation stimulated certain
 humane individuals to interpose in
 his behalf, application supported
 by affidavits, was made to the
 court of King's Bench, and by
 writ of habeas corpus, Somerset
 was brought before the judges; the
 legality of slavery in England was
 solemnly argued, it was at last de-
 termined, that domestic vassalage
 cannot exist in this our free coun-
 try, and the happy prisoner was set
 at liberty.

On this occasion, much praise
 was due to the well applied learn-
 ing, and legal acuteness of Mr.
 Hargrave, who aptly quoted the
 collections of Rushworth, where
 he says, that in the eleventh year
 of queen Elizabeth, it was deter-
 mined, on an appeal brought by a
 Russian slave against his master,
 "who would scourge him, that
 "England was too pure an air for
 "a slave to breathe in." The strong
 expressions of Lord Chief Justice
 Holt, and of Lord Northington,
 were also mentioned, "that as soon
 "as a negro sets his foot in Eng-
 "land he is free, that he may
 "maintain an action against his
 "master for ill usage, and de-
 "mand an habeas corpus." The
 singular case of Sir Thomas Gran-
 tham was related, who in the reign
 of James II. purchased a negro in
 the West Indies, with a large ex-
 crescence in the shape of a child
 growing on his breast; Sir Thomas
 brought the monster to England
 with a design of publicly exhibit-
 ing the curiosity for profit. But
 the cunning slave, from interest or
 conviction, embraced Christianity
 and

and quitted his keeper, who by some legal process recovering possession of his person, the court of Common Pleas admitted to bail, this extraordinary production of nature.

Slavery, says Mr. Hargrave, corrupts the morals of the master, by freeing him from those restraints, so necessary for controuling human passions, it is dangerous to him from the resentment and hatred, which the injustice and oppression of his state, naturally excite in the slave, and which his situation daily affords him an opportunity of revenging. Slavery communicates to the unhappy sufferer the afflictions, without the pleasures of life, it depresses the energies of nature, and is dangerous to a community, by admitting within it a number of unhappy individuals, who excluded from the benefits of its constitution, are interested only in promoting its destruction.

STAIR, LORD, a singular adventure which occurred to him after the battle of Dettingen, related on the faith of a French writer—See execution of king Charles the First, in this volume.

STATIONERS' COMPANY of London, introduced in this place for the purpose of recording the culpable and indecent neglect of a printer they employed in the reign of James the First, who punished them by a fine of a thousand pounds, for omitting in an edition of the Bible, the important monosyllable, *not*, in that portion of the decalogue which forbids adultery. An error of a like kind, but not an involuntary error, has been laid to the charge of Porpora,

a celebrated Italian composer, who being employed to set a portion of the service of the church of Rome, to music, on a particular occasion, found himself at a loss in the beginning of one of the creeds for a monosyllable, to give power to the forte part of his piece, and in the absorbing raptures of his composition, thoughtlessly introduced the very word, for the omission of which, the stationers' company had been punished; so that in the music score, the words actually ran "I believe *not* in God." This error, not remarked 'till after the celebration of the service, was productive of future censure and confusion to the composer, who was severely reprimanded by the inquisition, seldom content with reproof, without punishment.

The stationers' company had long enjoyed the exclusive privilege of printing and vending almanacks, grounded on a grant of James the First or Second, which his majesty had no right to make: and a monopoly so contrary to law and equity, was attacked by Carnan a private individual of strong sense, but unaccommodating manners. This bookseller, after a long and expensive suit, against the united power, influence, and money, of a wealthy fraternity, and a learned university, gained the cause, and celebrated his victory with an intemperate exultation, calculated rather to insult his vanquished rivals, than exalt himself in the opinion of moderate men. After driving his antagonists from the field, he reaped himself but little benefit from this triumph, owing to the ungenerous eagerness of the rest of the trade who seized instantly those advantages

advantages he had laid open. Carnan was a striking and impressive proof, that good sense and active powers cannot always insure a successful or a pleasant passage through life: he was preyed on by chagrin or insulted by unforgiving competitors, while many a dull fellow in the neighbouring row, one half of his time asleep, and the other scarcely awake, was slumbering into independance, ease, and city honours. As a proof of his impolitic obstinacy, he is said to have expended a thousand pounds in a lawsuit concerning a horse, rather than retract an opinion: in another instance, he sunk a considerable sum in building a house on an execrable spot, without a prospect or a probability of a tenant, or its turning to any advantage or account, and contrary to the persuasions of all his friends; the only reason that could be guessed for his pertinacious adherence to this unprofitable folly, was, that in a dispute, he had asserted, that the situation was a desirable one, and a tenant at a high rent absolutely certain; the event proved his mistake. The writer of this article was once witness to a transaction between Goldsmith and Carnan, which did credit to the spirit, feelings and generosity of the bookseller, but the author, in his usual strange way, treated his benefactor with supercilious abruptness, and ill manners; had a third person been introduced, unacquainted with the preceding transaction, he would have immediately concluded, that Carnan had received, and Goldsmith conferred a favour. I have not been able to ascertain, if the defalcations from their income by almanacks, has made any inroads on

the monthly luxuries, or the laudable charities of this respectable society.

STEWART, JOHN, EARL OF BUTE, a peer of North Britain, director of the education of George the Third, and afterwards his prime minister, during a period scarcely to be equalled in English history for party violence, and civil discord, which diffused a dark cloud of implied suspicion, or open aversion, over the rising glories of a young and amiable prince, who had so lately ascended the throne of his ancestors, with the most enthusiastic attachment of his subjects. These circumstances have been attributed by some to weakness, by others to ill-design in the administration of the day, and by many, to the superior skill and versatility of their opponents, in forming parliamentary cabal, and fomenting popular discontent.

This nobleman, happy in the smiles of his sovereign, but never possessing the confidence of the people, married the wealthy heiress of Wortley Montague, and after retiring from a ministry, which the strong arm of military interposition was scarcely able to protect, passed his remaining days in the lap of science and tranquility, expending, or rather sinking more than eighty thousand pounds in a superb edifice on High Cliff, a barren promontory on the sea coast of Hampshire, opposite the isle of Wight; not intimidated by the assurances of his architect and surveyor, who asserted that from the daily and rapid inroads of the tide, in less than fifty years, the whole building, as well as the surrounding gardens and pleasure-grounds, must be washed into the sea; a prediction,

diction, the fulfilling of which, I understand, the raging elements have already ruinously and rapidly commenced; not without personal injury to the proprietor, a short time before his death.

After seceding from the ostensible situation of a minister, Lord Bute's favourite pursuit was botany, in which his researches are said to have been successful, his work on this subject with plates, of which I believe only a dozen were printed, is an elegant and splendid proof, that when levees and drawing rooms lose their charm, methods of passing through life may still be struck out, without sacrificing health, fame and fortune, to the injurious vices, the despicable arts, or the trifling follies of Newmarket, the brothel, or the chase. For the shades of retirement, Sir Robert Walpole is said to have neglected, or forgotten to qualify himself, an evil not easily remedied, and productive in many instances of serious perplexity, which that minister after having been hunted down, by the furious, but mercenary blood-hounds of Pulteney, (that fordid and selfish partizan,) pathetically lamented with tears.

I cannot but think that the subject of this article, would have deserved much better of science and of mankind, and would have been more justly entitled to the praise of a benevolent friend of the arts, had he permitted the impressions of his botanic work to have been more numerous, and given to the public at a moderate price, or a copy to have been distributed gratis to every university, and public library in Europe; the partial and reserved manner in which it was printed

and conferred, favoured strongly of a haughty aristocratic spirit, illiberal and unworthy an amateur and a gentleman.

By a species of internal, or rather collateral evidence, this circumstance, serves to corroborate a report which I formerly heard, but did not credit, from a relation of the Thane's, who had no temptation, and was of a profession that generally inspires a just hatred for lying. In the domestic management and education of his children, he described the paternal deportment of Lord Bute, as singular and austere: from childhood to manhood, they enjoyed a very minute portion of the time and attention of their father, who absorbed in political reveries, deep study, or self-contemplation, directed, that at a fixed and regular hour, they should once, and only once a day be introduced to him, and make their obedience. After the cool common-place questions and answers mutually given and received, they retired: this anecdote, if true, instead of the soft endearing intercourse of a parent, might be rather termed a dramatic representation of domestic decorum perfectly consistent with the Earl's gesture and manner of speaking, which those who remember it, may recollect were theatric; it was rather the formal condescension of an oriental despot, a father without affection, than the fond meeting, and bewitching dalliance of a parent with his offspring, listening to their prattle, or viewing with delight the opening buds of mental and corporal improvement.

"Can you vouch for the authenticity of certain accusations, you have produced against the favourite

“ favourite, and the mother of a
 “ great personage,” said a barrister
 (who has the reputation of hitting
 off satirical sketches impromptu) to
 the famous, or the infamous au-
 thor of certain violent periodic po-
 pular invectives; “ nothing like
 “ it,” replied the honourable gen-
 tleman with a ghastly grin, which
 added new horrors to the native
 deformity of his countenance, “ no-
 “ thing like it; I was totally igno-
 “ rant of the business, but the hint
 “ probably first suggested by some
 “ hungry paragraph-monger, or
 “ industrious pamphleteer, af-
 “ forded so fair an opportunity for
 “ raising public clamour, and fan-
 “ ing the embers of discontent, that I
 “ could not suffer it to escape me.”
 The indignant lawyer, instantly and
 significantly turned his back on the
 propagator of falsehood during
 the remainder of the evening
 observing towards him a con-
 temptuous and expressive silence.

“ A private country gentleman,
 “ and a colonel of a regiment of
 “ militia,” (observed the bar-
 rister to the writer of this arti-
 cle, and a few others who sat
 near him on the occasion, which
 was a public dinner) “ the rascal
 “ behind me, might have lived un-
 “ noticed, and have died without
 “ remembrance, had he not at an
 “ early period of life, given noto-
 “ rious and flagrant proofs of an
 “ utter contempt for religion, and
 “ the moral duties. With a suit-
 “ able circle of companions, he in-
 “ stituted a society, whose existence
 “ was a satire on mankind, and
 “ whose impunity was a libel on
 “ their country, they chose Satan
 “ for their divinity, and profaned
 “ by mock rites, and obscene prac-

“ tices, the Liturgy and ceremo-
 “ nies of the Church of England,
 “ by addressing them to the mo-
 “ narch of hell.

“ After exhausting every re-
 “ source of a depraved fancy, and
 “ an impure imagination, he
 “ turned his mind, from blasphem-
 “ my unenlivened by wit, from sen-
 “ suality without refinement, from
 “ love without delicacy, to political
 “ adventure, and in a conference
 “ with the minister of the day on
 “ the price of his prostituted ta-
 “ lents, his demands were confi-
 “ dered as so arbitrary, exorbi-
 “ tant, and unreasonable, that the
 “ premier rejected them in a pe-
 “ remptory and spirited manner,
 “ and was told by this political re-
 “ negado, that in a few months
 “ he would write him down. Dis-
 “ appointed in his prospects at
 “ court, he drew his venal pen,
 “ and became a virulent libeller
 “ of king, church, and state, till
 “ by the unwarrantable rashness of
 “ a minister, who violated in his
 “ person, the principles of the
 “ English constitution, in order
 “ to revenge the insults of his
 “ master, whose mother had been
 “ grossly traduced, our hero had
 “ the versatility to render the pri-
 “ vate injuries of an obscure de-
 “ bauchee, the cause of the whole
 “ kingdom, by which means he
 “ set the nation in an uproar.

“ Thus an individual of diabo-
 “ lical features, blasted character,
 “ and infamous life, the traducer
 “ of revealed religion, and ridi-
 “ culer of its mysteries, the de-
 “ fender and panegyrist of fraud,
 “ cruelty, and obscenity, the
 “ reviler of that sex, to whom we
 “ all owe, not only our existence
 “ and

“and nurture, but the most delicious moments of our life, whose hand had been against every man, and every man’s hand against him, became, by one of those extraordinary revolutions which govern the world, the most favoured and popular man alive, securing adoration, honour, and emolument, far beyond all that ministerial favour could bestow. But time and common sense have gradually dissolved the charm, he is rapidly sinking into his original insignificance, from a flaming red-hot patriot, to an humble dependant of the minister; keeps aloof on all bold, popular, and decisive questions, exhibits the same tergiversation in political, as he formerly evinced in religious principles, and is wholly occupied by a sordid passion for shillings and half-crowns.”

This *rough* outline, whose severity I cannot but censure, and whose truth, in many instances, I cannot on any account subscribe to, was heard with silent attention, by the surrounding circle, while the only notice taken of it, by the only person who ought to have noticed it, and who must have distinctly heard the whole, was his swallowing a half pint bumper of Burgundy, probably with a view to wash down the ebullitions of anger and chagrin.

Before I conclude, it may probably be expected of me to notice, the oft repeated, and long continued charge of secret influence, adduced against the Earl of Bute for many years after he quitted the cabinet: this intercourse is said

to have been carried on by the medium of a fortunate, and in many respects a meritorious man, to whom I should be less tardy in granting the “PALMA NON SINE PULVERE,” if contrary to his general prudent unassuming behaviour, he had not so ostentatiously and eagerly protruded it to public view, beneath the bulky and enormous coronet, which occupies or obscures the narrow envious panels of his chariot, which groan beneath its weight. This accusation, probably first originating from hatred or from fear, which implies from its name as well as nature, difficulty of detection, would, with others of a similar tendency, have long since been forgotten, but for a mysterious air of privacy, the effect of fear or policy, always observed, in this nobleman’s interviews with the king, his foreboding and irritation on the subject, and his earnestly and industriously affecting a marked inattention, a seemingly important negligence of ministers and court measures. The almost extinguished sparks of doubt or of suspicion, were also somewhat lighted up a few years since, by a ridiculous, unauthorized negotiations, created or imagined in the declining dotage, and officious garrulity of the late Dr. Addington.

The following character is drawn by an inveterate enemy, who enjoyed, or pretends to have enjoyed more than common opportunities of minutely inspecting the life and character of Lord Bute.

“False without system to others
“and himself; reserved inward
“and darksome, sequestering himself in the shades of retirement,
“as a refuge of vanity from contempt.

“tempt. Clandestine without concealment, sad without sorrow, domestic without familiarity, haughty without elevation, stubborn without firmness, and ambitious without spirit; a frigid friend, a mean enemy, without ease, manners or dignity. Bookish without learning, a dabbler in the fine arts without taste, displaying all the parade of a vast library, yet as unconvertible on literature, as a deaf man on music, or a blind man on paintings. A tutor without knowledge, a minister without ability, and a favourite without gratitude.”

SUICIDE alone, no positive proof of insanity.—See Vol. I. page 155.

SULLY, DUKE OF, a particular request made to him.—See Vol. I. page 125.

SURFACE, CHARLES, in the School for Scandal, the effects of such a character, held up for applause and admiration, injurious to the interests of society.—See Sheridan, Richard; observing, that nothing in that article, is meant to extend to a defence of the sentimental hypocrisy of Joseph.

SWIFT, DR. delineated and laid open filth and nastiness, for the purpose of inculcating scrupulous cleanliness.—See Montfey, Dr. in this volume, page 82.

SWIFT AND POPE, in some respects excelled by a cotemporary.—See Vol. I. page 18.

TASTE, the difference of that of a Frenchman and an Englishman described.—See Vol. I. page 88.

**TREGONWELL, FRAMP-
TON**, better known to

sportsmen, as Father of the Turf;—for an account of his singular cruelty, which is related under his portrait, in words of wonder, and nearly approaching to approbation, see Horle, page 61, in this volume.

VAN ESTE, MR. a humane governor of Coupang, a Dutch settlement in the East.—See Fletcher Christian, in this volume.

VIGNOLES, STEPHEN, commonly, and in the spirit of the age when he lived, which delighted in additional names, called Lahire. This valiant and high spirited associate of the brave D'unois, raised the siege of Montargis, with a comparatively small number of men, in the fifteenth century, when France, so often doomed to despotism, or bloodshed and confusion, was alternately ravaged and re-conquered, by the English invaders, the amorous Charles the Seventh, and the martial maid of Orleans.

A short article is assigned to this gay and gallant Frenchman, for the purpose of noticing a singular prayer which, on the faith of an old, but pleasant French historian, he is said to have made use of, previous to his attacking the English. As Lahire approached the enemy, seeing accidentally a regimental chaplain, he demanded of him absolution without delay; “You must first confess your sins,” said the priest; “I cannot spare time at present,” replied the captain, “for we are this moment preparing to attack the besiegers, and as to sins, I hope I have not demeaned myself worse than my neighbours.” As soon as his request was granted, he drew his sword,

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word, and raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "Deal with me I beseech thee O Lord this day, as I would with thee, if I were God, and thou wert Lahire." He then rushed with national impetuosity into the thickest of the battle, and with only six hundred men, slaughtered or put to flight many thousand foes, insolent and unguarded, through a fatal security, so generally productive of disaster and defeat.

We are not sufficiently acquainted with the period, to determine of the lively, the characteristic, but irreverend idea of Vignoles was precisely his own, but the thought, natural in a man ambitious of showing his gaiety and unconcern in the hour of danger, cannot be comprehended in the short list of those things, which have been said but once; after travelling through many a page in the variegated forms of essay, anecdote, or bon-mot, ascribed to different persons, but its origin acknowledged by none; from the industrious author of the *Menagiana*, it has been seized by some English humourist, who by way of epigram, has put it in the mouth of Martin Elton Brod a Dutchman, yet a wit.

VILLACERFE, MADAM, a French lady of noble family, dignified character, and unblemished life, whose remarkable and tragic death, was distinguished by an evenness of temper, and greatness of mind, not usual in her sex, and equal to the most renowned heroes of antiquity. The short history of this excellent woman, is, I believe generally known, and will probably be recognized by many of my readers, but she is so striking an

example of philosophic suffering, christian fortitude, generous forbearance, and angelic love, without the least possible alloy, of selfishness or sensuality, that the affecting circumstance cannot, in my opinion, be dwelt on too long, or repeated too often.

An early, a mutual affection had taken place between this lady and Monsieur Festeau, a surgeon of eminence in Paris, but from the insurmountable obstacles which in those days (A. D. 1700.) so strictly guarded superior rank from intermingling with plebeian blood, all further intercourse was prevented, than animated civilities, when opportunities offered, and soft but secret wishes. The lover would have perished rather than by a rash proceeding degrade the object of his tenderest affections, in the eyes of her family and friends; and his mistress, taught by love the omnipotent leveller of all distinctions, though she felt too powerfully the merit of her admirer, who in the scale of unprejudiced reason, far outweighed, a thousand fashionable pretenders, to frivolous accomplishment, and superficial attainment; resolved

"To quit the object of no common choice,

"In mild submission to stern duty's voice,

"The much lov'd man with all his claims resign,

"And sacrifice delight at duty's shrine."

After some years passed in what may be called a defeat, rather than a struggle of the passions, after a glorious victory of duty and honour, which surely affords a durable and exalted pleasure, far beyond the

gratification of wild wishes, and misguided appetites, Madam Villacerfe, from an indisposition which confined her to a chamber, but not to her bed, was by the prescription of her physician, ordered to be bled; Festeau, as surgeon to the family was sent for, and his countenance as he entered the room, strongly exhibited the state of his mind. After gently touching her pulse, and a few common professional questions in a low hesitating voice, he prepared for the operation by tucking up that part of a loose dress which covered her arm; an interesting business to a man of fine feelings, who had long laboured with the most ardent attachment to his lovely patient, whose illness diffused an irresistible softness over her features, and lighted up the embers of an affection suppressed, but never extinguished: on pressing the vein in order to render it more prominent, he was observed to be seized with a sudden tremour, and to change his colour; this circumstance was mentioned to the lady, not without a fear, that it might prevent his bleeding her with his usual dexterity.

On her observing with a smile, that she confided entirely in Monsieur Festeau, and was sure he had no inclination to do her an injury, he appeared to recover himself, and smiling, or forcing a smile, proceeded to his work, which was no sooner performed, than he cried out, "I am the most unfortunate man alive, I have opened an artery instead of a vein." It is not easy to describe his distraction, or her composure; in less than three days, the state of her arm, in consequence of the accident, rendered

amputation necessary, when so far from using her unhappy surgeon with the peevish resentment of a base and little mind, she tenderly requested of him not to be absent from any consultation, on the treatment of her case; ordered her will to be made, and after her arm was taken off, symptoms appearing which convinced Festeau and his associates, that less than four and twenty hours would terminate the existence of one who was an ornament to her sex; the voice, the looks, the stifled anguish of her lover, as well as her own feelings, convinced her of the approaches of death, an opinion which her earnest and solemn entreaties, entreaties on a death-bed not to be disregarded, obliged her friends to confirm. A few hours before the awful moment of dissolution, that period which neither kings, philosophers; or beggars can escape, the fear of which bold bad men only affect to despise, she addressed the disconsolate surgeon in the following words:

"You give me inexpressible concern for the sorrow in which I see you overwhelmed, notwithstanding your kind efforts to conceal it. I am removing—to all intents and purposes I am removed, from the interests of human life, it is therefore highly incumbent on me, to begin to think and act like one wholly unconcerned in it; I feel not the least resentment or displeasure on the present occasion; I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life, I regard you rather as a benefactor who have hastened my entrance into a blessed immortality. But the world may look on the accident, which

" which on your account alone, I
 " can call unfortunate, and men-
 " tion it to your disadvantage ;
 " I have therefore provided in my
 " will, against every thing you
 " may have to dread, from the ill
 " will, the prejudices, or the sel-
 " fish misrepresentations of man-
 " kind."

This pattern for christians, this example for heroes, soon after expired : a judicial sentence devoting his fortune to confiscation, and his body to exquisite tortures, could not have produced keener sensations of misery and horror, than Festeau felt during her address, which was an emanation of celestial benignity, an anticipating revelation, a divine ray from the spirit of that God, who inspired and loved her, and in whose presence, she was shortly to triumph and adore.

But when he contemplated her exalted goodness and unparalleled magnanimity in suffering pain and mortal agonies, inflicted by an unhappy man, who of all others loved and doated on her most, when he saw her dying look, and heard that groan which is repeated no more ; sick of the world, dispirited with human life and its vain pursuits, angry beyond forgiveness with himself, he sunk into the settled gloom, and long melancholy of despair.

This is one of the many instances, in which, a little forethought, and a small share of prudence would have prevented much serious evil, and irretrievable calamity : I have said in a former article, that love though not curable by herbs, may be prevented by caution, and as it was impossible that

Madam Villacerfe's relations could be entirely strangers to the partiality of Monsieur Festeau, they should industriously have prevented all intercourse between the young people. The agitated frame, and deranged appearance of her lover, observed previous to the catastrophe, by a gentleman nearly related to the lady, from whom I tell the story, pointed him out as the most improper man alive for medical or surgical assistance, which requires coolness, dexterity, a steady hand, and a collected mind. In the sudden and disastrous accidents to which human life is on every side, and during every moment exposed, it will frequently be found that those connected to us by the nearest and dearest ties of blood, friendship, or affection, are often by those very circumstances disqualified from affording us prompt and effectual relief, or even solace and comfort in the common circumstances of life. The fond mother, whose infant is a constant source of toil and occupation, which no one else would willingly submit to, and delight, which all must envy, on seeing it suddenly spring from her arms into a deep and rapid stream, would probably sink to the ground in a fainting fit, or an hystERIC convulsion, and be rendered by the ardour of affection, and the violence of her feelings, wholly unable to snatch her child from death : a bystander, perhaps a reprobate and a scoundrel, uninfluenced by philanthropy, love, or a sense of duty, and amply repaid by half a crown, with all his senses about him, would directly jump in, and a stranger to the unmanageable ecstasies of a mother,

ther, restore the darling to her arms.

VILLENA, MARQUIS of, a Spanish grandee, who possessing a considerable portion of the lofty spirit of his countrymen, did not forget to accompany it, with consistency of conduct, a firmness of mind, and dignity of sentiment, not always found in exalted rank. He was a subject of the treacherous Charles the Fifth, emperor of Germany, who in his contests with Francis the First, king of France, had received considerable assistance from Bourbon a gallic rebel, and a near relation of the unfortunate monarch, who was defeated and taken prisoner at the battle of Pavía.

In the adversity of his formidable rival, a generous mind would have mitigated the calamities of war, by mildness and affability; but Charles in the rancour of a vindictive heart, meanly strove to mortify a competitor, whom he hated and feared, by suspicion and augmented restraint, treating the faithless Bourbon at the same time with marked attention, and the most studied respect. The Spaniards, notwithstanding the transports of victory, beheld this insulting behaviour with concern and abhorrence. "It becomes us," said the insidious Charles, to the subject of this article, at a moment when he thought him off his guard, "it surely becomes us, to treat the illustrious constable of France, from whom we have received great and effectual aid, with all possible honour, and hospitality, it would please me very much if he were invited to reside in the Villena Palace, during his stay

"in Madrid." "Sire," replied the marquis, whose justifiable pride over-powered all dread of the subtle despotism of the emperor. "I can refuse nothing to my sovereign, but your majesty must not be surprized, if immediately on Bourbon's departure, I level my palace to the ground; once contaminated with the presence of a traitor, it never can be a fit habitation for a man of principle and honour."

VINER, Mr. an independant man, and his secret for continuing so.—See Vol. I. page 158.

VOLTEMAD, CORNELIUS, a Dutchman, and an inhabitant of the Cape of Good Hope, whose intrepid philanthropy impelled him to risque, and (as it unfortunately proved) to lose his own life in consequence of heroic efforts to save the lives of others. This generous purpose, in a great degree he effected, in the year 1773, when a Dutch ship was driven on shore in a storm, near Table Bay, not far from the South River fort. Returning from a ride, the state of the vessel, and the cries of the crew strongly interested him in their behalf. Though unable to swim, he provided himself with a rope, and being mounted on a powerful horse, remarkably muscular in its form, plunged with the noble animal into the sea, which rolled in waves sufficiently tremendous to daunt a man of common fortitude, he notwithstanding firmly kept his seat, and with his spirited horse approached the ship's side, near enough to enable the sailors to lay hold of the end of a cord, which he threw out

out to them; by this method and their grasping the horses' tail, he was happy enough, after returning several times, to convey fourteen persons safely on shore.

But in the warmth of his benevolence, he appears not to have sufficiently attended to the prodigious and exhausting efforts of his horse, who in combating with the boisterous billows, and his accumulated burthens, was almost spent with fatigue and debilitated by the quantities of sea-water which in its present agitated state, could not be prevented from rushing in great quantities down his throat. In swimming with a heavy load, the appearance of a horse is singular, his forehead and nostrils are the only parts to be seen; in this perilous situation, the least check on his mouth is generally considered as fatal, and it was supposed, that some of the half-drowned sailors, in the ardor of self-preservation, pulled the bridle inadvertently, for the noble creature, far superior to the majority of bipeds who harass and torment his species, suddenly disappeared with his master, he sunk, and rose no more!

This affecting circumstance, induced the Dutch East India Company, to erect a monument to Voltemad's memory, they likewise ordered, that such descendants or relations as he left, should be speedily and effectually provided for; but before this intelligence reached the Cape, his nephew, a corporal in the service, had solicited to succeed him in a little employment he held in the menagerie, but being refused, retired in chagrin to a distant settlement, where he died, before news of the directors recom-

mendations could reach him. While we lament Voltemad's fate, and the ungrateful treatment his relation experienced from the people at the Cape, a circumstance arises in our minds, which tends to render this misfortune still more aggravating. In his bold and successful attempt to reach the ship, if this benevolent man, instead of embarrassing himself and horse with a hazardous burthen fatal to them all, had only brought the end of a long rope with him on shore, it might have been fixed to a cable, which with proper help might have been dragged on shore, and the whole ships company saved, without involving their benefactor and a noble animal in destruction.

As it is of importance to record and point out methods of escape in situations, in which we too often lose all presence of mind, it may prove useful to mention some circumstances relating to a Danish ship which was wrecked, at Mossel Bay, in the neighbourhood of the Cape. In this instance, by means of two lines which were conveyed on shore, a stout rope was stretched in a sloping direction from the ship's mast to a post firmly fixed in the ground; on this rope a large metal ring was hung, to which each man was separately made fast, and slid on shore one after the other, till the whole of the crew were safely conveyed, over breakers, through which no boat could possibly have made its way without being overfet; in a few days the storm subsided, a good part of the cargo was saved and sent in wag-gons to the Cape. But it is always difficult, and frequently impossible to carry on an intercourse with the shore,

shore, which in this instance was effected, by a seaman's tying a rope round his body, and boldly committing himself to the waves: such daring individuals do not always present themselves, and various methods of conveying a line from ships in distress to people on shore, or vice versa, have been devised by human ingenuity; by fixing a small cord to an arrow shot by a vigorous hand from a bow, or to a ball fired from a musket or a swivel, loaded with a quantity of powder, proportionate to the distance, or lastly, by fixing a line to a buoy and trusting to its being thrown on the shore. But it is time to close a subject, which still affords ample scope for speculation to benevolent enterprising spirits.

The shameful and too frequent plundering of shipwrecked seamen, has been censured in another part of this compilation. In the Indian territories of the Dutch, no person is permitted to approach the shore in such cases, on pain of death; but this zeal for the protection of property, too often prevents necessary aid being afforded for the rescuing of persons, and in the instance of Voltemad, but for his riding out of the town before the orders were issued, his humane assistance would have been prevented or punished. One of the officers at the Cape on being reproached for neglecting his nephew after the death of the subject of this article, replied, "If the man had not been drowned, he might have thought himself sufficiently rewarded, in not being hanged for a disobedience of orders." The fable of the wolf's reproaching a crane who expected

reward, for extracting a bone from his throat, when he had an opportunity of biting off his head, we sometimes see realized in the intercourses of mankind.

WAKE, the father of the archbishop, for a remarkable anecdote of him, and his old school-fellow Nicholas, a judge, during the usurpation.—See Nicholas, p. 87, in this Vol.

WANJON, MR. a benevolent reliever of Lieutenant Bligh and his crew at Timor.—See Fletcher, Christian, in this volume.

WARBURTON, displeased at being compared to Pere Harduin.—See Vol. I. page 80.

WARTON, THOMAS, professor of history, and fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, poet laureat, and decider *against* the authenticity of the poems attributed by Chatterton to Rowley, but clearly proved from internal evidence by our ingenious and entertaining historian of English poetry, to be the invention and production of a modern hand. The only drawback I can or wish to make, from the antiquarian acuteness, the correct taste, the various and indisputable merits of Tom Warton, was his tempting young men, from studies which were to qualify them for the support of their future lives, to frivolous attainments, luxurious habits, and a system which he preached and practiced so successfully himself, "to laugh and grow fat." By the fascination of his converse, which was wonderful, and I am convinced, without any view but the natural one of receiving and communicating pleasure, he drew many

many a young man from the thorny paths of useful application. The jovial attic board, "*the fun the feast*" of good dinners, anniversaries, music meetings, expeditions to Wallingford, London, or Woodstock, and a thousand arts of communicating variety to the dull sameness of an Oxford life, which Tom possessed beyond most men, were fair and consistent, in a professor of accumulated preferment, who had in his time raised no small contributions on the booksellers. But they were ruinous in the extreme, to those who had to make their way in the world, with narrow fortunes, and were ill-qualified to climb or creep in law, physic, or divinity, by their knowledge and attention being confined to circulating a bon mot, translating an antient black letter inscription, and determining, which college excelled in long corks, or had a cook best qualified for serving up harrico of mutton, or hashed calves head. During the two or three last years of his life, warned by two fatal and alarming catastrophes, which touched him nearly, he felt and acknowledged his erroneous conduct in this respect, which when I consider the good points in his character, I am inclined to attribute rather to the extravagant and erring spirit of the university, and times in which he lived, than to any obliquity of design, in the individual himself.

Mr. Warton exposed himself to the lash of Peter Pindar, when he declared in the orgasm of outrageous panegyric, that the present king, who is certainly a good private-domestic character, was superior in fame to the Edwards and Henries, celebrated in days of old.

The wicked wit did not lose the opportunity of overwhelming our loyal poet, and his royal subject, in an irresistible torrent of humour, irony, and fair satire.

I have seen lines addressed to the subject of this article, soon after the change in his system and opinions; the writer was a young man, who exhibited early proofs of intellectual energy, and literary powers, but split on the rock of misapplication, and mistaking what ought only to be the amusement of an idle hour, for the business and occupation of his life; so passed one half of his days, as to amply occupy the remainder in repentant reflection, and bitter self-accusations, which while they exasperate the wounds of folly and imprudence, too often disable a man from repairing the breaches, in his fortune and constitution. The poet began his address with lamenting, the mortifying conclusion of his academic visions, which had been once gilded by the flattering pencil of ambitious hope; and after telling the laureat that his new advice is come too late, and that he found it very difficult to consider that, as the wrong road, which had been so long, so gaily, and so successfully trod, by a man of genius and high attainment; he thus proceeds, in a measure nearly approaching to what has been denominated dog-grel;

"But you tell me that to shine as a wit, is a jest,

"That one grain of low cunning's worth a tun of the rest

"To succeed in the world, and that prudence and sense,

"Secure a man fame, and friendship and pence;

Whilst

" Whilſt ill-fated genius you're
 ready to ſwear,
 " Builds chimæras and caſtles
 aloft in the air :
 " And I'm tempted to think
 prudence better by half,
 " Than wit, and a knack at
 making folks laugh.
 " Great men uſe a bard, as rakes
 uſe a whore,
 " When their end is obtain'd,
 they'll ſee her no more :
 " Thus to poets like me, ſome
 kind modern patron,
 " Gives his beef and his port
 for joking and flatt'ring ;
 " But when we retire, he feels
 no concern,
 " If we ſnore on a bulk, or ſleep
 in a barn.
 " Few are able or willing, like
 Dyſon I fear,
 " To allow a poor author, three
 hundred a year :
 " Or few will be found, tho'
 I'm loth to obſerve it,
 " Very few, who like Akenſide
 richly deſerve it.
 " Come then common ſenſe, be
 a friend to an elf,
 " Who alas is a foe to no man
 but himſelf :
 " When the fever of gaming
 poſſeſſes his ſoul, [the bowl,
 " And love irrefiſtible proffers
 " When faſhion and taſte whif-
 per both in his ear,
 " To live like a man with three
 thouſand a year,
 " Tho' his elegant ardors and
 wiſhes to curſe,
 " He has ſcarce ever more than
 ten pounds in his purſe ;
 " When Bacchus and Venus,
 thy poet invite,
 " Do thou jog his elbow to wiſh
 them good night :

" When mahometan WHITE is
 ſoaring due Eaſt,
 " On the wings of poor
 Badcock who dy'd in the
 Weſt,
 " (Tho' Gabriel neglecting 'his
 Bath pater-noſter,
 " Swears that WHITE is him-
 ſelf an *Arabian impoſtor* ;)
 " When an ideot of rank is pre-
 tending to chatter,
 " Of learning and taſte, yet
 knows nought of the matter ;
 " When Cumberland fancies
 the drama his glory,
 " And ſtuſſs his obſervers, with
 old Grecian ſtory ;
 " When arm'd at all points
 great Bellendine PARR,
 " 'Gainſt Curtis's zeal wages
 claſſical war,
 " Of diſputes long forgot, will
 be ſifting the reſuſe,
 " And republifh old pamphlets,
 for the fake of a preface,
 " Excell all your Warburtons,
 Jortins and Hurds,
 " In ſonorous expreſſion, and
 terrible words :
 " Teach me then my new guide
 more precious than ruby,
 " To nod, ſmile, and bow, on
 each drivelling booby,
 " Let the roughneſs of ſatire
 then ſmoothly be fil'd,
 " And preferment ſhall call me
 her favorite child.
 " Common ſenſe wou'd teach
 Edmund when ſcolding the
 houſe,
 " Not to ſink from ſublime, to
 the ſkip of a louſe ;
 " Was it ſenſe that made Gibbon
 obſcenities quote ?
 " And put them in Latin by
 way of a note.

" Did it make him praise Julian
 who threw out such shabby
 taunts,
 " And boast of his beard with
 many inhabitants?
 " Did it teach our historian to
 collect from his stores,
 " That Constantine rais'd a re-
 venue on whores?
 " And declare with a grave phi-
 losophical meekness,
 " Seduction and rape, an ami-
 able weakness?
 " But adieu to these trifles,
 from joke I'll be parting,
 " Since you frown at fatirical
 hints, my dear Warton,
 " And advise me to study, in
 WHITE, BLAIR, and JORTIN,
 " And instead of abusing great
 men in my letters,
 " Like you get preferment by
 flatt'ring my betters:
 " Or the cudgels take up against
 GIBBON unchristian,
 " Under *mild Horfeley's* banners,
 that learned Philistian,
 " Who arrows polemic so keen-
 ly doth try a-
 " 'Gainst the grand innovator
 un-Priestley Goliath.
 " I've try'd all these arts 'till in-
 vention's extinguish'd,
 " Call'd MOOR independent,
 and NORTH a great linguist,
 " Said their brethren the bishops
 were one great example,
 " Of piety, learning, and chari-
 ty ample;
 " I have rail'd against schism,
 prais'd Grenville for wit,
 " I have bullied with Thurlow,
 preach'd morals with Pitt;
 " I've attack'd a French writer,
 who, neglecting his beads,
 " Observes (while he scatters he-
 retical seeds)

" Bishops shorten command-
 ments, but lengthen their
 creeds.
 " All this I have done, and
 what's my reward?
 " To preach fast a-sleep half
 Farringdon ward,
 " To eat once a week the
 Churchwarden's mutton,
 " Bear the rascal's coarse jokes,
 and flatter a glutton;
 " Hear his wife and his daugh-
 ter retail city wit,
 " While Miss is so *nervous*, she
 can't eat a bit;
 " Tho' I know all the time, spite
 of mincing and munching,
 " She has eat fowl and ham by
 the pound for a luncheon:
 " Tempted strong by her cash
 to take for a wife,
 " What's sure to torment me
 the rest of my life:
 " Thus for sad nasty mixtures,
 to doctors we send,
 " Tho' the stomach revolts, yet
 our habits they mend.
 " To be sure, says my rector,
 " she has got a vile face,
 " But like me you may get a
 tit bit at King's Place.
 " Her bosom which scarce tre-
 ble lawn can contain,
 " Like the vast Pyrenees which
 divide France and Spain,
 " Where he who once travels is
 tir'd and weary,
 " Yet all bustle on, unwilling to
 tarry;
 " Or to you who a horrid vol-
 cano have seen,
 " 'Tis a quagmire without, and
 brimstone within.
 " Without hate and disgust who
 the heap can behold*,
 " Sure none but a man who
 hungers for gold,

* Quisquis ingentes oculo irretorto,
 Spectat acervos,

" Who

" Who is thirsty for wealth,
 and rather than fail,
 " Prefers Pactolus mud, to fine
 Burton ale:
 " Thus to starve as a curate, I
 my life must devote,
 " Or marry a woman who's just
 like a goat:
 " Whose beard on her chin
 grows so shockingly high,
 " That she wants a sharp razor
 much oft'ner than I;
 " Who to hide her own smells
 as old surly thinks,
 " Perfumes with such various,
 such horrible stinks;
 " Her mother soft whispers, as
 she helps me to gravy,
 " *I really imagines our Polly wou'd*
have you.
 " I once was in love, but how
 the times alter,
 " Now Hymen's filk noose,
 looks to me like a halter;
 " Must I who have rifled a bo-
 som of snow,
 " At last feed in London, on
 liver and crow?
 " Must I once remark'd for an
 elegant wish,
 " From turbot and salmon, sit
 down to salt fish?
 " Must I once so blest by the
 Manciple's daughter,
 " Who amongst Oxford bucks
 made such terrible slaughter?
 " Must I who admir'd a delicate
 skin,
 " Bed and board with a woman
 as ugly as sin?
 " A monster, a scarecrow, by
 night and by day,
 " To freeze all desire, fright
 passion away:
 " Who serves her poor face (O
 that cruel small pox)
 As great auctioneers serve a vile
 country box,

" E'er the day of sale comes,
 ev'ry effort is try'd,
 " With whitewash and plaister,
 the mud-wall to hide,
 " Yet the bidders all find, tho'
 ply'd well with tokay,
 " The pleasure ground boggy,
 and the chimnies all smoky.
 " Such my bitter reflections,
 whose thoughts us'd to rove,
 " On the arrow of Cupid, and
 Venus's dove;
 " Is there not cause enough for
 a man to be sorry at,
 " But the subject we'll quit,
 now for you MR. LAUREAT:
 " You remember, I promis'd,
 I'd take shortly the free-
 dom,
 " To send you instructions,
 wou'd you deign but to read
 'em..
 " I have sent them at last, but at
 Trinity College,
 " You are so full of antiques,
 and of old gothic knowledge,
 " Of knights fees, of priests, of
 old books of mass,
 " Of old frescoed walls, and old
 painted glafs,
 " Of devoting your time to black
 letter'd nonsense,
 " Which to read or to write has
 been given up long since.
 " As if it imported three half
 farthing candles,
 " Whether ALFRED was chris-
 ten'd, or his daughters wore
 sandals;
 " If the heel of ACHILLES was
 imperfectly dipt,
 " Or if Milton at Oxford, is the
 last who was whipt.
 " (Tho' Johnson has tried, like
 a friend to our church,
 " To prove the republican tasted
 of birch)

- " Or to find by a lucky inquisi-
 tive knack,
 " That AUGUSTUS had never a
 shirt to his back :
 " That ZENOBIAS eyes were
 black as a floe,
 " That she scolded LONGINUS
 when he trod on her toe,
 " That queen CLEOPATRA was
 a sweet charming finger,
 " Had a mole on her neck, and
 a crooked fore-finger.
 " That RICHARD the Third,
 whom we all so abuse,
 " Was a good sort of man as ever
 wore shoes.
 " On subjects like these while
 you're solemnly preashing,
 " I presume on your patience,
 and venture on teaching :
 " But least by my verse, I the
 theme shou'd disgrace,
 " My doggrel I'll quit, and alter
 my pace.

INSTRUCTIONS to the LAUREAT.

When with your annual ode you
 next resort,
 Wou'd you *for once* but warble
 truth at court ;
 By truth I mean, not base malign-
 ant rhymes,
 That slander kings, and vilify
 the times,
 That injure humble merit, pa-
 tient meek,
 And force the tear down wo-
 man's lovely cheek,
 With coarse invective the rude
 page adorn,
 And hold misfortune up to pub-
 lic scorn.
 Now our lov'd king whose fate
 made nations groan,
 Is firmly seated on fair reason's
 throne,
 Now let thy laurel'd Muse se-
 renely gay,

Pour truth's choice gifts on this
 auspicious day,
 Then future times thy praises
 shall rehearse
 And hail thee more than a mere
man of verse :
 For Norman minstrelsy, and
 ivied towers,
 Knight-errant tales, and SPEN-
 SERS fairy bowers,
 In dulcet notes, and harmony
 divine,
 Ler admonition point thy moral
 line,
 Let these great truths, the cour-
 tier's chat o'erwhelm ;
 " A king of parties rules but half
 his realm,
 " Or whig or tory let true merit
 be,
 " The only badge of worthiness
 to thee,
 " Possess of that, tho' not a sin-
 gle vote,
 " Cherish the stranger in a
 thread-bare coat,
 " 'Tis not to view a fleet with
 sails unfurl'd,
 " Or nightly trace the planetary
 world,
 " 'Tis not with trifling mechan-
 ism to play,
 " And waste in happy nick-
 nacks, half the day,
 " 'Tis not with servants to throw
 off restraint,
 " Hear Siddons read, and teach
 good West to paint,
 " To fast and pray, to roll th'
 uplifted eye,
 " Are what the veriest bigot can
 supply,
 " 'Tis not to tempt by pageantry
 and glare,
 " The mobs huzza, the crowds
 unmeaning stare,

" In

- " In these the bays from thee
 are easy won,
 " By pray'r and fast the bigot
 Philip shone,
 " And while his Belgic regions
 flow'd with blood,
 " A fawning clergy call'd him
 great and good:
 " In acts like these thy fame
 can never live,
 " For these are proofs that any
 man could give;
 " What tho' the nation hastily
 complies,
 " With frequent messages, and
 large supplies:
 " Tho' often craving, still so
 odd your fate,
 " You beg of bankrupts, yet
 accumulate.
 " Thus some young heir whom
 wealthy fires have left,
 " Of no one gift but common
 sense bereft,
 " Thoughtless and gay expen-
 sive arts explores,
 " With glitt'ring gamblers and
 Italian whores,
 " Newmarket bets, election
 contests dire,
 " And dissipation set his soul
 on fire;
 " At last reflection comes when
 all is spent,
 " And posts him quickly to the
 Continent;
 " As he departs the steward
 makes his bow,
 " Of all his goods and chattels
 master now.
 " Your royal offspring, we ad-
 mit, demand
 " Your soft solicitude and rear-
 ing hand,
 " Yet subjects are your chil-
 dren, who obey,
 " And claim your tenderest love
 as well as they:
 " What if for *us* you had un-
 lock'd your store,
 " And *rich* yourself, had spar'd
 the *real poor*;
 " Left us untax'd a dear-bought
 peace to prove,
 " You have no cause to doubt
 your people's love:
 " Survey thy land with pity's
 melting eyes,
 " Devour'd with impost, taxes,
 and excise.
 " Feel for *their* woes, thy pri-
 vate savings give,
 " Struggling with want in mi-
 sery they live,
 " Except the chosen few, in
 affluence proud,
 " Who fly to London's fasci-
 nating crowd,
 " Leaving the hapless villager a
 prey
 " To pain and hunger through
 the tedious day.
 " To Cam and Isis turn a
 searching eye,
 " On either stands a univer-
 sity,
 " Where old abuse supports
 her drowzy reign,
 " And reason cries reform, but
 cries in vain:
 " Where raw from school the
 beardless fresh-man runs,
 " To dress and freedom, sing-
 song, wine and duns:
 " Pleasure's allurements he at
 first repels,
 " But the bowl mantles, and
 his pulse rebels;
 " Ungovern'd here, a copious
 store he lays,
 " Of pangs repentant for his
 future days,
 " Tutors

" Tutors and proctors all in
 ruin join,
 " They dare not frown, who
 help to drink his wine;
 " His eyes old coins instead of
 bibles search,
 " Hume and Voltaire prepare
 him for the church;
 " At length amended by afflictions
 rod,
 " The man of sin becomes a
 man of God:
 " A vacancy proclaim'd to ardent
 hopes,
 " A lonely fellow he no longer
 mopes,
 " The tests elaborate, ensnaring
 creeds,
 " Oppress'd with debt, he signs,
 but never reads,
 " Hastes to that living he hath
 purchas'd dear,
 " And life devotes to doubt,
 suspense and fear.
 " Next view that church in
 which thou art supreme,
 " Where bishops slumber, deans
 and chapters dream,
 " No airy visions theirs, like
 luckless bards,
 " They dream of gold, and
 wake to rich rewards;
 " Whilst those who labour most
 are paid the worst,
 " The curate thin with holy
 drudg'ry curst,
 " Trembling, with hat in hand,
 beholds from far,
 " The mitred prelate in his
 splendid car,
 " While hateful tythes from
 brawny labour tear,
 " The hard-earn'd morsel of
 the scanty year.
 " Here a few weeks the plural-
 ist may sport,

" But spends his happier hours
 at cards and court,
 " While the poor curate hears
 the rustic taunt
 " Against church livings he
 must ever want.
 " Fanatics, infidels, and tythe-
 men's jars,
 " The parish fill with hatred,
 vice and wars.
 " Yet absentees are not of ills
 the worst,
 " Oppress'd by residents, are
 doubly curst;
 " Behold yon pars'nage, where
 a pallisade,
 " And new made fash o'erlook
 the border'd glade,
 " Amidst his flock, of ills to
 fill their cup,
 " The rector lives, he lives and
 eats them up:
 " His reverence hear, in church-
 men's rights how loud,
 " Deep learn'd in modus, and
 his glebe well plough'd;
 " The rector fee, well skill'd
 in price of corn,
 " Do sense and learning his
 arch'd brow adorn?
 " He was at college every
 scholar's scorn:
 " But faith untainted orthodox
 supplies
 " The want of other christian
 qualities.
 " What volumes those which
 claim his constant looks?
 " No doubt a bible, and some
 godly books;
 " A small mistake, look near-
 er, you'll discern,
 " Blackstone, a Tract on Tythes,
 and Justice Burn:
 " His worship dread, by his
 commands abide,

" The

" The laws of God and man
are on his side :

*Here the poet takes occasion to raise
his voice against uniting the justice of
peace with the clergyman, a custom he
observes daily gaining ground, but
fraught with serious evils, and too
often arming the little tyrant of his
parish with dangerous and irresistible
power; the laws of God and man
are called in to support him; besides,
the palm of the divine, becomes by this
means frequently tarnished, by the greasy
paw of the smuggler and the poacher.*

" Around his house the scowl-
ing smugglers lag,

" To leave the hare, or drop
the monthly keg :

" Like old inquisitors, who
preach'd the word,

" He to the bible adds a two-
edg'd sword :

" Him if on earth his gentle
Saviour sees,

" Who mildly came dispen-
sing joy and ease,

" He scarce will think a mi-
nister of peace.

" His furious tenets charity con-
found,

" While Athanasian curses echo
round ;

" Martyr of vice, and ruddy
with the bowl,

" He ev'ry Lent still damns his
neighbour's soul,

" And though religion, heav'n-
ly maid came down,

" To soothe our sorrows with a
heav'nly crown,

" He turns this manna the Al-
mighty sent,

" To curses, tyranny and pu-
nishment.

" His deeds, *his* vain profession
clearly prove,

" Forgot that *new*, that *best*
command, to love.

" And can we wonder that from
guides like these,

" Who from religion banish
christian peace,

" The crowd misled shou'd turn
their fickle eyes,

" To superstition, rant, and
mockeries :

" These points demand thy care
my royal fire,

" Reform in these thy people
all desire,

" Except the sleek ecclesiastic
moth,

" Who will desert thee in the
day of wrath,

" These and a servile, base, in-
famous tribe,

" With statesmen's quibbles
wou'd thy reason bribe,

" These *heavy* errors keep at any
rate,

" Calling religion, a mere wheel
of state.

" Grant what we ask'd, if ask'd
in prose or rhymes,

" And learn from France the
temper of the times :

" A people's voice must soon or
late be heard,

" Abuse inveterate, though so
long rever'd,

" Must banish'd be, which gives
thee lasting fame,

" Then Patriot King shall be
thy future name."

WASHINGTON, GENERAL,
his severe military disci-
pline.—See André, Major, in this
volume, page 1.

WHITE, DR. the Oxford
Professor, the assistance he
received in his Bampton Lectures,
generally understood before it was
published.—See Vol. I. page 28.

WICKLIFFE,

WICKLIFFE, JOHN, a student of Merton, towards the conclusion of the fourteenth century, and rector of Canterbury College in Oxford, a foundation which was afterwards swallowed up and lost in the superior, the magnificent structure, founded by Wolsey at Christchurch.

Confessedly a man of genius and learning, he fulfilled the duties of his office with credit and satisfaction, 'till by the intrigues of the Monks with the Vatican, and to the great concern of the society, their president was removed; his only crime being superior talents, while the income of his rectorship attracted the avaricious wishes of his successor, Woodhull, a hungry regular, who was at once hated and despised.

It has frequently been objected to Luther, that if the monopoly of indulgences enjoyed by his order, had not been invaded, he would have held his peace; perhaps had Wickliffe been permitted by the primate to have remained in his post undisturbed, those religious doubts, first produced or increased by the injustice of his oppressors, had been dissolved in the dangerous sunshine of ease, or might have been lulled by the soothing prospects of interest and ambition. But as it is the attribute of the Almighty only, to read the secrets of the heart, I will not presumptuously sift the motives of our intrepid reasoner, who was spirited and energetic, while the majority of his cotemporaries were bound down by the fetters of credulity, and scholastic chimæra; who made rapid advances in diffusing religious truths, and demolishing error,

at a period so remotely anterior to Luther and Melancthon.

The doctrines which Wickliffe publicly preached, and in which he was openly countenanced by the Duke of Lancaster and his son, were wonderfully bold and enlightened, when we consider the age in which he lived; they are additional proofs of a truth, which has been often inculcated in this work, that forcible argument, uncontrovertible deduction, interesting truth, and even common sense, will not on all occasions, insure a favourable reception from mankind, blinded by superstition, and prejudiced against their benefactors, by the selfish suggestions of interested and irritated teachers. A case more strong in point cannot be adduced, than the late Smithfield fires blazing at Birmingham, where the blind multitude, in the cant and literal phrase of old times, were for burning the wizard Priestley. The human mind must be gradually trained and prepared, by the mild influence of literature, philosophy, and science, or the precious seeds will fall on a soil, either choaked with weeds, or unfriendly to vegetation. The tenets maintained by the subject of this article were these:

I. The consecrated bread and wine, are not the real body, but only the emblem or figure of Christ.

Rome is no more the head, than any other church; nor was more power given to Peter than the other apostles.

II. When the church misbehaves, or makes an ill use of her endowments, it is not only lawful, but

but meritorious, for a prince or temporal lord, to take them away.

III. The Gospel affords sufficient direction for the conduct of a christian; all other rules or discipline established by men, in matters of faith, may or may not be followed, according to the conscience or convictions of every individual.

Wickliffe, who contrary to the fate of many reformers, died a natural death, was publicly examined by Langham, archbishop of Canterbury, his old enemy who removed him from his rectorship, and Courtney, bishop of London, before a vast concourse of people, in St. Paul's Church, where he was accompanied and assisted by his patrons, the Duke of Lancaster and Lord Percy. During this examination, a dispute arose between the bishop of London and these noblemen, on a point of ceremony, whether Wickliffe should sit, or stand, which arose to such violence, that the people took the part of the bishop with much heat and noise, and the meeting broke up in confusion, after the following words had passed between the bishop of London and the Duke.—Bishop. "It is unreasonable that a clergyman cited before his ordinary, should sit during his answer. He shall stand." Duke of Lancaster. "Wickliffe, sit down; for you my lord bishop, you are grown so proud and arrogant, I will take care to humble your pride, and that of all the prelates in England.

Bishop. "My confidence is in God alone, who gives me boldness to speak the truth." (The Duke speaking softly to Lord Per-

cy) "Rather than take this from the bishop, I will drag him by the hair of his head, out of the church."

WITHERS, MR. a clergyman, a man of learning, and by no means a contemptible writer, had he not wandered into the scurrilous labyrinths of private scandal and personal abuse. From private pique, or some other motive, at this time not easily discovered, he attacked with his pen, the life and manners of a lady, who has for some years attracted public notice, and afforded matter of satire or panegyric to party-writers, who in the virulence of political prejudice, have thought themselves justified, in scattering their malevolent arrows against the dearest connections of their leaders and patrons, though their sex and amiable qualities ought to have exempted them in most instances, from the rancour of party malice. As the inviolability of women, where they do not by their conduct provoke resistance, is highly to be desired, and as it has been repeatedly invaded in modern political struggles, I mean this censure, as a general and indiscriminate one, on all parties. But my chief design is to call the attention of a certain circle, exalted by rank, and occasionally enlightened by talent, to the family of Mr. Withers, who after incurring legal penalties, by his rashness, lost his liberty, and his life in a prison. I should likewise hope that Mr. Erskine may be induced to bestow a mite from his splendid income, on the widow and children of a man, whom in the opinion of the whole court, he treated with more than common acrimony;

acrimony; stimulated probably by the ardent zeal of gallantry, and dazzled by the brightness of his rising prospects at Carleton House.

In this solitary instance, our highly-gifted advocate, evidently lost his temper, as well as his argument; the zeal of professional duty, which is never so compleatly victorious, as when guided by moderation and coolness, was, in the case to which I allude, evidently overpowered by anger, and in a great measure defeated by passion.

"The abuse of such an uncircumcised ruffian is believed by no one," was one of the ingenious lawyer's declarations. "If my assertions," replied Withers, "meet with no credit, they are like the uninformed crudities, and irrelevant rant of the Honourable Thomas Erskine, without conviction and without effect, of course they cannot possibly injure any one, and my publication ceases to be a libel."

WILLAN, OR WELLING, JOHN, a stable-boy, at Barnet, and a contractor for providing the artillery with horses, who (to use a common, and as a foreigner tells me, our national characteristic expression) *died worth* a hundred thousand pounds. In the humble condition of an attendant at the Red-Lyon, he attracted the notice of the Duke of Cumberland, in the year 1745, by his unwearied diligence and sobriety, but more particularly by his accurate and superior knowledge of every thing relating to the diseases, the form, the value, and the comforts of a horse.

It is not to celebrate an hostler, though merit and assiduity in any

station deserve praise; it is not to work up insignificance into heroism, of which a good-natured critic accuses me, that this article is introduced. Willan by humble, but honest industry, raised himself from obscurity and contempt, to affluence and splendor; without being injuriously crafty, he attained dexterity in pursuits where numbers fail; he elevated himself from the dunghill, on which so many vegetate unnoticed, and rot without remembrance. For these reasons, in my opinion he deserved this short memorial, but it was to enforce an important, a sometimes forgotten lesson, that I mentioned his name in this place. His qualifications were of a distinct peculiar kind, and fortunate accident placed him in a line, where those qualifications, and only those, enabled him to do credit to his patron, serve his country with fidelity, and to lay a foundation for the name and fortunes of his family. But in the various occurrences of life, who does not lament a differently conducted distribution? who can see without indignation, many an official situation occupied by the insignificant tools of parliamentary interest, or ministerial favour, without one talent or attainment from nature or education, to enable them to discharge their duty with public applause, or private satisfaction? In these and a thousand other instances, motives totally foreign to requisite performance, are thrown into the preponderating scale, by party partiality, and private friendship. I have known men *created* secretaries of state, for the following curious reasons, because they were God-children

children to their patrons, because they were odious in a preceding reign, had saved a favourite's life, or repeatedly forfeited their own. The associate of a Pharo table has often obtained the command of a fleet, from which a worthy character has been dismissed, in a career of the most brilliant victory: a well-played rubber at whist, being an excellent shot, a keen fox-hunter, a three-bottle man, a hummer of a catch and glee, or a *wonderful man* at Burton-Pynsent, has been the means of providing many a comfortable retreat at the Admiralty, the Customs, the Treasury, the Stamps, or the Excise, for men, whose abilities in any other respect, scarcely qualified them for the humble office of signing a Treasury-warrant, or voting a congratulatory address. Even the writer of this article, who hopes he is not remarkable for overvaluing his own merits, could he prove himself a fifty-ninth cousin to a Pitt, a Grenville, or a Dundas, would not despair of making a successful claim to some lucrative employment, or snug sinecure. In private life, this preposterous misconception, or interested misapplication of ability, is sometimes distressing, and sometimes ridiculous, more especially as it occasionally appeals to our duty, as christians, and our feelings as men. I have known a person, who notwithstanding his being a *very poor scholar*, an invincible brogue, and a vicious provincial dialect, was almost forced on a family as a Master of Languages for the children, because he was father of a numerous offspring, who had lost their mother: a surgeon was once irresistibly recom-

mended to me at a watering place, who was paralytic and purblind, but I could not possibly object to his bleeding me, as he was a very worthy creature, and besides had been unfortunate in the world. It is not many years since, a man was cramm'd down the throats of a borough in the West, by a noble peer, as a Singing-Master, with one eye, and a defect in the palate of his mouth, because he was distantly related to a French surgeon, who had been particularly fortunate, in his treatment of My Lord on his tour. Taylors versed in all arts, but that of making cloaths, Butchers who deal in carrion, and Lawyers, who know more of whist than the statutes; Authors, who understand more of cookery than grammar; Physicians, who are readier at retailing scandal, than prescribing; and Surgeons, who think more of running-horses than their patients, are on every occasion rushing in at the avenues of prejudice, or of recommendatory commiseration, to deprive us of the advantages of professional eminence, extraordinary genius, and mechanic dexterity.

WORKMEN, and the lower Handicrafts; many laws to prevent their injurious combinations against masters, but no provision against ill treatment of journeymen.—See Vol. I. page 129.

XIMENES, a celebrated Spanish statesman, a cardinal, and archbishop of Toledo, who, by the ascendancy of great talents, accompanied with fortunate incident, burst from the dark cloud, which had for so many centuries enveloped his country; and, emerg-

ing from the embarrassments of narrow fortune, a tender constitution, and a numerous, a reduced, but reputable family, guided the reins of a great monarchy, with decisive vigour, acknowledged capacity, and integrity unimpeached.

A juncture cannot be imagined, which more particularly demanded the unwearied exertion of cool judgement, and undaunted resolution, to check the pride and presumption of a rich and powerful nobility, who, defying the royal authority, and meanly claiming exemption from burthens and impositions laid on their fellow subjects, esteemed the power of tyrannizing over the peasants, and oppressing the provinces, as the hereditary, and most valuable privilege of exalted rank. In the fifteenth century, the castle of a Spanish grandee, with its adjacent territory, might be described as a fortress, or royal garrison; and the haughty lord of the soil, surrounded by his vassals and dependents, as little less than a sovereign prince; while the pomp of his retinue, the splendor of his equipage, the luxury of his table, and his farms, flocks and herds, with a long train of huntsmen, hawks, and dogs, made a near approach to regal magnificence.

To remove oppressive and licentious enormity, to reduce within legal bounds arrogant pretension, to extinguish unjust and partial privileges, to enforce the forgotten lessons of obedience and subordination, Ximenes, the son of a country attorney, was called from the cloyster, to which, with the usual policy of that age, he had retired, thus securing fame, for-

tune, rank, and other good things of this life, by appearing to renounce them.

Three of our present English bishops owe their mitres to the soft intercession of female patronage; and, since family connection, and parliamentary interest, have been long considered by the dispensers of church preferment, as more powerful recommendations, than superior capacity, and eminent attainment, I rather rejoice than lament, that the gentle, but irresistible impulse of love, occasionally steps in, to interrupt the base traffic of corruption, and rescue men of benevolence, learning, and taste, from the rustic oblivion, thankless drudgery, and unrequited toil of parochial duty. Ximenes was appointed confessor to Isabella, the wife of Ferdinand, and Queen of Castile, in her own right; and having thus secured the ear of a queen, other avenues to preferment and honour were quickly opened to his view. He appears to have been sufficiently endowed with two qualities, generally found in ecclesiastics, a quick sighted attention to their interests, and a peculiar skill in cultivating, without scandal, (for *he* was upwards of seventy,) female favour and protection: for these purposes his predominating character, and his cloth, were admirably calculated. By the more immediate nomination of Isabella, and, in some degree, contrary to the wishes of her husband, he ascended with decent reluctance, and filled with exemplary propriety, the archiepiscopal throne of Toledo, was afterwards appointed regent, and diffused an income of
more

more than two hundred thousand ducats a year, in rewarding merit in whatever station of life he found it, cloathing the naked, feeding the hungry, founding seminaries of learning, and other public services. The university of Alcala, and its princely revenue for the various professors, expensive editions of the Complutensian Polyglotte bible, and the Mosarabic liturgy, remain durable monuments of his splendid munificence, and prove, that the intricate emergencies of government, and his archbishopric, which with him was no sinecure, did not prevent his patronizing learning, and its professors.

Though our prelate thus succeeded to the highest honours ambition could aim at, or royalty bestow, he had early in life experienced affliction, that severe but salutary school, in which, sooner or later, we must all be initiated, though half the business of life consists in teaching us rather to avoid, than in qualifying us properly to endure it. Stimulated by a restlessness, which has sometimes been considered as an inseparable attendant on genius, though much oftener the consequence of uneasy situation, and comfortless domestic prospects, Ximenes proceeded on foot to Rome, but near the confines of Italy was attacked by banditti, who seizing the little sum his father could afford to advance, left him wounded on the road; but by the humane assistance of a good Samaritan, whom in his prosperity he did not forget, he was enabled, after a short delay, to continue his journey to Rome, which possessing at that time real

power, of which it *now* scarcely retains the shadow, was the land of ecclesiastic promise, and the fountain head of clerical honours and emolument. From the dexterity of his applications, or the goodness of his recommendations to his countryman, Alphonso Borgia, a turbulent Spaniard, absorbed in enriching his nephews, who sat on the throne of St. Peter, under the name of Callistus the Third, he procured what has been called a spectative bull, that antient source of contention between the Vatican and the bishops of Spain, who complained, with some reason, of this unjust infringement of their rights, as it entitled the person named in it to the first vacant prebend, however valuable. Ximenes, whose temper and circumstances did not permit him to relinquish any fair advantages, thought himself justified, on his return to Spain, in exercising a right with which he was legally invested by one whom he had always been taught to consider as supreme head of the church.

The unqualified firmness of his demands, and his resolutely adhering to his purpose, involved him in altercation with Carilla, at that time Archbishop of Toledo, who, stimulated by interest, or offended by resistance, exerted his episcopal vigor, and threw into prison this defender of papal jurisdiction, which it was his fate, at a future period of his life, strenuously to resist, when, on the subject of indulgences, he opposed the artful blandishments, and humbled the triple crown of Pope Leo the tenth. A wild seditious priest was confined in the same place for refractory behaviour;

behaviour; in a loud voice, and with scriptural language, he raised the drooping spirits of Ximenes, exhorting him to regard the present calamity, as a sure forerunner of future elevation:—after a short pause, significant gesture, and an accurate, or a pretended inspection of his countenance, “I perceive,” exclaimed the enthusiastic prisoner, “I clearly perceive, in every feature of your face, strong emanations of the holy spirit, united with the noblest qualities of head and heart; you shall be the restorer of your family, the saviour of your country, and an exalted light of the church; in the same cell to which I am now conducting you,” continued our prophetic physiognomist, firmly grasping his hand, “was once imprisoned the holy prélate Zerevilla, who afterwards exchanged his fetters for a mitre; rely on God’s providence, and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, to conduct you from similar misfortunes, to equal, if not superior triumph and exaltation.” This remarkable prediction, the product of flattery or of infatuation, which, had it failed, would, with Ximenes and its foreteller, have been buried in everlasting oblivion, contributed perhaps, like others of similar tendency, to hasten its own accomplishment; and the future regent of Spain, like Cromwell of England, prudently tempered policy and devotion, and rendering fanaticism subservient to the purposes of ambition, converted the steps of the altar into a footstool to the throne.

This trait of Spanish physiognomy seems to have escaped the assiduous ingenuity, and entertaining prolixity of Mr. Lavater, in his pleasing work of the imagination: I doubt if that skilful translator of countenances makes sufficient allowance for the foreign impressions and alterations effected by education, superstition, philosophy, and interest, on the human feature. By these omnipotent innovating talismans, men have been taught to counteract and almost efface the first great biases of nature and disposition, and to conceal a ravenous wolf, or the beaked vulture, under the gentle semblance of a lamb, or the mild aspect of a turtle dove. This opinion is happily illustrated by the well-known anecdote of an antient sage, whose name escapes my recollection; at a certain time, he was interrupted in one of his discourses by a sarcastic sneerer, who was passing by, and uttered the following words: “Let the hoary hypocrite preach up virtue and philosophical forbearance, and cry down carnal indulgence, as long as he pleases, but believe not a word that he says, for I see by his face he is a glutton, and a lascivious debauchee, devoted to vice and criminal indulgence himself.” The provoked disciples were preparing to punish, with signal severity, this insolent traducer of a preceptor whom they loved with veneration, and whose character they had long looked up to and contemplated as the noblest model of human virtue and perfection: “Abstain from violence,” cried the

the philosopher, without a frown,
 " let him depart unmolested;
 " however wrong his deductions
 " may be, the data on which he
 " reasons are not without some
 " foundation: I was early and
 " strongly inclined to the vicious
 " propensities he alledges against
 " me, and should probably have
 " been the monster he describes,
 " but for the divine precepts of
 " philosophy, and the preternatural
 " influence and interference of
 " the guardian spirit that presided
 " over the hour of my birth, encourage
 " me to resist the allurements
 " of vice, and secretly directs
 " all the actions of my life."

I should conclude this article with considerable satisfaction, were I able to exculpate Ximenes from the odious guilt of religious intolerance, and bloody persecution; but the rigid, the inexorable impartiality of history is compelled to declare, that a great, and, in many instances, an enlightened minister, the reformer of various abuses in church and state, who had punished the spoilers, robbers, and murderers of Mexico and Peru, with death and confiscation, whose voice the proud oppressors of his country trembled at and obeyed, was a zealous and active enforcer of the rules of the holy office, an unrelenting kindler of the fires of the detestable inquisition, and that he personally attended, with pomp, and apparent pleasure, those abominable auto da fes, which took their origin from hell. The cause of truth might perhaps induce me to hear with a smile, or with a sigh, that his religious zeal was so successful as to prevail, by argument or by threats,

on three thousand Mahometans to be baptized in one day; but his condemning to slow fires, numbers of unhappy Morecoes and Jews, who, stubborn in the habits of religious superstition, turned with horror from the cross, will hand down the name of the Cardinal to after ages, as a bigotted and merciless tyrant, an enslaver of the sacred rights of conscience and private opinion, a dealer of death, and as he thought, of damnation round the land, on all whom he, a creature of frailty and mistake, considered as enemies of Divine revelation.

I have heard, I have frequently heard with pleasure, but without conviction, arguments in favour of Ximenes, his favourite hero, forcibly delivered, and artfully arranged by his countryman, a learned and ingenious friend, whose critical eye may perhaps favour this hasty trifle with a perusal; but I must beg leave to say that the regent was sufficiently powerful, had he possessed the inclination, not only to have moderated, but to have overthrown the inquisition, however interwoven with the dark maxims and stern despotism of the Spanish government. Neither can I be of opinion, that any justification can be fairly deduced from an expression made use of, in the parable of our Saviour, when the various guests who were bidden to a feast, having on various pretences absented themselves, messengers were sent to visit the highways, to COMPEL OTHERS TO COME IN.

If reasoning in defence of religious persecution, often derived from this stale foundation of popish casuistry, if compulsion, if sanguinary

guinary compulsion in matters of opinion, be once received as obligatory, or even lawful, we then are bound to applaud rather than execrate, the torrents of blood, which have been shed from the days of David and Cambyfes, the Roman cruelties exercised on the primitive christians, or by our ancient Druids, the horrid Spanish *exterminations* in South-America, and the bloody St. Bartholomew's Day; the revocation of the edict of Nantz, or the Sicilian Vespers, the lascivious fury of that tyrant Henry the Eighth, the unrelenting bigotry of Mary, the protestant association fires of 1780, and the late exasperated zeal, and consuming violence of the Birmingham bigots.

Ximenes, with all his faults, had an undoubted claim on the gratitude of Charles the Fifth, in every instance a vile and odious character; the claims of the Spanish prelate were better founded, and in personal worth he far excelled the ostentatious favourite of our eighth Henry: as the English Cardinal, with a few exceptions, rendered immense wealth only subservient to the base purposes of ambition, sensuality, and revenge; but the last sighs of Ximenes, like those of Wolsey, "accused the faith of kings," and his imperial master, on his return from the Netherlands, dismissed, without an interview, this faithful and incorruptible minister, to

whom he was indebted for the prosperous tranquillity of his Spanish dominions, with perfidious civility and cruel coldness, a treatment the regent did not long survive, for he was at the instant eighty years old.

His tomb is still shewn in the college of Ildonso, which he founded at Alcala, and part of the epitaph describes his character, in the Latin of the age in which he lived:

"Prætextam junxit Sacco, Galeamque Galero,

"Frater, Dux, Præsul, Cardineusque Pater,

"Qui virtute sua junxit diadema cucullo."

His device emblematic of the man, was a rock with an arrow shattered to pieces against it; the motto was "Frangitur in solido," which was supposed to denote his supreme contempt for the defamatory libels, continually pouring forth against his administration: firm in conscious integrity, he heard without emotion, the calumnies of his enemies, and the only answer he vouchsafed to a disappointed priest, who had publicly accused him of luxury and pride in his dress, was, sending for the trembling divine, and shewing him a hair-cloth, which whatever his external dress might be, in necessary conformity to rank and custom, he constantly wore next his skin.

FINIS.